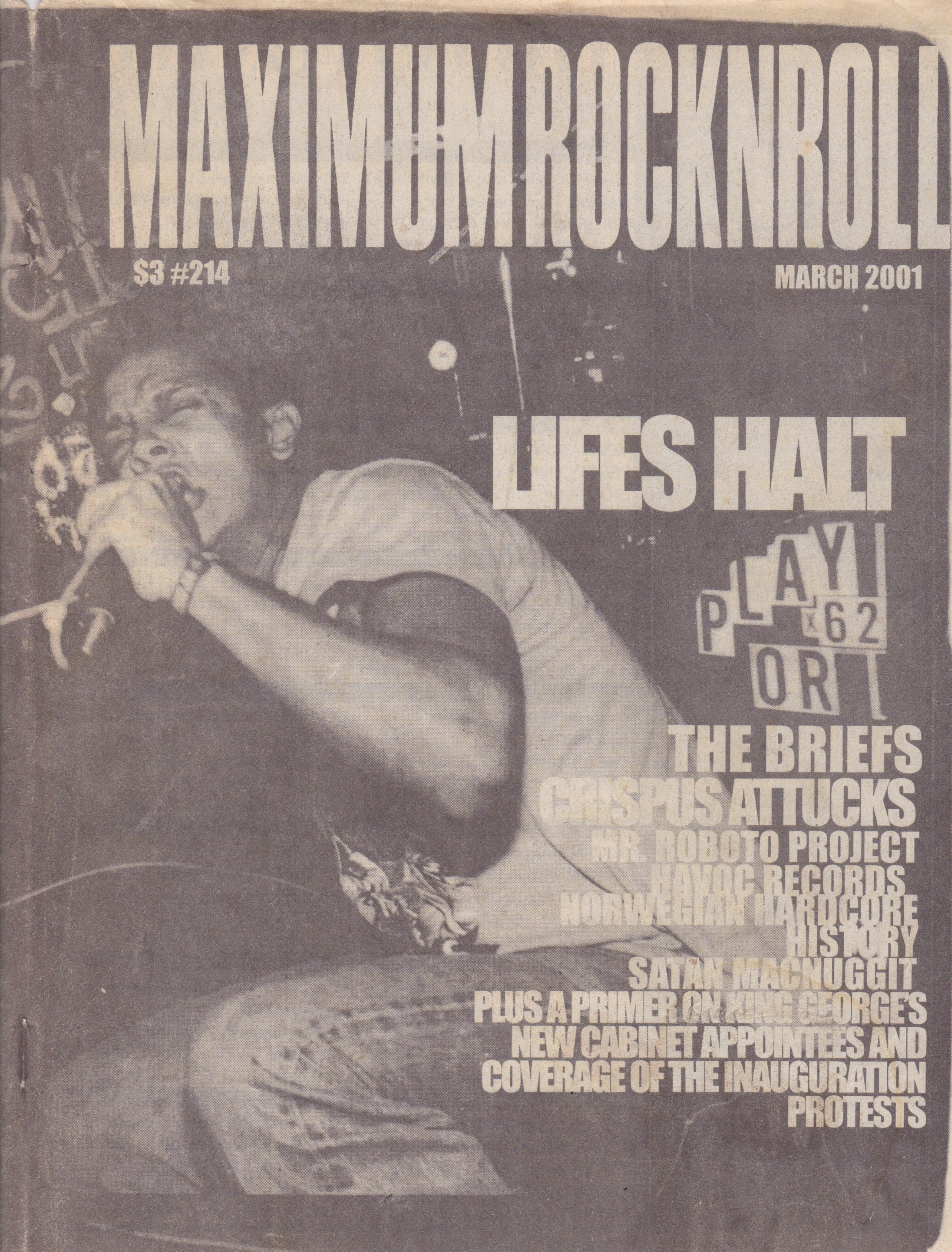
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

$3 #214

MARCH 2001



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PLAYX62 OR

THE BRIEFS

CRISPUS ATTUCKS

MR. ROBOTO PROJECT
HAVOC RECORDS
NORWEGIAN HARDCORE HISTORY
SATAN MACNUGGIT
PLUS A PRIMER ON KING GEORGE'S NEW CABINET APPOINTEES AND COVERAGE OF THE INAUGURATION PROTESTS

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review

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ROB COONS

JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-Intense-EP	324-Boutokunotaiyo-CD
V/A-More Than The X-Boxset	SLIGHT SLAPPERS-Selfish World-CD
EPILEPTIC TERROR ATTACK-LP	HHH-Discography-CD
V/A-Eye Of The Thrash Guerrilla-LP	V/A-Short, Fast and Loud-CD
URBAN WASTE-Police Brutality-EP	CRUCIAL SECTION-Live

JEFF HEERMAN

BEEF WELLINGTON-That's Me-45	VIOLENTLY ILL-Rising Up From-EP
STARVATIONS-live	RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS-LP
PHANTOM LIMBS-Hot Knives-EP	DAYLIGHT LOVERS-LP
PRETTY THINGS-Midnight to Six-LP	THE BAD FORM-EP
SUBTONIX-Trophy-45	V/A-Wild News From Frenchy Radio-EP

TOM HOPKINS

MEDICATION TIME-LP/BRIEFS-LP	S.O.C./FATAL FLYIN' GUILLOTEENS-split-EP
PRETTY THINGS-LP'S/PATTERN-Live	V/A-More Than-Boxset/ARTIMUS PYLE-EP
LYCOSA-EP/*ASTERISK-LP	ELVIS -'55-LP/COCKSPARRER-2xLP
DIE KREUZEN-EP/E.T.A.-LP	LAST SECURITY-LP/RAIN ON THE PARADE-EP
TOTLITÄR/DISCLOSE-Split LP	JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-Intense-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

PHANTOM LIMBS-Hot Knives-EP	SCAVENGERS-LP
SUBTONIX-Trophy-45	CHIEFS-Hollywest-LP
THE BRIEFS-Hit After Hit-LP	PRETTY THINGS-All Three LP's
DAYLIGHT LOVERS-LP	V/A-Wild News From Frenchy Radio-EP
GASOLHEADS/DIALTONES-Split-EP	FLESHIES-live

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

DAYLIGHT LOVERS-LP	SELF-MADE MONSTERS-Give Me-EP
SCAVENGERS-LP	JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-Intense-EP
THE BRIEFS-Hit After Hit-LP	VULTURES-Alcoholic Lady-EP
GIZMOS-LP/DIE KREUZEN-EP	PRETTY THINGS-All Three LP's
BRIEFS/SPITS-Split EP	CHIEFS-LP/HATED YOUTH-EP

RAY LUJAN

PROPAGHANDI-Tomorrow's Empire-LP	SERPICO-Everyone-CD
THUG MURDER-13 Round-CD	SORORITY HOUSE-Movie Dreams-45
ACTION TIME-Rock and Roll-45	GENE DEFCON-Baby Hallelujah-EP
DECALS-You-45	JONES-Gravity Blues-CD
MARBLES-Seduction-CD/SUBTONIX-45	THE BRIEFS-Hit After Hit-LP

TIMOJHEN MARK

HATED YOUTH-Hardcore Rules-EP	JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-Intense-EP
CROW-Children Lost-EP	LAST SECURITY-I'm Right-LP
JUSTICE SHALL/BONDED w/ BLOOD-EP	LYCOSA-Lycobra Command-EP
DISCLOSE-Nuclear Victims -EP	V/A -Eye of The Thrash Guerilla-LP
DIE KREUZEN-Cows and Beer-EP	324-Boutokunotaiyo-CD/V/A-More-Boxset

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

DIE KREUZEN-Cows and Beer-EP	JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-Intense-EP
*ASTERISK-LP/PAGE 99-LP	MICHAEL KNIGHT-You Got Opinions-EP
ETA-We're Not The Problem-LP	URBAN WASTE-Bootleg-EP
CRAVING-Comparable? Traces!-EP	NATIONAL RAZOR-F.D.I.C.-LP
HATED YOUTH-Hardcore Rules-EP	RAIN ON THE PARADE-Fired Up-EP

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

MUNDO MURGUIA

CHIEFS-Hollywest-LP	KIDS-Kids-CD/SHRINKS-live
THE NEW CHRISTS-Pedestal-10"	STITCHES/DOWN IN FLAMES-live
ELVIS PRESLEY-Elvis Presley '55-LP	CHAINSAW JOHNNY-demo
V/A-Neighbor Annoyer-LP	SUBTONIX-Trophy-45
THE SCAVENGERS-LP	PHANTOM LIMBS-Hot Knives-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

COCKSPARRER-Runnin' Riot-2xLP	URBAN WASTE-EP/E.T.A.-LP
CHARGE 69-Vos Lois Ne Sont Pas-CD	COSMIC PSYCHOS-15 Years-2xLP
THE HERBERTS-Carbonaria-CD	HHH-2XCD/V/A -Eye of The Thrash-LP
NATIONAL RAZOR-F.D.I.C.-LP	RIISTETYT-Tervetuloa Kuolema-EP
TOTLITAR/DISCLOSE-split LP	KAAOS/SVART AGGRESSION-split LP

ANDREW SCOTT

DAYLIGHT LOVERS-LP	S.O.C./FATAL FLYIN' GUILLOTEENS-split-EP
THE BRIEFS-Hit After Hit-LP	NATIONAL RAZOR-F.D.I.C.-LP
THE ALARM CLOCKS-Yeah!-LP	PRETTY THINGS-Midnight to Six-LP
SUBTONIX-Tropy-45	TOTLITÄR/DISCLOSE-Split LP
THE WOGGLES-LP/SCAVENGERS-LP	ARTIMUS PYLE-EP/URKO-EP

MIKE THORN

CROW- EP/ARTIMUS PYLE-EP/ URKO-EP	SVART AGGRESSION/KAAOS- EP
DISCLOSE-EP/ TRUE NORTH-LP	SUBTONIX-EP/BADFORM-EP
HHH-Disc.-2xCD/COCKSPARRER-2xLP	PAX AMERICANA-EP/PG99- LP
MIGRA VIOLENTA/CUCSIFAE- EP	TOTLITÄR/DISCLOSE-Split LP
NATIONAL RAZOR- LP/E.T.A.-LP	SINORDEN- LIVE/LAST SECURITY-LP

MAX WARD

ETA-We're Not The Problem-LP	DISCLOSE-Nuclear Victims-EP
TOTLITÄR/DISCLOSE-Split LP	CROW-Children Lost-EP
LAST SECURITY-I'm Right-LP	RIISTETYT-EP/DIE KREUZEN-Boot-EP
V/A-More Than The X-Boxset	CRUCIAL SECTION/SIN ORDEN/
URKO-Fast 3 Chord-EP	and SBA-live

RYAN WELLS

RANCID HELL SPAWN-Scalp Party-CD	VIOLENTLY ILL-Rising Up From-EP
PRETTY THINGS-All Three LP's	VULTURES-Alcoholic Lady-EP
CHIEFS-Hollywest-LP	V/A-Neighbor Annoyer-LP
GASOLHEADS/DIALTONES-split-EP	THE BRIEFS-Hit After Hit-LP
BRIEFS/SPITS-split EP	GIZMOS-70/77-LP

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

COSMIC PSYCHOS-15 Years-2xLP	PRETTY THINGS-All Three LPs
GASOLHEADS/DIALTONES-split-EP	BRIEFS/SPITS-split EP
S.O.C./FATAL FLYIN' GUILLOTEENS-split-EP	VULTURES-Alcoholic Lady-EP
THE BRIEFS-Hit After Hit-LP	DECALS-You/I Don't But-EP
DIE KREUZEN-Cows and Beer-EP	THE ACTION TIME-Rock and Roll-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

World War Three Illustrated #29	Crude Noise #1
The News Subject #32	Disorderly Conduct #2
Grub #100	No Pasaran #5
Pankanut #1	Nosedive #10
Barricada	Slingshot #70

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#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jsesu Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit, Maximum Crime Stories, *Attitude Problem*, "Pioneers—Northwest Noise."

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins, "Pioneers—Sixties Punk Kings".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots—The Essential 1950s".

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue, "The Hardcore Films Of Richard Kern".

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Corn-Fract, Dead End Kids, *Strange Fruit*, "Scumpit—Florida," "Pioneers—Heartbreakers."

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes, "Uncle Sam & the Swastika."

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards, "Pioneers—Instrumental Madness, Damned."

#155/Apr '96. Hockey Teeth, Turnips, Pussy Crush, Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag, "Knights of Malta."

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots—Boston".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab, "Roots—Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots—The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots—The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update, "Roots—Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers–Ohio '77".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Roots—LA '77".

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '96. Blanks '77, Emily's Sassy Lime, Real Mckenzies, Millionaires, Dropkick Murphys, Other People's Music, No-Talents, Hives, Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi, Freeze, *Migraine*, "Pioneers—Richard Hell."

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers—Dead Boys".

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten, Sty Zine, "Pioneers—Kuro," "Progressive Vision for Social Change."

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots—SLF, Undertones".

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots—Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneer—The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers—GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers—The Henchmen", filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp, Info shops and radical bookstores, "Pioneers—Siouxsie."

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine, "Roots—Generation X.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats, *Rust*.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers—Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers—Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, "Pioneers—999", Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys, "Pioneers—Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites. "Pioneers—Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"-on homeless punks, "Pioneers—Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily & Lance's Holiday in the Sun,, "Pioneers—Dead Kennedys".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers—DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers—Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers—Minor Threat", pt 1 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs, Willie Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pioneers—Vice Squad", pt 2 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets, pt 3 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts, "Pioneers—Elvis Costello."

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres, C.U.Next Tuesday Recs, "Pioneers—Silver Chalice," MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs, Holidays in the Sun, "Pioneers—Radio Birdman."

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast, "Pioneers Of Punk–Dictators", "Fuck Unamerican" and "After the Berlin Wall."

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil, "Pioneers—Flipper", "Record Buying on the Net," "Are Keyboards Punk?"

#200/Jan 2000. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," reports from the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March 2000. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters, "ASCGB—Rezillos," "Zines in Prison," scene history of Bulgaria.

#203/April 2000. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses, "ASCGB—Cult Maniax," "The Murder of Brian Deneke."

#204/May 2000. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People, *Reader's Guide To Underground Press*, "ASCGB—Electric Eels."

#205/June 2000. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition .

#206/July 2000. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers, *Nose Dive*, "25 Things to Know About the War in Colombia."

#207/Aug 2000. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores, *Short, Fast & Loud!* Tantrums, "ASCGB—Nasty Facts."

#208/Sept 2000. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion,*East Village Inky*.

#209/Oct 2000. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone, "The Student Anti-Sweatshop Movement," *Coagula*, scene history of New England.

#210/Nov 2000. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, the Pre-Teens, the Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB, *How to Stage a Coup*," Scumpit—Florida."

#211/Dec 2000. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles, *Rumpshaker*.

#212/Jan 2000. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid, Rave Up Records, *I'm Johnny*, "Scumpit—Swedish Thrash."

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers, "Scumpit—Finnish HC," "Scumpit—Vomit Pigs."

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and unusual venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested. in covering new hardcore, punk or garage bands.

★Asian Man Records★

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PRANK

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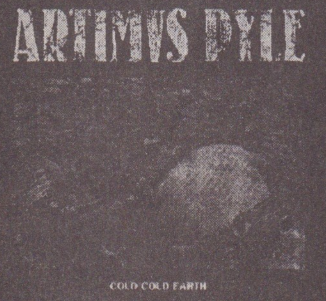
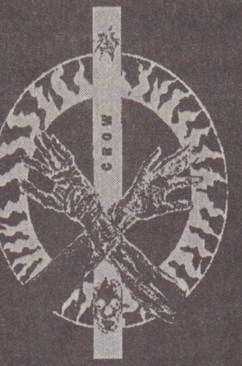
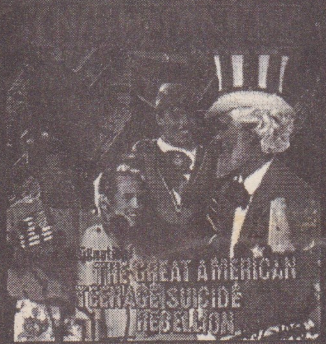


Artimus Pyle "Cold Cold Earth" 7" EP



Crow "Neurotic Organization" 7" EP



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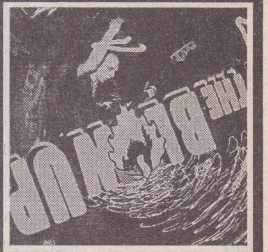

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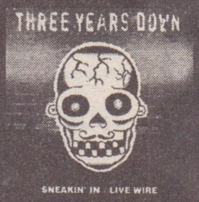

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LETTERS

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Dear *Maximum* and readers,

You may be among the many people who know of Dial House, if only because it was home to the infamous anarchist punk band, Crass. Although over the years some members of the band have moved on, three remain at Dial House, maintaining their anarchist lifestyle and sharing it with what over time has grown to be a massive extended family.

When we first rented Dial House thirty years ago it was a derelict, rat infested dump with a rubbish heap for a garden. Nonetheless, we could see in it the possibility of making real our dream of setting up a communal creative and therapeutic centre. Having completely renovated the house to include studio, print-rooms, a rehearsal space and workshops, we created an organic garden that enabled us to be largely self-sufficient. The more we expanded, the more we were able to share.

From the outset, in 1967, the lifestyle at Dial House has sought to offer residents, guests, visitors and the broader community a workable alternative to the all-pervading consumer ethic. For over thirty years, the Dial House community has shared its vision of possibility and hope against a culture in which personal greed has become an accepted norm.

Crass was perhaps our most renowned enterprise, seconded by the creation of the first Stonehenge Festivals. These were public expressions of the more personal ideas which had always been shared by the community. For the last 12 years Dial House has been under siege from various uncaring landlords who, believing that they have the right to profit from the love and care we have invested into the house, have sought to evict us from our home. The most powerful of those landlords was British Telecom who after a five day Public Enquiry we were able to beat off. It was our first major victory in a war that wasn't over. British Telecom sold the property on to Peer Group, a London based development company. Having twice failed in Court action against us, Peer Group have now decided to put Dial House up for auction on the 23rd January 2001. Not once in their six years as Landlords have they attempted to open up a dialogue with us over a sensible price on the house. The auction is Peer Group's last ditch stand.

If you know anything about Crass, you will know that despite selling thousands of records, profit was never on the agenda. As long as there was food in the garden, a roof over our heads and friends to share time with, we were happy enough. Not surprisingly enough, we are now broke as we were thirty years ago and consequently haven't got the necessary funds to make a bid for Dial House.

Obviously we would love to be able to buy Dial House so that we can ensure a future for what it has come to represent. It would be unrealistic to imagine that any future Landlord would be any more sympathetic than Peer Group. Our way of life, after all, is the very antithesis of capitalist greed.

For too long we have had to suffer at the hands of landlords whose only interest in Dial House was its material value. For too long we have had to put aside our desire for radical change simply to be dragged through the Courts or to conform to the limiting legal restrictions of our Tenancy Agreement. We want to grow personally and to expand our operations, but know that unless we own Dial House it will not be wholly possible.

Our current dream is that Dial House should continue as it always has been, as a 'safe house': a space where there is a welcome, where there is a bed for the night, conversation, food and the possibility of sharing ideas. On this foundation we want to expand on Dial House's traditions of radical creativity, offering its facilities to an ever wider public.

We would like to arrange workshops covering a range of alternative activities from healthcare courses to literary weekends; to offer studio and rehearsal space to visiting artists and musicians; to organize formal discussions and debates to contribute towards the ever growing international radical dialogue; to arrange gigs, film and art shows, readings and debates in the local village hall; to widen our own field of visions and at the same time to involve the local community, most especially the young.

Any capital raised through these activities could be recycled back into Dial House for further projects. We would like to open a website to broaden the network, open the house and garden to new activities and new thoughts, open our hearts to a new vibrant future. Parallel to this dream, a Trust would be set up of around half a dozen interested individuals, made up of residents and non-residents, who would meet regularly at Dial House to guide and administer the overall policies and agendas of its running. In addition to this, the permanent residents could pursue their personal work - painting, writing, music-making, gardening etc...

So, that is the dream, but the reality remains - we're broke. To ensure a chance of a successful bid,

we need to raise something in the region of 80,000 GBP : a huge sum of money for us. Because we are desperate, we are taking a course of action that we would not normally contemplate - in short, this is an appeal to anyone who might have lived at, visited, supported or had any interest in Dial House and what it represents to somehow contribute towards buying it. *Can you help?*

Contact details: Dial House/ Ongar Park Hall/ North Weald/ Epping/ Essex CM16 6AE/ tel/fax +44 (0) 199 252 3854/ email: geecrass@southern.com. Cheques can be made out to Penny Rimbaud. Thank you,
Shannin Cartwright/ Southern records

Dearest *Maximum* and its readers -

Hi, my name is Nathan Wilson. I currently just finished a tour with a band I'm in now called the Oath. I'm writing to thank all the people who housed us, fed us, or put on a show (hell, the people that came and cheered us on). We brought friends of ours over from Japan (Total Fury), and these shows changed all of our lives. We were able to play at least one show to over 800 people, and other great shows. I think that its great that a virtually unknown Japanese, and American band could tour the west coast, and play shows where every single show was great , and the people were enthusiastic. This has really changed my perception of American hardcore... and hardcore in general these days.

The Oath will be touring the East coast with Total Fury (as it seems Japanese bands never make it over to this side of America). Unfortunately they will only be with us for 6 days it seems. After that we will continue on our own for another week or so. If you are near any of the shows please come out and check out one of the greatest hardcore bands you'll see in a long while, as T.F. will tear the house down (and you a new asshole....)

If you are interested in helping us out with shows... e-mail me, though by the time this comes out... the tour might already be booked. If it weren't for the following people this never would have happened... Thanx: all the guys in Spazz, Justin, Gabe, Joey and the rest of the Locust, What Happens Next, Life's Halt, Kara, Matt Average, and Erin, Mike Thorn, Arwen, and Andy, Kent and Lisa at Ebullition, Reno kids, and so many people that I can't even mention. Thanx,
Nate Wilson/ Das Oath/ cryptocomx@aol.com/ PO Box 14253/ Albany NY 12212

PS Limpwrist is soooooo gay!!!

Dear readers,

I can only agree with Nate's comment's concerning Total Fury in the strongest possible terms. I got to see them twice; they are aptly named. If only they'd had more records to sell... Jeff M.

Hey,

My name is Alex and I'm writing this letter in the name of the band I'm in (Born Dead Icons). We got interviewed in the January issue (#212) of MRR which we're very grateful for, but I guess something we (or rather I) said need a little correction. In the answer about why we hadn`t decided to do our latest LP with Deranged we went down pretty badly on them or rather him (Gord) which didn't come up like it should have. Hopefully nobody that read that used it to make themselves an idea about the label. The only conclusion to come up with is that we talk too much and not with the concerned people. Gord has been a friend of ours for a long time (he put out records for our old band) and hopefully will be for another while. Yes, we weren't satisfied with the 7 inch he put out, but putting all the blame on him would be too easy. Our recording did suck. The mastering and pressing were done pretty cheaply, but I guess this is between us and him. I also know that he masters and press his his records somewhere else now. So whatever we said, in what we could could call an instant of stupidity, shouldn't be taken seriously by anybody. Gord works hard on his label, and I feel really bad to have said all I did. Some wrong has been done, all we can do is try to make the less damage possible. Thanks for your time. Obey.
Alex

Dear *Maximum Rocknroll,*

I'm writing because I'm pissed off at the review you gave my band the Turd Swallowers and our 7" called "Antidisyouth '77". How dare you say we're "sophomoric"? I think you guys are a bunch of assholes and I think my friend's zine *I Like To Drink Coffee* is ten million times better than *Maximum R-N-R*. I bet your reviewers don't even realize that their review can make or break a small label. How punk is that? G.G. Allin would call you guys a bunch of fags cuz that's what you are! A bunch of fags. Go to hell you jerks -
Shitty Barfer (Scum Punx King of USA)

Dear King Barfer,

Thank you for taking the time to share your concerns with us, but the review you are referring to actually appeared in Punk Planet. *And you didn't care that I was an asshole faggot when I kicked you down a dollar over by the BART station so you could buy an "outfit". Well take care, Jeff M.*

MRR,

I've got a hundred and twenty five days left in prison. I'll round out five years in the can on March 26, 2001 and I'll leave one month to the day later. Arrested twice while I was in prison, I had a chance to see just how far the courts will go to cover up what officers (police or prison guards) will do to maintain control of people.

I entered one of Pennsylvania's

worst prisons at age 19. Ended up getting shipped out after a beef with the Nazi boys who didn't like my attitude. (They'll never understand how much they have in common with the cops they say they hate.) I ended up in the state prison in Albion, PA which proved to suck worse than the prison in Pittsburgh. In Albion, the problem was the guards. Problems from the start, and problems to the finish. I got arrested for aggravated assault and simple assault on a guard. I was there five months and transferred out on disciplinary status. I was shipped to the state prison in Somerset, PA, where I currently suffer. The harassment continued throughout my stay here and still continues. It will not stop until 125 days from now. And I'm fine with that, because I don't want to forget for one moment what these motherfuckers do, what they are - their gutless actions and their false sense of security. People make excuses for them as if when they leave the prison they transform out of their mode of authoritarian oppressors as easily as the uniform they strip off *before* they leave here. These people define themselves by the job they do. Theirs is a social interaction, there's no way it could not become a part of who they are. They can't afford to be kind and fair because what is being done to prisoners is neither kind nor fair. We prisoners will walk all over a fair guard, they'll represent a way to expand our boundaries.

Which reminds me of what I wanted to write about. A few days ago it was required by my job as a teacher's aide in the "music dept." (it's not what it sounds like) to set up in the visiting room for a graduation ceremony. As things proceeded, I listened to a number of people speak to the prisoners graduating from their G.E.D. and other classes as well as some of these people's families. I listened to their condescending banter barely able to contain my comments. But as I listened I began to realize some of the messages being conveyed were things I agreed with, much to my shock and disbelief. For example, the warden was saying knowledge and hard work were the keys to success. No doubt, he and I would disagree on what constitutes success, but I agreed with that statement. There were other positive messages that I've encountered and adopted as my own through my course of learning to play music. But try as I might, I realized I could not accept these phony motherfuckers for what they were saying. I began to reflect.

Thinking back to when I was a kid in school, I realized teachers who used to bust my ass for all sorts of things had told me the same shit. But rebellion didn't allow me to pick and choose from what they were saying. I didn't have the experience to know what was their attempt to control me and what was being said that had some truth to it. So I simply rejected it all and took the opposite course. I took it full on. Anything they said not to do, I did. I figured if these assholes who tried daily to make me feel like shit were saying not to do something, like drugs, that was reason enough to give it a shot. This is as much my own fault as it is theirs. I can't help thinking that they might know some kids are in a blurred rebellion in which they can be led to do things that will harm them. We can all agree that children are socialized to a large degree in school, so if the teacher tells a classroom full of children to be quiet and they do, well, the message is clear that these kids will obey authority. If there is a child who continues to make noise, this child is a "behavioral problem". He or she shows they are inclined to disobey the authority figure in one way, so why not in others? This is where I feel my inexperience, blurred rebellion, and their reverse psychology came together.

I was correct to think authority was full of shit, but I was not completely correct as to why. Authority monopolized positive ideas of certain varieties. There was nobody in my life to tell me they supported my actions when I stood up for myself. The best I could get was a laugh from my father when his twelve year old came home from school for telling as teacher to fuck off. By the way, this type of reaction didn't encourage me since he followed up with some "play the game" speech I've heard a thousand times. So I wandered through life like most kids who follow their instincts - confused.

Until about three years ago I wondered what the fuck I was going to do. To make a long story short, I found the politics of anarchism and realized their were people who were on my side. As time wore on I decided to begin playing the guitar. I've been doing that for about two and a half years. Through music I've seen how if you dump yourself into something you can get amazing results. All these things I was realizing on my own with no prattling from authority, aside from their constant harassment. I had totally forgotten that many of the things I was learning were told to me by asshole authority figures. The best fact is it doesn't matter much now, because I know. I got back my life before I assisted authority in destroying myself. They thought they had another body for the life-long warfare they wage on so many "repeat offenders". But all these chumps will get is another protester at a demonstration who's ready to die if he has to.

On an unrelated subject, I wanted to say that I've been reading a lot of people complaining that there aren't enough girls in punk. So I'm going to do all I can to change that, which is to extend all that I know of playing music to any women who may want to learn through correspondence. I'm fairly well versed in music theory, so I could help somebody who's just starting or knows nothing enough to get you movin'. I can be reached at:
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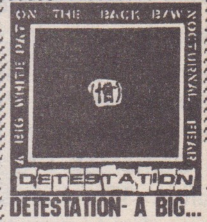

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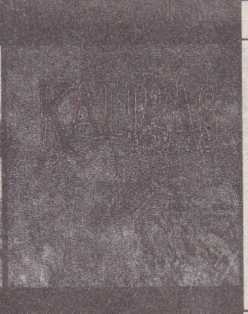

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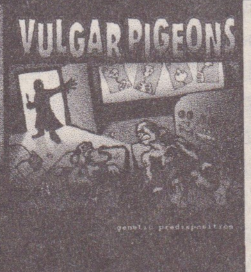

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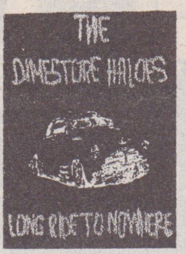

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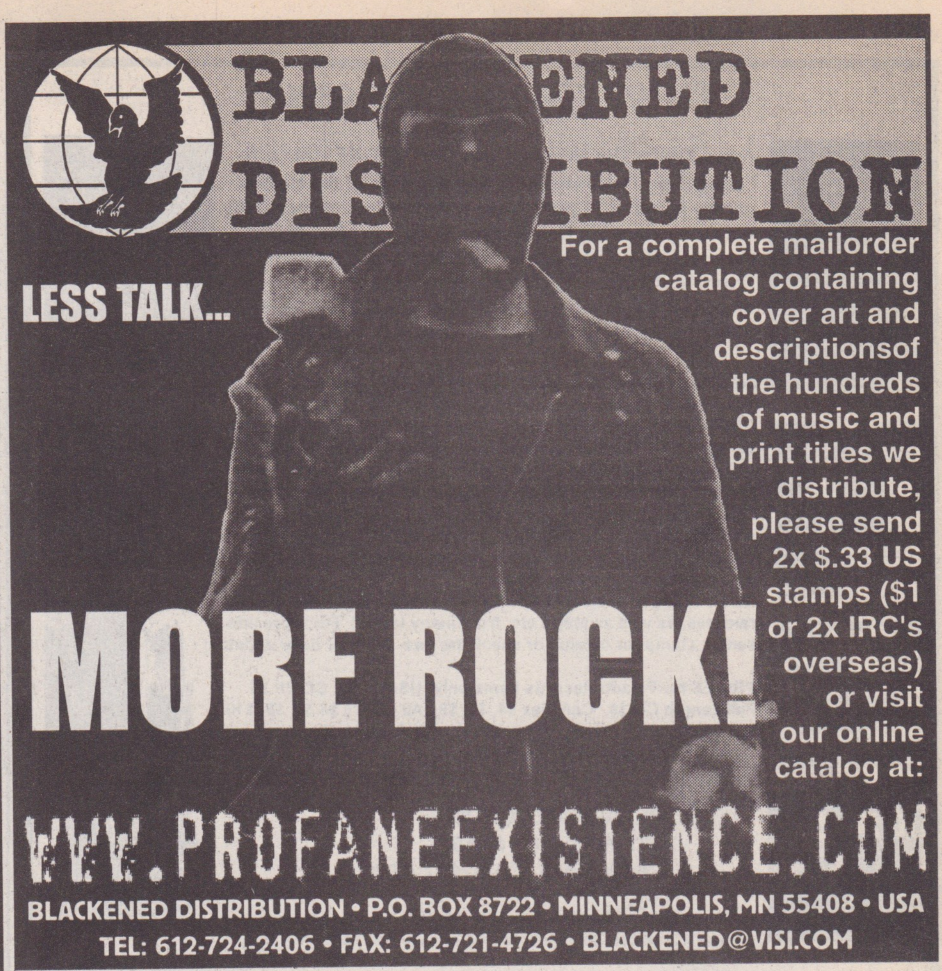
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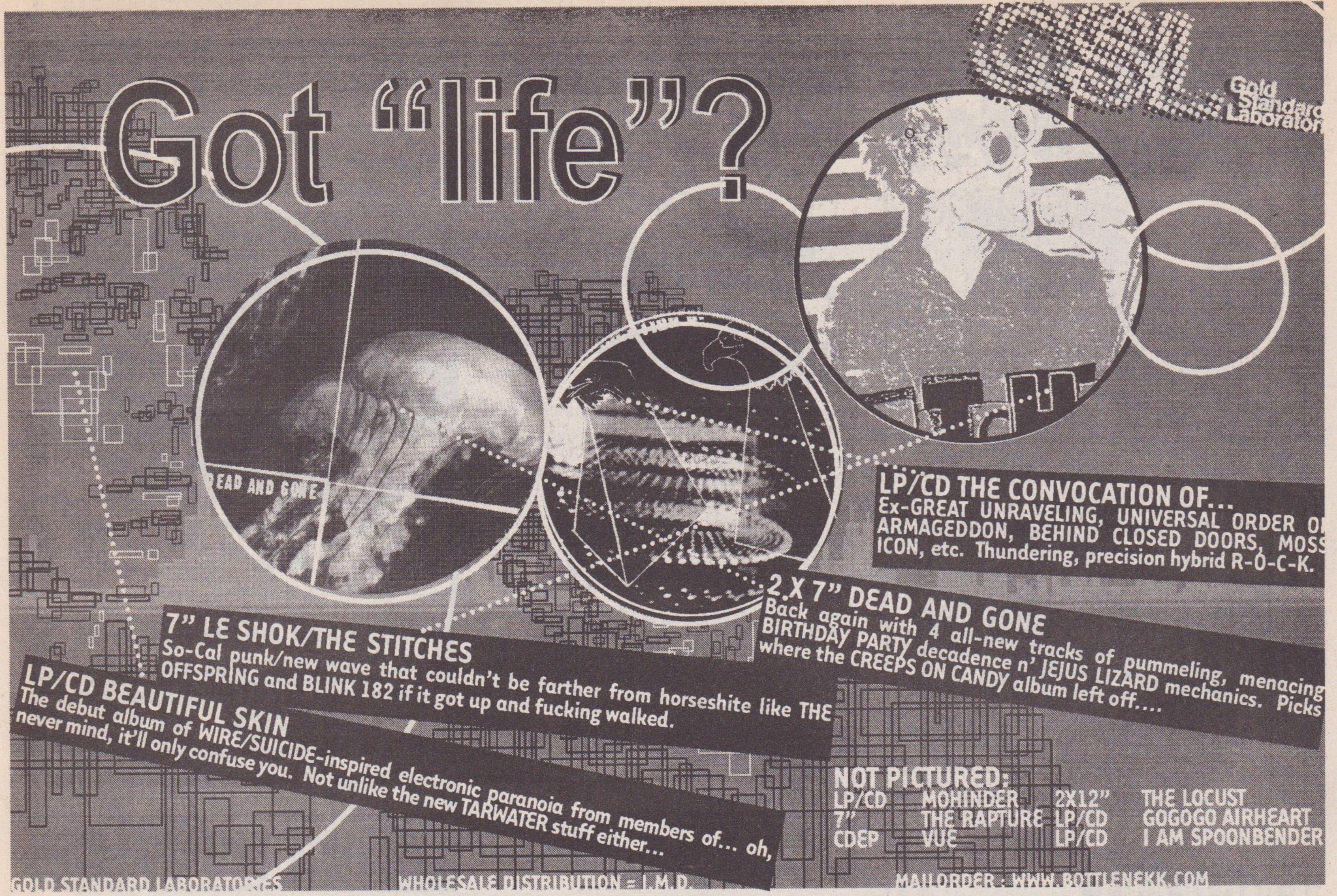

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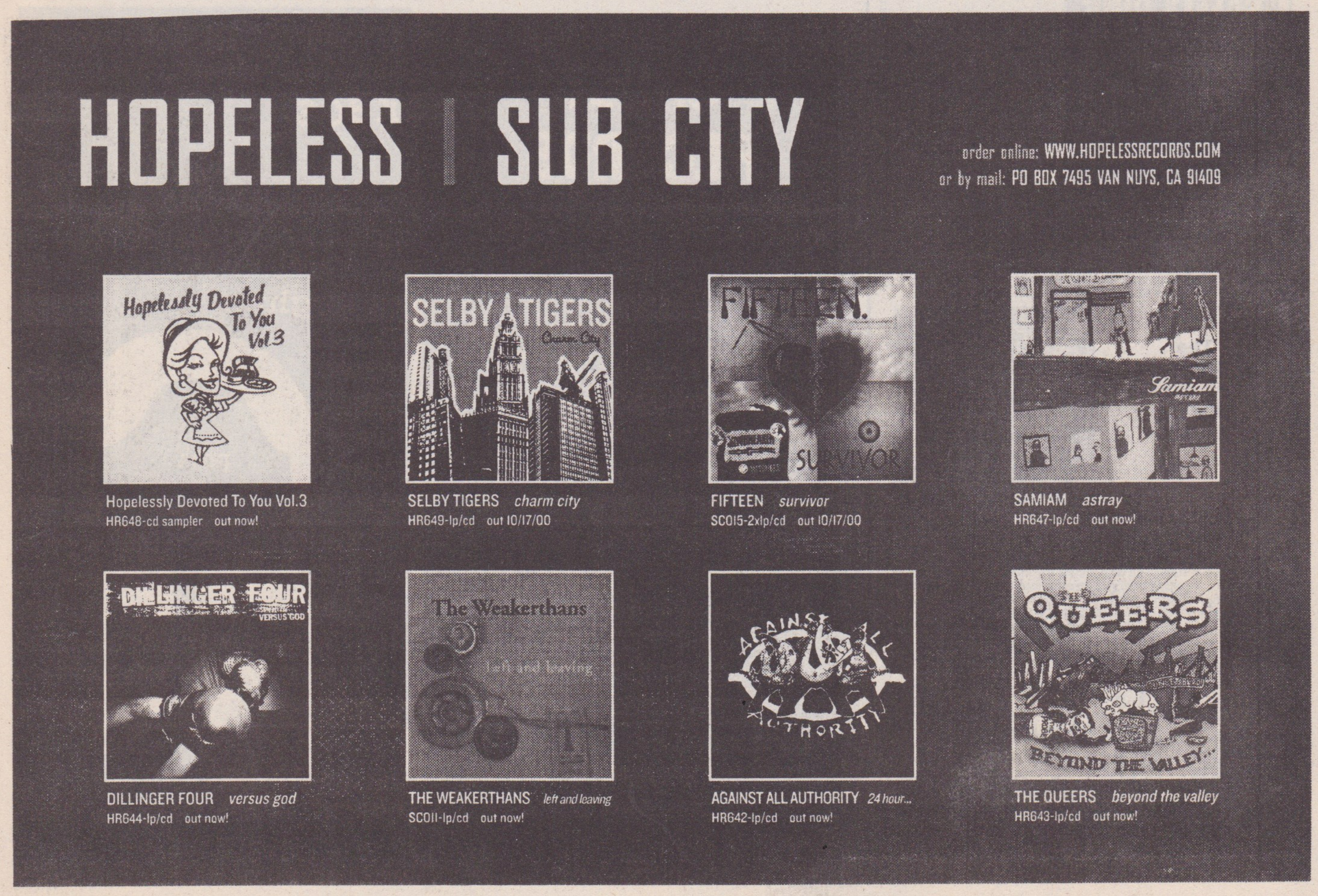

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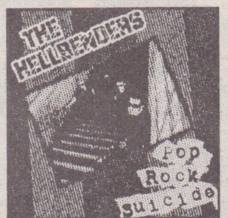

-Every few years a bands will come out of LA, that just destroys all the bands in its path. Lotta bands playing out here, but very few grab ya by the throat. Well here they are...The fuckin' Hellbenders. They just play their meaty as fuck blood, sweat and broken guitars strings Rock N Roll. The dual guitars rip through the top on this one with the 2 guitar players completely feeding off of each other. 200% energy all the way right down to the seering Menace cover. Better act quick, 500 collector scum red wax almost gone!!

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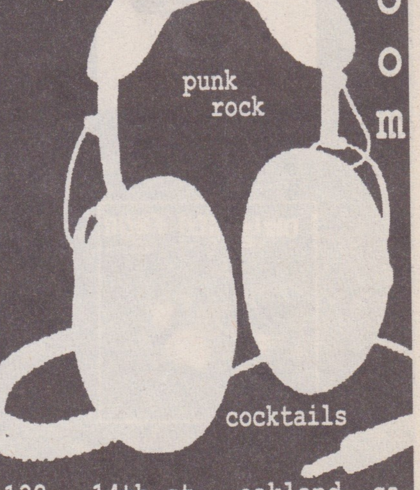

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COLUMNS

As I write, we've just entered the new year. No different from the last, except that some 200 million people in India were without power as of January first, and everywhere I go computers seem to be crashing, and I'm back to feeling as though I'm whammying all electronic devices. Coincidence that it's the new millennium? Probably. But leading up to the new year I got all freaked out. No one was no one talking about it. No hype. No hoopla. Not even the usual end of the year partying and celebration talk. After all of the hype last year with Y2K and the millennium bug —it seemed odd that this year, not even a peep about it. Granted —everyone was over it and probably wouldn't have paid any mind to fore-warnings anyway, but I couldn't help but be convinced that there was a plot or scheme. None of the holidays this past year have been particularly festive. My usual festive and celebratory self felt like it all came before it should—and I just wasn't ready. This sentiment seemed to be reflected in all those around me as well. No one's been excited. I'm all caught up in my apocalyptic end time thoughts—and by the time anyone reads this—Spring will be dawning, with rebirth and that glorious outdoor energy. I got to flipping through last year's calendar, looking for the dates to mark for friends' birthdays and my 2001 garden plantings. It made me realize how fast the year 2000 went by. Hard to believe that certain things happened last Spring and that in the manner of calendars and months—my Spring planting guides get started in almost no time (in fact right around when you are reading this). So are we now all flying through life on the faster faster faster mentality while our sense are assaulted by over-stimulation of all media? On television we can get well over a hundred channels—maybe even 500. Likewise, hundreds of punk records and zines and bands and zines are available at a stone's throw—even to kids who live in the "middle of nowhere." More stimulus than can be dealt with. More mental illness—it's no surprise.

I'm reveling in the freak weather of winter—and looking at the past several months of extremes. Last summer Texas had a serious drought. Only to be followed by excessive rain and flooding in the Fall and then snow and ice storms in the winter. Milwaukee reports have had 50" of snow in December. Chicago seems to always get hit by both extremes—scorching heat and bitter freezing cold with non-stop snow in the mix now. Richmond is in this pocket of null and void weather. It gets hot as hell in the summer—and the winters are fairly pleasant and mild. But no snow. North Carolina, on the other hand, gets rocked off the map with drastic weather extremes. I used to think that all of this might mean something. Must mean something. Global warming. The endtime coming. Humans fucking with the earth. My father, the original weather freak, used to always say that the earth was just running in its cycles and that while global warming is indeed a factor—that everything was pretty much normal. Now this year we're having a winter like I remember from my childhood. Since I was a kid, I've been watching the weather—keeping track of all the forecasts and as I was growing up watching three television network stations broadcasts to be followed by public TV's Weather World show. Now we have 24 hour weather channel—and let me admit, it's my favorite station. I don't watch a lot of TV—but I do like to watch the weather. I can't really figure out why, because what comes will come and we deal with it when it does. Watching forecasts and predicting it all before it happens is really kind of pointless (especially when we all know how wrong the forecasts can be)... and yet I monitor the weather channel obsessively and watch the progression on the storms and get disappointed as all hope of snow fades away as the radar comes closer to Richmond.

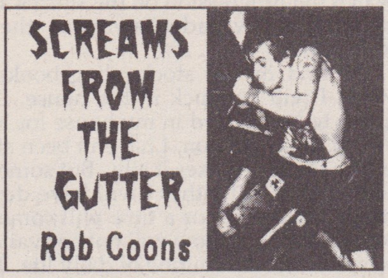
I find myself stock-piling books for some mythical time when I will be stuck in the house. I'm so convinced that I'm going to be isolated in my house for long periods of time, that I justify my obsession. I haven't been stock-piling food though—which is what makes it silly. But somewhere deep inside, I have this feeling that either I will have days on end where I can do nothing but read, or a time will come where the books that are readily available now will not be available. I love all those things which break the routine of daily life. Three feet of snow in NYC puts smiles on most people's faces—it transforms the city—no one can get anywhere and everyone is happy with a day off. But then reality kicks back in and all attempts are made to return to the hustling of the routine and people get into fights over their dug out car park spaces. One inch of snow in Richmond closes the town down. School lets out and everyone wipes the grocery store out of bread, milk and water.

So while I'm holing up in my nest with St. Johns Wort tea, my sun-light box and a pile of books—I'm in a damn fine mood and totally beating the usual winter blahs. I realize that just around the corner the flower bulbs will pop up from underneath the piles of mulch and dried leaves. Green growth and life will return to the land. I will make friends with the outdoors again and frolic in the rediscovery of the birds and plants and trees budding leaves. And then we'll rollercoaster through the year at breakneck speed with over stimulation of all the senses.

Hopefully though, we'll all remember to stop at important times and enjoy what we're doing and make sure that were putting our time to good use—doing those things which we really want to be doing rather than that which we feel we must. Somehow we'll snap ourselves into the present moment, ceasing to cling to the past, or worry too much about the future, and just enjoy the now of things and appreciate what we have and where we are. These are the best moments—when you realize that now is the very best time there is. And to realize all of the rad things that the punk community has to offer. Whereas once upon a time anything remotely punk seemed cool, now we can pick and choose our own little niche. Sometimes I think this causes many problems of its own—we tend to become very picky and insular in our viewpoints and cliques. But at the same time we have come to a point where we have built a very valid and real community - and it's thriving. We have formed an infrastructure for change and growth and doing things on our own terms. There are rad gatherings planned this spring—like the Skillshare in Berkeley and the Solidarity Conference in State College PA (both happening in April of 2001). These sorts of positive festivals rally us together to share our skills and ideas and put the face of more than music back on the punk scene. It also moves us beyond the confines of punk—as we broaden our sights into our local communities and the worldwide network. We have so many choices, options, and opportunities these days. Figuring out how to process all of the information available to us now is sometimes really overwhelming. But the fact of it is that it's out there. The Information Age, they call it? Well yeah—it really is. CNN has a new slogan now—they say "The Revolution Begins Here." It pisses me off seeing that sort of corporate media embracing catchy words like revolution. We come to see all of these thing which we feel connected to or a part of captured by advertising and sold back to us—devoid of any passion or meaning. The truth of it is that the revolution begins *with us*—the activists and the punks. We can recognize that we are making an impact on the larger world in what we do when we see big time media feeding our own words back to us. Sure it's frustrating to see the substance taken out of it, and credit taken and

given inappropriately. But it's usually the credit-less work that is the most important. Things are changing right before our eyes—the very things that we want to see happen are actually happening—now. That is why I say—revel in the present. It's up to those of us who can see through the bullshit to continue to strive for something better. We have to continue to believe that we can do anything we set our minds to and together we can do everything. If we want to bring about change—through dedication and collective efforts—it will happen. It is all possible.

To correspond directly write to: Chris(tine) c/o Slug & Lettuce * PO Box 26632 * Richmond, VA 23261-6632



After being set back a month due to unfortunate circumstances in my life, I am ready to start cranking the shit out for the kids again. I have way too many releases to review in one column, so I will squeeze in as many as I can and try to catch up next month. On the live show front the past two months has seen some amazing bands come through the Bay area. I have had the privilege of seeing CRUCIAL SECTION (Amazing thrashcore from Japan), SIN ORDEN (new band on Lengua Armada Records), AMERICAN NIGHTMARE (killer new hardcore band from Massachusetts), THE OATH (what happens when CHARLES BRONSON, MONSTER X, MAINSTRIKE and OIL collide), DJ Q-BERT (hands down the best turntablist in the world), CREAM ABDUL BABAR (crushing tunes from Florida), SPAZZ (their last show ever) and TOTAL FURY (from Japan as well). TOTAL FURY laid down the law with a ferocious blast of thrash that sounds like it should be coming from Boston or Washington DC circa 1982. The blazing pace of the music and their endless energy were phenomenal. The ended upstaging every band they played with, including bands like LIFE'S HALT, THE OATH and SPAZZ. And *that* is no easy task! Fucking incredible! Look for TOTAL FURY on the compilations "Raging Hardcore Shot" CD and the "Skate All Day, Drink All Night" EP. They may have other stuff out but I am not aware of it.

So let's get the show on the fucking road, Because I have a lot of ground to cover!

V/A —"The Science Of Crisis" CD—This is an interesting mix of bands here. The whole thing starts off with three short blasts from San Diego's own grindcore kings CATTLE DECAPITATION. The three songs here are also on their recent EP called "Decapitacion." These guys have been making quite an impact with their non-stop slew of releases. They wedge their music nicely somewhere between CARCASS and BRUJERIA. ARMATRON from Nebraska crank out some fucked up bass-heavy grind/noisecore, complete with hectic paced drumming, dirgy distortion and whacked out noise effects.

TICWAR take up 17 minutes of mind fuck mayhem with one song. TICWAR contains two members of A MINOR FOREST, the master of electronica LESSER and a couple other fellows. Their song starts off with a bit of a slow country twang thing and then moves into some heavy duty BLACK SABBATH influenced riffage. The last six minutes of the song is a mess of electronic mindfuck noise, loops, dings and pings. An eclectic yet solid release. (Toyo Records, PMB 421, 564 Mission Street, San Francisco, CA 94105)

BLESSING THE HOGS—"Solvent Farmer" CD—Damn, this has to be the stunner of the month. After seeing this band a couple of times and never really being impressed, I didn't have much hope for this release. Boy was I wrong. These guys take their cue from bands like DISEMBODIED and ALL OUT WAR to create their own style of punishing metalcore. The music is generally slow and turbulent and the production is outstanding.

Everything is mixed really well and it sounds heavy as fuck! The vocals even sound hostile. It should be noted that the mix master/knob twirler Billy Anderson (think NEUROSIS and EYE HATE GOD) not only produced this, but he is now in the band. There are no lyrics listed, but something tells me they are very bitter and hateful. As far as I can tell this is self-released, so drop them a line and be on the lookout for the CD. (www.blessingthehogs.com / blessingthehogs@pacbell.com)

CREAM ABDUL BABAR—"Buried In Broken Glass" CD—I fortunately got to see this band on their recent jaunt through the San Francisco area. Besides the fact that they all looked very sexy in their matching pink sleeveless "Florida" shirts, these guys totally destroyed the crowd with some truly brutal tunes. Take some influences from the UNSANE and lay it over a piece of DEADGUY and throw in a whacked out trombone player and there you'll have CREAM ABDUL BABAR. That's right, I said a trombone player.

It actually works with the music and it was a nice touch to their live show. In all honesty this CD fell a notch or two below my expectation level, and didn't really live up to their live performance. But I would still consider it a solid addition to your collection and I look forward to any future releases from them. (AAJ Records, 1350 Mahan Drive, #E4, Ste. 203, Tallahassee, FL 32308).

BURNT BY THE SUN / LUDDITE CLONE—split CD—I knew even before this release came out, that it was going to be an amazing record. The split starts off with three songs by BURNT BY THE SUN. They have got DISCORDANCE AXIS and HUMAN REMIANS personnel in the band so I think you know where this is going. With master drummer Dave Witte at the helm, this is high velocity hardcore that surges and jerks all over the place. Crazed technical guitar lead and ferocious vocals just jam their songs down your throat. LUDDITE CLONE follows the path of their unbelievable debut that came out about a year ago. They take their cue from bands like DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN and BRUTAL TRUTH and just completely wreck havoc on their instruments and your ears. Super technical grindcore with insane time changes and immaculate musicianship. It is all done with enough speed and bloodthirsty rage to keep you on your toes screaming for more! I have had my eyes and ears on these guys since the very first time I ever heard them. I certainly hope they have a full-length in the works! (Ferret, 341 Monmouth Street, 101D, Jersey City, NJ 07302 / www.ferretstyle.com)

TAKEN—"Finding Solace In Dissension" CD—Here is yet another band that combines fiercely played hardcore/metal with some emotional and subdued parts. They split their style straight up the middle. Hard edged metal that twists and turns through a series of time changes and then smoothly flows in ragged yet melodic moments.

The vocals flow between livid screams and passionate almost breathless rants all depending on the musical direction of the moment. It all works really well. The lyrics approach topics of day to day living, such as relationships and becoming an adult. A lot of the melodic stuff isn't really my cup of tea, but this all worked well and I highly recommend it to fans of this style of music. (Good Fellow Records, 702 Upper James Street, Suite 275, Hamilton, Ontario, CANADA, L9C 3A2 / www.goodfellowrecords.com)

CROM—"The Cocaine Wars 1974-1989" CD—After a slew of compilation tracks and split EPs, CROM has finally got a full-length of their own. And what a fucking ripper it is! The first thing I noticed about this release is the brilliant artwork. It combines everyone's two favorite things, metal and cocaine. And that is all I have to say about that. So buy the damn record and see for yourself. CROM come at you with a slew of styles like grind, thrash, (dare I say powerviolence) and an ever so slight touch of metal. The incorporate some killer samples as well. All the songs are very short and totally fierce.

If you look in your hardcore reference guide and turn to page 104 you will see CROM compared to such bands as LACK OF INTEREST, STAPLED SHUT and DESPISE YOU. The only thing I did not like about the release was the lack of absolutely any information on the band, song titles or a lyric sheet. Still worth it though. (Pessimiser Records, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

THA BLUE HERB—"Underground vs. Amateur" CD / HERBEST MOON & SAPPORO 99—"Concrete River" CD—These two CDs were the surprise of the month, especially the THA BLUE HERB one. Straight Up Records from Japan has let the cat out of the bag on this one. The label, which is notorious for putting out a slew of killer punk and hardcore releases from

Japan, has ventured into the world of hip hop and rap. And what an awesome choice it is. THA BLUE HERB pumps out four songs of killer rap. The beats are really extremely smooth and mellow and the vocals are all in Japanese. I wasn't sure what to expect, but it all flowed really well. It appears that the THA BLU HERB personnel have something to do with HERBEST MOON & SAPPORO 99 release. The two songs on the HERBEST MOON release are pretty strong, but the beats don't flow quite as smooth. The rhythm is changed up and they use multiple styles and beats. It is all pretty killer stuff and a sweet change of pace! (Straight Up Records, Kowa, Bld 2F, Minami-2 Nishi-1, Chuou-Ku, Sapporo 060-0062, JAPAN / www.straightup-rec.com)

AGE OF RUIN—"Black Sands Of The Hourglass" CD—What you get here is some mid-paced death/metal/hardcore from the East Coast. While it is loaded with tons of pummeling riffs and distortion, there is a certain melodic element that seeps through at times. The production is solid with everything coming together as a cohesive unit. And the vocals are throat-busting growls that bark out dark eerie lyrics. With songs like "Black Sun Rise" and "Withered Rose" you can tell somebody is feeling pretty dismal. All in all this is a pretty straightforward release. At times I wished the tempo was a little faster, but I enjoyed it nonetheless. (www.darkmoonempire.com / ageofruin@darkmoonempire.com)

THE BLACK HAND—"Pulling Your Strings" CD—The first thing I noticed is how metal the cover looked. Not sure if it was the red block lettering or the drawing of the decapitated horse, but it just screamed "fucking metal"! Well, from the sound of things, that description is not far off. Even though THE BLACK HAND contains members of the band IRE, they don't sound like them at all. THE BLACK HAND sounds like they have been listening to their AT THE GATES and IN FLAMES records a lot. They turn out some seriously savage metal, with excellent all-around production. The song structure and chord progressions are seamless. There are still some slight elements of hardcore here, but overall it is straight-up metal. Look for them to be touring the first few months of 2001. They should be pretty damn good live, because this release is fucking killer! It should also be noted that this will be available on 10" vinyl from Scorched Earth Policy Records. (Ellington, PO Box 13445, Berkeley, CA 94712-4445 / www.ellingtonrecords.com)

BORN UNDER SATURN—"Reflecting The Beautiful Design" CD—This four piece from Connecticut crank out some technical grindcore that combines small parts of metal and emo to round out the package. This is pretty fucking good. Lot's of time changes and rolling drums, create a chaotic pace. The vocals are mostly forced harsh screams, occasional being yelled/spoken in a more monotone style. The production is a touch on the raw side, which is actually a nice change of pace from the immaculate production of so many hardcore releases these days. The lyrics show total discontent with human behavior and culture. As far as I know this is already their third release so be on the lookout for them. Solid! (Ellington, PO Box 13445, Berkeley, CA 94712-4445 / www.ellingtonrecords.com)

Well that covers it for this month. I heard a couple of bands this month that I am pretty excited about. And hopefully their releases will be gracing this column in the months to come. In my last column I mentioned a band from San Diego called SASHA. Well I got to hear one song from their demo, and it fucking kills.

Also be on the lookout for A LIFE ONCE LOST, which is the first release from www.loudnet.com. I heard a track from this release and it sounded great. What is loudnet.com you say? Well if you are anywhere close to a computer and you are into hardcore than check it out. It is a ripping website that is constantly growing and has lots of good content. I have to say, though, I was really bummed he took down the real audio soundbooth.

And drop whatever you are doing and start looking for the new MARTYR release from Ferret Records. I heard an advance track off of this and it is fucking incredible. MARTYR contains three people from DISEMBODIED and a couple of other folks to boot. Hopefully I can catch them on their quickly approaching West Coast tour.

Thanks for reading.

As always send all your good gossip, naked photos and punk rock goods to:
PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712 or xgoatcorex@hotmail.com.

"I'm not an idiot, I'm not an idiot, I am not a fucking stooge. So stop talking to me about guns and bombs and stop trying to sell me class warfare—I'm really not brain dead and I'm not an endtable and I'm really quite sure that you DO NOT mean business, that you're just one of many stupid shouting voices who wants to play fight the pigs and talk drunk about bombing gas stations until you have to go work in one that is, friend."

Born Against—"I Am A Idiot"

"Until lions have their own historians, histories of the hunt will glorify the hunter"

—African proverb

I have been straightedge for quite some time now but, this really has nothing to do with the new book and movie that I want discuss. People do make choices sometimes out of circumstances not of their choosing, to paraphrase Marx. Steven Soderbergh's excellent film, *Traffic*, deals with America's failed "war on drugs" in a way that makes it seem more like a documentary than a typical Hollywood film. In his provocative and insightful *Border Games: Policing the U.S.-Mexico Divide* (Cornell Univ. P., 2000), Peter Andreas convincingly demonstrates how recent US-Mexico border policing has much more to do with creating an image of boundary control and less to do with actually deterring illicit drugs and would-be migrants. Put together, *Traffic* and *Border Games* are a deadly blow to the law-enforcement approach by state officials in dealing with drug trafficking and undocumented immigration. Rarely do policy makers address the root causes of drug trafficking and unauthorized migration, let alone propose any realistic short and long-term solutions. The purpose of this column is not meant to be a full book or film review, but merely a discussion of some of the issues raised in the film and the book.

Even before seeing *Traffic*, I went into the theater thinking that this film would not be any different from the hyperbolic out-of-control-Tijuana-cartels spilling over into the US. Actually, *Traffic* has multiple settings (geographically and specific life stories) that offer a grim and complex view of the US "war on drugs." From the border police on the Mexican side (played by Benicio Del Toro), to the federal US drug czar (Michael Douglas) and his teenage daughter hooked on drugs (Erika Christensen), to the story of the wife of a major drug trafficker (Catherine Zeta-Jones); *Traffic* pulls together these very personal stories to conclude that the $45 billion annual budget designed for the "war on drugs" is, at best, a failure, at worst, killing those currently in need of treatment and rehabilitation.

"With the research we did," filmmaker Soderbergh told the *Los Angeles Times* ("Calendar" section, 1/7/01), "when you talk to law enforcement officials and say, 'Your 16-year-old is caught with drugs, do you turn them into the cops?' And all of them said, 'No.' And that's the point. When it's your family, it's a health-care issue; when it's someone else's family, it's a criminal issue." Unfortunately, this is the crucial point which *Traffic* does not address. First of all, the so-called war on drugs was never meant to treat drug abuse as a health problem; the origins of the "war on drugs" lays in Reaganomics and the need for Empire to contain its victims with more prisons, more police, harsher legislation, etc. This "war on drugs" was and is more of a war on black and Latino youth, those who have been rendered "economically superfluous." A second shortcoming of *Traffic* is also its strength: while on the one hand, the film does an excellent job at putting a human face to the issue of drug abuse and drug trafficking, *Traffic* does not address the larger political economy of drug trafficking. It is no secret that countries like Peru, Mexico, and Columbia pay their national debt to institutions like the IMF and the World Bank with drug money. This is just the tip of the iceberg. The fact is, imperialist globalization has made it so that "third world" countries structure their economies to emphasize cash and profitable crops for external use and not for

independent national development. For poor countries like Mexico whose drug economy is embedded within a larger world system of capitalism, and for young people of color in the inner cities selling drugs (both things which are clearly visible in *Traffic*) there is a crying need for an analysis that can help us better grasp the dynamic relationship between specific drug smuggling, drug dealing and the context in which those events occur. For a specific case study (drug trafficking on the US-Mexico border) and the context/s in which they occur, we briefly turn to Andreas' *Border Games.*

An interesting phenomenon that Andreas reveals is that, at a time when the US and Mexican economies embrace an opening of the border through efforts like NAFTA, state officials on both sides of the border have simultaneously enhanced their border enforcement efforts to create a "borderless economy and a barricaded border." Andreas shows how state officials have been able to generate some drug seizures while not disrupting the important flow of commercial traffic that NAFTA has further exacerbated. "If we examined every truck for narcotics arriving into the United States along the Southwest border," says one senior US Customs official in *Border Games*, "Customs would back up the truck traffic bumper-to-bumper into Mexico City in just two weeks." *This* is bad for business. Another government official quoted in *Border Games*, former "border czar" Alan Bersin, proposed some blunt solutions to the intricacy of border policing: "They key to resolving these apparently contradictory purposes lies in the strategic application of modern technology. We can and must have a border that is both secure and business-friendly."

The request for the strategic application of technology rings of atomic bombs over civilian populations ("in order to save American lives") and rings of police use of "non-lethal weapons" for the benefit of criminals who "could otherwise be killed" with real bullets. The strategic application of technology on the US-Mexico border masks its real death face: the military's fences and infrared telescopes along with the Border Patrol's "detection and intrusion devises" obscures the deaths of over 2,000 would-be migrants who perished in the cold mountains and in the hot desert. Can we know about such tragic events at the border when we examine border enforcement (the "border game") with respect to how it affects only state policy? Andreas' use of the "cat-and-mouse" analogy in examining border policing is at best an inaccurate view at the complexities of the US-Mexico border and the people who live there, and at worst, dehumanizing. Analogies, which reduce the process of undocumented immigration into a "hunted vs. hunter" analogy usually only end up addressing the perspective of the hunters: state and law-enforcement people.

If history is memory, then we must think about the following: who will do the remembering, whose memories will we remember, and whose memories will be erased? Would *Border Games* have been a different book had it examined and included the voices of the migrants into Andreas' analysis of the "border game"? It should be noted that both *Border Games* and *Traffic* relied extensively on government sources in the production of their works. Most of the footnotes in *Border Games* are interviews with law enforcement personnel, internal and public government documents, and other academic "experts." In the conceptualization and filmmaking process of *Traffic*, Soderbergh also depended on the US government as a major information source: the film employed 30 actual US Customs officials, received "consultation" from the former director of intelligence for the DEA, Craig Chretien, and had access to the super-secret El Paso Intelligence Center (EPIC) [see, *Los Angeles Times* 1/7/01, E1]. Are there limitations in relying too much on a small number of "sources," let alone a certain kind of "source"?

As I get ready to send this very late column, Linda Chavez, the person that Bush nominated to be Secretary of Labor, withdrew her nomination over allegations that she hired an undocumented immigrant in the early 1990s. As I listen to NPR, watch the "MacNeil-Lehrer NewsHour," and read the *New York Times*, *Los Angeles Times*, and the *Washington Post* (yes, I'm a news junkie), I think about Maria Mercado (the "illegal alien that Chavez hired" as she is referred to). Who is she? Why did she leave Guatemala? Could she survive on the "spending money" ($100 to $150 a week) that Chavez gave her for doing "odd jobs" in her house? Where is she in all of this? Books and films (even TV and print media) can help us understand and better grasp certain events. Yet a central component of modernity and the Enlightenment has been to usher in an era whereby text became a signifier for "learned humans" and those without text, as people without a history, to echo the historian Eric Wolf. To have included Maria Mercado's story in the media should not be seen as a matter of courtesy or more "multicultural," it should be seen as a matter of accuracy. Her story and many more that never make it into books and films are not just a way for scholars and journalists to write a story, the histories reflect much more: they reflect a theory of history.

Coming soon: A look into Ken Burn's "Jazz" PBS special.

CrimethInc. Workers' Collective Bullet-in

Thinking about the Ideal Demonstrator, I remembered the archetype of the Trickster who is found in all cultures (except, apparently, Western intellectual culture). Trickster has some of its most interesting forms in Native American cultures: Ma'ii from the Navajo is a deity who is liar, healer, *and* hero. He is a master of pranks and, most importantly, a *shape shifter*. Also in the Navajo is *To Ninilii*, actually a human member of the tribe who's specialty is joking around at serious ceremonies—like that serious ceremony that demonstrations become at their worst. It seems like this idea could be useful if we look at the traditional demonstration as a formal ceremony where the sides are busy at "work" maintaining their relationships, being each other's *loyal opposition*. The characteristic of shape shifting is imperative for the demonstrator who hopes to subvert this.

Theory of Demonstrations, Demonstrations of Theory

A preface to all the scene reports about demonstrations, supplied by F. Markatos Dixon

It's been a year since the events during the Seattle meeting of the World Trade Organization suddenly made demonstration activism seem like an effective way to make things happen. There have been a lot of other attempts to shut down meetings in the months since then, most of them not as successful. The honeymoon is over. In recent months we have learned that just showing up and blocking intersections is not going to recreate what happened in Seattle. The police are ready for us now, they know our strategies, they have our planning meetings bugged, they have a media blackout arranged so no one will even hear about our attempts. It's time to decide whether we want to abandon the demonstration approach for another thirty years, or find new ways to (re)vitalize future demonstrations. When you're creating through the medium of revolution, you have to always keep ahead of inertia (especially when that inertia is represented by the F.B.I.!). What follows won't be a comprehensive guide (that's impossible!) or even a thorough introduction (which would be indispensable!), but I hope it can remind others to think these issues through themselves.

Before we get into this, let's go over why participating in these big demonstrations can be worthwhile in the first place. A lot of the people who deliberately choose not to go to demonstrations argue that the events in question do not represent their particular "issues"—or favored methods. For example, my friend in Germany stayed home from the Prague demonstration because he thought the protesters wouldn't do a good job of communicating with the local civilians. This boycott of a demonstration rests on the assumption that a demonstration is one mass event with a single mission or platform. Instead of staying home, my friend should have gone to Prague and worked to create the pieces that he saw as missing. After all, demonstrations are going to happen whether we go or not. Boycotting may be valuable in the case of hopelessly petrified institutions like K-Mart or the vote. Demonstrations, on the other hand, are not institutions, they are a forum. As such they have the power to be fresh with each materialization. The anarchists who made Seattle so important didn't stay home because the Revolutionary Communist Party was involved. Instead they came and, D.I.Y., threw their own party, with a lowercase "p!"

When people are going to be in the streets trying to make things happen, the rest of us have two options: we can leave them to struggle on their own, imagining that our absence will speak for our qualms, or we can seize the opportunity to shape the event. We should view demonstrations as a chance to create the situations we want, not just to vote with our presence or absence for some particular method of organizing. Unless we can find something more effective to do somewhere else, there's no reason we shouldn't be there.

A demonstration is different from almost any other project we could use that time to work on. A public demonstration means thousands of people see our work with their own eyes. In a mediated world we cannot forget the power of direct visibility. The interactions spawned by this contact are far more valuable and meaningful than the scraps of "coverage" the corporate media may or may not toss us.

Participation is also an excellent way of raising issues (from globalization to animal rights) in the eyes of people we are close to. This is important because often these people will not be involved otherwise. Family and friends who hear about our activities become aware of important issues as an extension of their concern for us. At the same time we can use the forum to reinvigorate ourselves: it's easy to come to accept the most horrific tragedies as normal things, until you try contesting them.

Of course it's also an opportunity to fuck shit up for those fucking it up for us. When we *demonstrate* that the monster has weak spots other people will be inspired to do the same. On the other hand, when others try to demonstrate this and have a hard time, because people like us are withholding our fresh ideas and participation, it reinforces the illusion that the monster is invulnerable—when all it would take to dispel this might be another couple participants with a secret plan.

There are other reasons to participate in these mass demonstrations, that activists don't usually talk about as much. The demonstration is an opportunity to collaborate with people from outside the circles we usually travel in. If we're going to make this cooperative anarchist thing work, we'll all need lots of practice with this. (Remember: there is nothing that pleases the motherfuckers more then infighting among the people. It is perhaps their greatest weapon against us.) Furthermore, demonstrations can become conferences where we develop plans, have fun, see friends from far away, meet new people, fall in love. Far from the blockades and handcuffs, we sleep on the floors of strangers (who are soon to be friends), and over the meals we share, we exchange stories and ideas. The smallest of these details is as important as our most radical long term goals.

Now, back to the subject. The people who came up with the strategies that worked in Seattle had been developing them for many years. Just like the band whose ground breaking music is repeated until it is a cliché, our masterpieces often become monoliths that loom from the past, trapping us in ritualistic attempts to resurrect them. Preoccupation with precedent can prevent us from finding the new innovations we desperately need. Now that chaining ourselves together across intersections is not so fresh and vital, a responsibility lies in our hands. Those of us who have been coming to these events unprepared, hoping to be directed by the ones "in the know," must bring our own plans to the next event. We, who have *not* been central to the organizing over the last few years, may actually have the most to offer. Our minds have not yet been filled with years of plans, failures, expectations and assumptions that are difficult for the experienced to shake off. What *we* need to shake off is our passivity. Each of us must prepare as if the success or failure of the whole demonstration depended on our contribution.

This decentralized approach will be the most effective for a number of reasons. It's impossible to infiltrate—if the F.B.I. had to discover the secret plans of every single person headed to a demonstration, they wouldn't have a chance. The affinity group model has been a good start towards this end, but it could be taken a lot farther, particularly if the individuals who have been hanging back in these groups waiting to be directed brought their own plans instead. ["But it would just be *anarchy!*" shriek the old-fashioned communist organizers, to which we respond, "Exactly!"] Of course we should not act in total disregard for what others are doing. The most effective approach will be one in which everyone answers to themselves while planning original approaches that complement those of their friends. I'll give some examples of this below. The old guard are going to stick to their predictable stuff, anyway, and it's going to keep on not working. Instead of just arguing about their methods we would do best to introduce something new and fertile.

It was the introduction of fresh elements that made Seattle so effective in the first place: the anarchists destroying property, the radical cheerleaders, the infernal noise brigade. Countless unique individual projects which no one expected created a situation that no one could control or predict.

OK, on to specific examples. The number one cliché we have to avoid: going to fucking jail. Movement after movement has started in this country, gotten going, and then collapsed when mass legal trouble scared off half of the participants and embroiled all the resources (money, time, patience, you name it) of the rest in court cases. The lawyers and judges are surely the segment of this society with the very least potential to be radicalized! Why waste all our energy on them? Let's keep it in the streets, where it belongs. For countless reasons, getting arrested is just a bad idea—especially in this atmosphere of media blackouts, getting-caught is martyrish at best. Abbie Hoffman (who went through this whole thing three decades back) once commented: the trick is to find things to do that *aren't illegal yet.* Or just not to get caught.

My favorite example of fully legal mayhem remains the time Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin shut the New York Stock Exchange down just by walking out onto the visitors' balcony and dropping money down to the stockbrokers. The crazed capitalists, well practiced in the ways of short sighted gains, abandoned their posts to collect falling dollars—precipitating a stock market crash for the day! Had Hoffman and Rubin tried to barricade the market by chaining themselves across the doors at 5 a.m., they probably wouldn't have succeeded, they certainly wouldn't have had as much fun, and even if it had worked I wouldn't be writing about it over thirty years later.

Now let's use the Philadelphia Republican National Convention protest (which I attended as the kind of unprepared automaton criticized above) as an example for some things that could have been done differently.

Had I known how much more my creativity was needed than my mere presence, I would have tried one of the following ideas, which Brian and I came up with after it was too late. One of the main things we were all trying to do was block traffic, and delay the beginning of the Convention. There we were, trying to block traffic with our bodies, when we all know what blocks traffic best: more traffic! If everyone who came to the demonstrations by car had simply driven them very slowly into the area where the hotels were, stopping to ask for directions at every block (perhaps with clever art on our cars, like floats in a parade), traffic would have been effectively halted. The beauty of this plan is that if they chose to arrest people, they'd have to tow their cars out of the jam, which would just make matters worse!

Hell, we could have done that and still have had plenty of people left over to do other things. Here's another idea, which could easily be applied in any traffic-blocking demonstration. Usually the people in blocked cars are regarded as unfortunate victims (if not apolitical car-driving assholes!), and nothing more. Why not take the opportunity of these traffic jams to communicate with them? A radio transmitter that can reach car radios within a block or so can be built for around $10, and it's legal. Take one of these to the next demonstration in a car (so it won't be confiscated), and hitch it up to a tape loop explaining what we're doing and why. When you get stuck in the traffic jam, friends will be ready at the curb with signs reading "FOR INFORMATION ON TRAFFIC DELAYS, TUNE TO 98.9 FM." We could make the next demonstration into a pirate radio convention, with twelve different stations participating (each with its own message). This way, formerly useless, mad or bored motorists become the guests of honor! At least when the newspapers the next morning say "the protesters' message was unclear,'" the drivers will know that's just bullshit.

More on traffic: Let's say you don't have two hundred people with cars to gum up traffic; if you had ten people who were ready to get a little crazier, you could achieve the same effect. Have a few benefit shows, and raise money to buy each person a clunker car that's on its last legs. We could have found hundreds of them in Philadelphia... long old American cars just beg-

ging to "break down." Purchase them under fake names (or whatever you gotta do), then at the assigned minute, ten old cars breathe their last breath in the middle of ten crowded intersections, paralyzing traffic for hours. Maybe the drivers have escape routes planned; or, if they're gutsy, they'll just stick around insisting that they don't know what's going on (in that case, they could use their own cars, with no fake names). Even if ten people get charged with "conspiracy to block traffic" it is still preferable to four hundred people getting charged with assault for being beaten by police because they created a human blockade. If you're an expert and you really want to increase the tension, you could rig a device to set your old junker on fire (cars sometimes burst into flames you know!), and—talk about demonstration ambiance!

Or let's say we couldn't get our hands on any cars at all. Let motorists deliver them! Did you know that if you clog up the exhaust pipe of a car, it shuts down? Potatoes are ideal, just pound one in, way in, so its good and lost. In a matter of seconds you've got your blockade provided by some unfortunate motorist or truck driver. And happily for those of you with qualms about "property destruction," the offending tuber can eventually be extracted with no lasting damage... slashing the tires, on the other hand... works too! If we'd managed to enact a few of these plans, the delegates would have had to take the fucking subway to get out of the downtown area, and that would be the last thing they'd want to do with hundreds of demonstrators (with plans of their own!) on the streets.

While all this was going on, it would really just take one person who had planned far enough in advance (and gotten a nice enough haircut) to have infiltrated the Convention itself to go to the basement and cut the power on the whole event. Or, since all the police in the region were at the Convention center or waiting downtown for the demonstration, it would have been a perfect time for a group of people to appear in a totally different part of the city, free to wreak the havoc that everyone would be talking about for years.

One interesting new tactic surrounding the Philadelphia Republican National Convention occurred almost spontaneously. At the time, Brian and I were on the road with a performance project of folk lore, science, music, home made instruments and a large inflatable teddy bear. As it turned out, our somewhat inconvenient itinerary began in Philly and ended up buzzing around it like a moth. Our periodic returns to Philly combined with close contacts with highly involved individuals there put us in the position of becoming folk media. We ended up incorporating news of the demonstrations into our performance. Every where we went people were desperate for real news of the events. We provided the information we could within the performance and in several instances ended our show by beginning a discussion about the demonstration. The discussion gradually lead to important local needs and issues. By the end of the discussion, we had provided national news to a local audience and learned of local news—all from first hand sources. In addition we were able to send out e-mail updates. We have evidence and reports of many of these being forwarded around the world. Distrust of the media is not uncommon but it is quite uncommon to be in the position of being a first hand authority on an important issue that the press is actively blackballing. With a little more planning, the role we ended up playing for the Philly Demonstrations could be covered in a much more thorough way. These are just a few examples of dumb ideas my friends and I have tossed around. There are a thousand other starting places. Next May Day, instead of doing that march carrying signs down the street, break up and have each person start a conversation with someone—that's much more real, much less of a spectacle. Bring yo-yo's to give out for everyone to play with at the next protest—it'll make us feel less dumb standing around there. Invent games, be tricksters, do things no one can understand (that's what our leaders do). Come up with crazy alliances between totally different groups that could come together for one moment to make things happen that *nobody* could have imagined. My wildest dream is that one day we can coordinate one of these mass demonstrations to coincide with a citywide police force strike. They have reasons to be discontent too, you know, not the least of which being that their masters are always forcing them to be assholes to us. If we took to the streets one day and the rank and file of the police force stayed home in protest, that could be the first day of something bigger than any of us have ever seen...

Regardless of our methods, our collective activities hold unlimited promise for transformation. It is during the brief moments of clarity, when a demonstration stops being self conscious, that we begin to wonder why they ever end. You know, fat cat murderer C.E.O. motherfuckers proudly flaunt their ideology of power on the streets *every day*, and in front of the very people they exploit! These demonstrations are a chance for us to be "out" about what we believe, too: rather than hiding in our punk and political ghettos, as if being conscious and concerned was something to be ashamed of, we adventure, we get a taste for what real *action* feels like, we test the possibilities. And the possibilities are big; all this revolutionary talk seems pretty dumb until you live through a moment when it comes true. The first time I really experienced what it was like to change a little piece of the world, my life was altered forever.

Postscript: "But What About Local Activism?"

A lot of people point out the drawbacks of these mass demonstrations and then say we should just be concentrating our efforts in the places we live. Well, of course we should—and a lot of us are, otherwise the broad base of individuals who join in these demonstrations would not exist in the first place. At any rate, there is certainly no need to choose one over the other.

It is crucial, above all else, that we do not stop doing outreach to others. It's that outreach that made what we're doing possible. I'm sure the Powers That Be would like nothing more than to see the small number of radicalized people remain small. Cut the spearhead off a spear, and it's just a stick—we need to remain active in the places (like the much-maligned punk community, and even the college activist scene) where we first learned about activism and anarchy, so others will too. These need to be augmented, not replaced, and certainly not fought against. We need to find local environments and communities where interaction and action can take place. But concentrating on local activism doesn't mean that we can't also work together for big events that unite us from across the world. This system of cross-pollination is critical if our activism to remain fresh; in fact, it is at these gatherings that people exchange the new ideas and inspiration which travel back home and keep the fires burning.

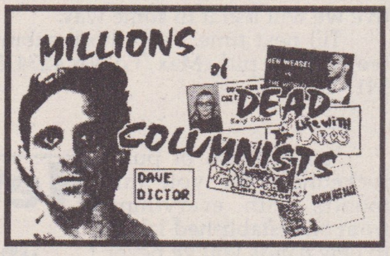
I'd like to conclude with a couple more ideas of what we can do at home to "get the message out." I wrote in the features section about trying to provide for the needs of the community in anarchist ways (without necessarily using that word!). With our energy applied that way, our communities won't have to meet so many needs through the usual (Christian, etc.) channels. Through our example, people will learn about the alternatives to old process of doing things. A good case study is the B.R.Y.C.C. house in Louisville, Kentucky, a vast building my friends opened (with a $150,000 grant from the city!) to be a "youth center." They have a 'zine and book library, a radio station (which is, in effect, a record library as well), an art gallery, punk shows, poetry readings and Food Not Bombs. All of this is organized by young people acting autonomously and getting involved in radical shit in the process. The city government has no idea what it's funding there, and my friends are filling a space in the community that would otherwise just be occupied by assholes.

Something else the readers of this magazine can do to make the alternatives to the capitalist nightmare visible (when the big demonstrations aren't going on) is autonomous media. There is more to this than just 'zines—wheatpasting and graffiti writing are good examples. If we make our own media to reach people outside our communities, than we don't have to beg the media barons to do the job for us. Instead of photocopying 'zines, put the ideas that usually remain within our circles on posters and wheatpaste them all over the streets of your town. People will see them for the next three months, and even after the text is unreadable they'll see the remains of the flier and it will make them remember what was there before. If I had a wheatpasting recipe committed to memory, I'd print it here, but I'm sure you can find one easily enough. This kind of adventure is a fun and empowering experience for people who do it. It means deciding for yourself what your town should look like and spending your time and effort to make it so. This is radically different from the methods of slave masters like Nike who simply spend loads of money dumping their an-aesthetics on our towns. Remember,

we have more ingenuity than they have cash. Aside from being an invigorating experience for the "artist," the results of autonomous media and street decoration will encourage others who see it. Maybe they thought they were alone in their discontent until your efforts started showing up. Maybe you think you are alone in your discontent... until someone begins to reciprocate.

Another option, beyond wheatpasting and hand spray-painting billboards and walls, is stenciling. Here's an idea: If you want to safely stencil an image all over the sidewalks of the world, cut the bottom out of an old back pack and attach your stencil in its place. You'll look like you're just rummaging around in your back pack when you're actually spraypainting through the bottom of your auto-media portable decoration machine. Then, there's stickering. If you live in the U.S., it's easy to make free stickers that are hard to remove. Go to the post office, where free stacks of priority mail stickers will be available. Make a stencil and spray paint a design on the stickers (you could even have a big design that was formed by a number of stickers together). You can put the stickers up (on the front of newspaper machines, at bus stops, on stop signs: "Stop being bored/eating animals/etc.") so fast that it's practically impossible to get caught.

Anyway, all these examples are just to encourage you to be thinking about this stuff yourself. You've probably heard most of these ideas before, and surely you can come up with better ones on your own. The thing is to focus on doing stuff yourself, coming up with your own approaches—that's the best way to have fun, and save the world, all at once. See you on the streets (*not* in the jails, if we can all help it!)... your friendly neighborhood folk scientist, Dr. Frederick M.D.



Why We Do Some Of The Things We Do

Well here I sit backstage at this weird trendy Port Jefferson, Long Island night club. We're (M.D.C.) are doing a cancer benefit for our bass player's old friend who is putting on the show. We're playing on the bill with a bunch of Pat Benatar cover bands along with a wedding band that does oldies to ghoulish ska. The crowd is half made of these aging rocker chick and dude types that I feel terribly self conscious for and the other half look like they just strolled in from the volunteer firemen's barbecue. Don't let me forget to mention there are ten or so old school skinheads who tell me/ threaten me that they are there to see us. I go backstage and I'm sitting there daydreaming to myself about some other things I've done with my life that I wondered why I ever did.

When I was a kid I was totally neurotic about counting things. Be they cracks in the side walks, steps it took to get places, how many mailboxes on the way to places and on and on. I'd do quite crazy stuff like put my tongue on door knobs, wherever I walked, I had to run my hands against flat surfaces, sometimes I'd kiss strange dogs with my tongue just as anxious and eager as the dog would. And at my Catholic school right outside my second grade desk window, as if was put there to tease me, was this long frozen icicle hanging from the drain pipe. I'd stare at it day after day all through the winter and I knew it was calling me to lick it. I fought the urge, I kinda knew I was setting myself for something bad. I had heard that frozen cold things and tongues were not a healthy combination. I couldn't help myself , during lunch I snuck back into the room opened that window, leaned out there and connected my tongue to the forbidden icicle and sure enough it stuck and I was stuck till the class and Sister Marie came back and eventually the janitor Mr. Dougherty poured some hot water onto the icicle and it broke away and eventually freed my tongue. I remember everyone and I mean everyone asked, " why did you do that for?" I remember Roxanne Cafferata looked at me and sighed and never had that wanderlust again in her charming brown eyes for me ever again.

Why had I done it? God knows, Attention Deficit Disorder, curiosity ? A combination. . . . . Some burly backstage type dude asks to see my backstage tag. I hadn't put it on and offered it to him from my pocket. He suggested very strongly I put it on to avoid getting thrown out. This is ridiculous; who the fuck would be sneaking backstage? The wedding singer bands' groupies? Whatever I put it on and drift into my daydreams. I flash back to playing with rocks in front of the brand new church's stained glass window. I mean there I was with Steve Hanley and Ritchie Colgan throwing rocks, and none of us ever dreaming what happened would happen and sure enough Steve Hanley pitched me a rock and though I was never much a hitter I connected and hit that rock for a homer, right through the stained glass window. We ran and we got back and later our class was spoken to at first and then threatened. Our class was never gonna be let out for recess ever again. We held our tongues and lived with the guilt and to this day I've never ever really talked about it. I start thinking of my many mistakes in life.

Not taking the sweet Jeannie Kassajenski, who really liked me for me, to my prom and instead taking the buxom cheerleader, Terry Kehoe, who ignored me all night. I think about other sweet love possibilities that I squandered away chasing what I thought were greener pastures that ended up only appearing greener. I guess maybe we've all been there but to me it seems I've been there too often.

I have been told I am a risk taker. I guess that's right and here I am in some Godforsaken hamlet on eastern Long Island not playing to my tribe, not making music for the C Squatter sisters and brethren. And soon it's time to get up on stage and perform, how am I gonna handle it? I think to myself. Well, before you know it there I am in front of four hundred old time rockers, firemen and their ilk and those smattering of skinheads. And it just came alive for me. I state that I was born around there and that I hated the cops . Who the fuck has ever dialed 911 in their life? When I heard the silence I said, " thought so. All these overpaid, lazy ass cops are good for around here is to hang outside of these bars and write D.W. I. summons". Then we broke into Millions Of Dead Cops and it was beautiful, it was like the scene in the *Blues Brothers* movie when they played "Rawhide."

People were hooting and hollering, firemen and women with silly skimpy outfits, long necks raised, cheering us on. Even the skinheads loved us and claimed us as their own. We did our short blast of a set and then tried to give everybody their bar back but they wouldn't have it. We played encore after encore till we played a few Johnny Cash songs and there wasn't a dry eye in the house. We exited and claimed Long Island as our own and felt good and it came back to me why I licked icicles and played with rocks and sticks in front of church windows, and why as well we don't play all our shows to our safe crowd of you hipster, bebop, punker, groovers.

Please do check mdc's web site at freespeech. org/deadcops, or e-mail me mdcops@hotmail. com or write MDC pobox 142, glencove, ny, 11542. MDC's Brazil summer outdoor festival tour/ for this July, 2001 with "Good Clean Fun" is coming together. Peace and shit, dave dictor.

Since I miss my friends CRUCIAL SECTION, I've decided to write about their recent visit to SF in this month's column.

First off, the tour went better than planned. They told me back in September that they could only come for three days, and worst of all, those three days would be Sunday through Tuesday, Sunday being New Year's Eve of all days. I scrambled to get some shows together in hopes that we could make the most of them coming.

We talked Gilman into doing a Sunday Matinee by offering WHAT HAPPENS NEXT as the volunteers for the night (clean up, door, stage managing, etc....). We talked to KZSU and found out that Monday would be perfect to have a live radio appearance.....and finally we got CRUCIAL SECTION on a bar show at

the Covered Wagon Saloon. Their trip was starting to take form, although I was still worried about turn-out, not to mention that they were coming for only three weekdays (one of which they were playing a bar show).

But all this worrying was for nothing. I learned that what makes a tour is who is involved in it......not just the band, but the clubs, the bands who support them, the kids who show up, etc.....This collective effort and the positive attitude of those involved is what made the tour so fun.

First off, CRUCIAL SECTION themselves. They couldn't give a shit about how much money they spent to get here, they just wanted to play thrash and have fun. If that meant in front of five people, or 200, it didn't matter. They had super good attitudes through out the whole tour, and were pros the whole time.

Next were the people who helped out. All the bands...SCOTT BAIO ARMY (who drove from Denver for one show), SIN ORDEN (from Chicago), GODSTOMPER, DEADBODIESEVERYWHERE, ARTIMUS PYLE...and not to mention my bandmates in WHAT HAPPENS NEXT. The people at Gilman (for even letting us do it), those who volunteered their help, Smurph from KZSU, Lucifers Hammer......Everyone made sure to help out, to say what's up to the band, to generally have fun. Bands loaned equipment, bought a round of beer for CxSx, etc. Just to make CxSx feel at home.

And finally, the kids who showed up. Gilman saw 150-200 kids on a Sunday afternoon, and it was a good, energetic crowd...tons of dancing, sing alongs, and most importantly, no bullshit (fights, hassles, drama). The CW Saloon show was especially surprising because people who don't normally go there, showed up...and the crowd was a mix of curious metal heads and punks who knew CxSx.

What does this all boil down to? Shit, I don't know.....I guess maybe that if there is a strong enough urge to tour, with a commitment to music, not money, then anything can be done. I see too many US bands ask about how much money a band made on tour, about the bands who groan and moan about the stupidest shit. I can't tell you how heartbreaking it is to finally meet a band that everyone is hyping, whose record is is so good, only to find that they are more concerned about what is being done for them,or how much money they will get. You can't forget to have *fun*, and that everyone plays a part. I gave CxSx $350 out of my pocket in shirts, just so they could make some spending money while they were here. And it was the best $350 I ever spent....because I had the chance to hang out with them again, to see shows that were good, and generally give them a good time. I had more fun with this tour than tours that my bands have done...and hell, all I did was work! Thanks to CRUCIAL SECTION for re-instilling hope in me that punk/thrash can still be fun and positive.

OK, enough of all this emo-tour diary crap, let's fucking GO!

Only got two music entries this month. One comes from ONLY TEN BETWEEN US from Iowa. Their CD demo is fast sxe that has some passion mixed in here and there. The graphics and packaging are great, using a ziplock bag, a silk screened cover and a cool lyric sheet. While the guitars needed a little more distortion for my tastes (a hollow sound permeates the recording), their sophomore release will be the one to hear. Write em at: 1720 E. Pleasant, Davenport, IA, 52803.

The other CD is from INDEX, who's demo ripped me a new one awhile back. They play grindcore mixed with a heavy dose of black metal (due to the female vocals)...or maybe its the other way around. For those keeping tabs, it features some ex-ENEMY SOIL members as well. Although my recent tastes have given more into the punk side of things, INDEX have some arrangements that bring out the metalhead in me. The CD is on: Displacer Beast, 820 Wellington Ave., Baltimore, MD 21211.

Got some awesome zines this month, so let me run down the list:

Stand Apart from Belgium flat out rules. Interviews with DEAD NATION, REACHING FORWARD, KILL YOUR IDOLS, plus tons on skateboarding, columns, etc....All in English. Stijn Apart, Stuifzandstraat 8, 3900 Overpeit, BELGIUM. Ask Stijn about his awesome thrash band REPROACH as well.

Drinking Gasoline from Missouri kicks some ass well.....interviews with DS-13, CRUDOS, NINE SHOCKS and many others...Good interviews, good reviews, live photos...all for $2 plus postage. 1806 Sanders Ave., Poplar Bluff, MO 63901.

NO LONGER BLIND from Australia has interviews with TRAIL, SPITBOY, THE SWARM and WxHxN (that's how I got the copy). Newsprint, good articles etc. Dan, Po Box U69, Wollongong University, Wollongong, NSW, 2500 AUSTRALIA.

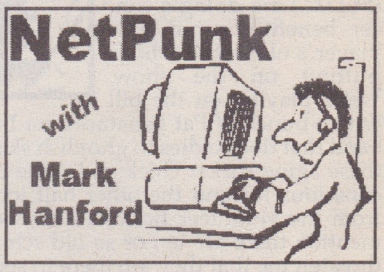
Mass Movement from England has a good mix of interviews....while some bands I can do without (BAD RELIGION, LINK 80) the others like Blaine from the ACCUSED and ENSIGN are enjoyable. Articles, columns, etc.....Tim, 18 Hazeldene Ave., Brackla, Bridgend, CF31 2 JW, South Wales, ENGLAND.

Got a new issue of *Shazzbutt!* and its pretty awesome. Its entirely a manifesto to traveling and the adventures of the editor. Pretty interesting as only some travel zines can be. The next issue will return to the regular music/column focus. Mark, 5413 S. 6th Ave., Countryside, IL 60525.

Last but most definitely not least is the newest issue of *It's Alive*. I don't know how long Fred has been doing *Its Alive*, but man am I glad he still does it. As the last couple of years, this issue is solely a picture/flier issue. Coverage is pretty much what rolled through SoCal, but still, the mix of live shots and new/old fliers works really well. Always and enjoyable read. Fred, Po Box 6326, Oxnard, CA 93031-6326.

That's it for this month.....one last thing I want to touch on is that be ready for the prices of DIY records to go up this year. I don't know if ya heard, but due to the gas and electricity hikes, the pressing plants are starting to raise their prices. Not only that, but the post office has raised international postage to an astronomical rate. Even surface went up (sometimes reflecting a 50% increase!). It's a shame that this might actually hamper the exchange of magazines, music and letters among the international scene. I don't know how this will affect us, but I'm positive we will feel it in some way.

Till next time, keep those submissions coming in, and I'll see ya in the pit! - Max/Po Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413 Usa.



A mishmash of punk rockedness for you this month, with everything from old established labels to new bands you've never heard of and whose web pages will probably be gone by the time you read this. Anyway, let's get right into it, shall we?

Starting off with the granddaddy of hardcore punk record labels, Dischord Records recently revamped their site. It is really more or less a glorified shopping cart, but their prices are still some of the best around for a big label, and there is an interesting piece on the history of Dischord by Ian. It would be nice if they'd stick up some archives of old flyers, and maybe a few sound files here and there, but it is still worth a visit. Find them at http://www.dischord.com/.

For a cheap laugh, check out What Would Jesus Screw? at http://www.wwjs1.homestead.com/wwjs1.html and that's all I'm gonna say about that.

Cherry Bleeds is an interesting little e-zine and limited-release label where a handful of writers have rants and poetry. It appears to be updated almost weekly, and the articles are well written and sometimes thought provoking. The rants are on a whole different level than your average high-school zine, so don't shy away from them. They also release limited mini-CDRs of bands that I've never heard of. Visit them — http://www.cherrybleeds.com/ .

Some of the same folks responsible for Cherry Bleeds are also responsible for Film Junkie (http://www.filmjunkie.com/), which is an organization dedicated to promoting the indie film maker. They also hold a film festival in San Francisco. Their website has lists of independent film festivals around the country, as well as articles on film making and a resource list of links to other indie film sites. Worth your while if you are at all interested in making or watching indie films.

From the film junkie site, I linked to the indiefest site at http://www.sfindie.com/, the highlight of which is the "Choose Your Own Indie Film making Adventure Story". Visit it for that reason.

Speaking of films, check out http://www.punkrock-videos.com/ . The PunkRockVideos site is basically one guy's list of live punk videos he has for sale ($14 for 2 hours worth). He has a ton of cool shit, and, if you have a fast net connection, you can download a handful of song-length video clips and check them out on your PC. Cool.

Here's a site not to let your mom catch you looking at. It's a nerd erotica site. It is pretty tame by internet porn standards, but I find the whole thing rather intriguing, as the webmistress keeps a journal and she's an ordinary sort of geek who "peddles porn for a living". You can even chat with her in her chatroom, where the conversation rarely appears to be sexual. Just an ordinary geek taking their clothes off on camera, at http://www.nakkidnerds.com/ .

Back to some punk rockedness, Blank Generation has a pretty good start, with a lot of record reviews, a few columns, and a few interviews. The site focuses mostly on rocking punk, so in my book it's worth a visit — http://www.blankgeneration.com/.

I think I've mentioned it before, but Weirdotronix (http://members.tripod.com/weirdotronix/) is worth a look, especially since it was recently updated. It is an archive of flyers, photos, and stories from the early-80 LA scene. There are a lot of cool flyer scans, and the stories really remind me of how fucked up the LA scene could get "back in the day".

Getting WAY back in the day, the mital-U site at http://www.mital-u.ch/ features information on the Dada movement of the early 1900s, the Situationist movement of the 40s and 50s, and the 70s English and Swiss punk scenes, as well as some other stuff. Catch up on some history and find out where a lot of the crazy stuff we take for granted today originated.

On to a couple of band sites, the Algorythms are a pop-punk band from Norway. Their site has a nice looking layout, but it is the usual band photos, news, lyrics, etc. My biggest complaint is that the sound files they have here aren't complete songs, just short samples, yet they are over 1/2 MB in size and don't really give you a good feel for the band. Still, the site looks good, and maybe they'll flesh it out some more. You can find them at http://www.kongegata.com/algorythms/ .

Another decent band page is that of the Frownies at http://www.fastmusic.com/frownies/. These guys play mid-tempo hardcore, and from their site you can link to a bunch of their songs at mp3.com, available for your listening pleasure. They also have some cool black and white band photos, and a brief bio of the band. Worth a look.

Okay, that's gonna do it for this time around. I gotta blow outta here for awhile, and that should tide you over until next month. Remember to e-mail me your websites at netpunk@diehippiedie.com or visit my outdated site at http://www.diehippiedie.com/netpunk. See ya.

Complacent idealists! Self-indulgent, privileged, stubborn, myopic schmucks. The hundreds, if not thousands, of *MRR* readers who voted for Ralph Nader can count themselves as part of the most important reason that G.W. is now picking his cabinet when someone is able to distract his attention from his nose. Without "the Nader factor," Bush would be back home, yucking it up at executions and Adam Sandler movies.

"Neeeeehhh, Bush and Gore are the same, their Republicrats," you whined. Well, dumbshits, here are eight very concrete differences between Gore and Bush. Eight points where, thanks to you, the greater evil will prevail for at least the next four years. I hope you're satisfied!

Bush is dumb. He'll be nothing but a genial facade for the sinister machinations of those behind the scenes. Gore is smart enough to be an active participant in such matters

Laura Bush is squarer than a BYU production of "Annie". Tipper Gore has been involved in rap and heavy metal for years.

Bush wants to foster another nuclear arms race: unnecessary and instigated by the US primarily to buttress an insidious military industrial complex at the risk of nuclear war. Gore wants to build defensive missiles that will protect us in such a race.

Bush is a hawk who avoided fighting in Vietnam. Gore is a hawk who avoided fighting *in* Vietnam.

Bush favors un-democratizing trade policy. Gore has deeply held and long standing belief that trade policy should remain safely in the hands of the plutocracy.

Bush names the ultra-rightist Justice Scalia as his idea of a good Supreme Court Justice. Gore doesn't think Scalia is a good judge, he just voted for him.

Bush represents and is subservient to corporations. Gore is more interested in the people... who own corporations.

Bush used drugs, but is willing and eager to support laws that ruin the lives of people who do the same. Gore used drugs too, which is why he knows the importance of effective deterrence.

To sum it up, Bush's agenda will push the US towards a third world structure, with a small group of rich elites at the helm, a preposterously over sized, self-justifying military and a burgeoning police state, complete with declining civil liberties and an ever growing prison population. Gore, on the other hand, wanted the country to continue on its current path. When you see the magnitude of the issues at stake, the importance of sending a message or challenging the status quo, or whatever the hell it is you thought you were doing really comes to light.

Fuck all you whiners and complainers. Hardcore and punk are stronger now than they've been in years. Who gives a fuck if some poppy radio friendly bands aren't selling thousands of records and playing to hundreds or thousands every night—the network of friends around the world is stronger than ever. Do you even realize that you can travel the world and never have to pay for a place to stay? All it takes is you getting off your ass and contacting people. Write letters, or hell even you lazy ass slackers can send emails to punks all over the world. Trade tapes, trade zines—don't get stuck in your own little world. It's so fucking easy. Who the fuck cares what someone who was around in 1980 thinks about today's scene—if it's too fast, too loud, and the kids are too smelly, too obnoxious—all the fucking better, I say. Maybe it's time for you to remember what it was like to be young, snotty and punk again. I say bring on the chaos. SHORT FAST RULES! So stop sitting in your room staring at your expensive record collection you bought with your suit and tie job and go to a fucking show. You think that you've seen it all before but I know you haven't. Punk isn't just about collecting cool records—buying pre-recorded excitement, packaged and safe for your consumption. It's about watching a bunch of maniacs thrashing away—sweat flying, bodies flailing. It's about getting out and sharing emotions—fucking energy with others. Making those connections with people who feel just as alienated by the cold shoulder that the world has given them. Sorry to say but some of you need a kick in the ass. Two of them perhaps. Punk is just as alive as it was in 1977, 1982 or whatever mythical year you say is so fucking crucial. Fuck the past—create the present.

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Jerry Wick from GAUNT died this week. He got hit by a car while riding his bike and the fucking asshole didn't even have the guts to stop and see if he was OK. I'm not going to lie and say I knew him well, or even that I liked his band. Most of my interaction with him was limited to just brief barages of snotty comments about random EPs at the record store he worked at, but still, it makes me think. I guess talking to my partner about it last

night made me think about how fragile and temporary life is, and how one minute everything is a-ok and the next you're dead. I dunno, maybe this is all painfully obvious to most of you but still it just makes me realize once again how important it is to truly value the friendships and relationships we build with people–and how important it is to let those people know just how important and crucial they are to our lives.

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Fucking SIN ORDEN. Saw them play an afternoon show at Gilman recently with CRUCIAL SECTION, SCOTT BAIO'S ARMY, and WHAT HAPPENS NEXT. Others around here will spend their time talking your ear off about CRUCIAL SECTION and how good they are—so there's no need for me to do it—but personally, I think SIN ORDEN blew the roof off all the rest. Fast pissed off hardcore. Like a fucking wrecking ball to your face. Look out for their EP on LENGUA ARMADA to come your way soon. In other news, *finally* got Ohio darlings KILLED IN ACTION's demo. You like speedy to the point maniacal hardcore? You like singers who have been likened to two hamsters on crack jumping all over each other, turning each other into a bloody mess? Forget the old school—matter of fact, fuck school! Just get in touch—K.I.A. 422 Kossuth Ave, Columbus OH 43206. Also in the realm of the new and speedy—NEW GRANADA from Chicago. Yeah I know it's ex-SPIRIT ASSEMBLY, but they're ain't no Amish powered emo going on here, just full throttle hardcore punk the way mom used to make it—what your mom was never in a punk band? Too bad I can't find address... Oh well, there is an EP coming out so pay attention for once in your life! God bless Max "I've got more nicknames than you" Ward for putting out the HHH discography CD. If you haven't heard this band then you don't know what hardcore is—absolutely ripping!!! Now if only PRANK can get that SEPTIC DEATH thing out so the kids won't have to pay $40 for the discographies that Pushead does. Rob Coons chats about it this month, but I just wanna throw in my two cents—THE BLACK HAND, get this CD. Total SKITSYSTEM styled mildly metallic thrash from the "Great White North" (reference to *Strange Brew*—five drunk punk points to me!).

ENDNOTES:

1) Can someone please get Totalitär to come tour the states... can someone just get them to come over and at least play one show?!!? PLEASE!?

2) Things are starting shape up for the South American punk issue, but it's still not too late to submit stuff—no date for sure as to when this puppy is coming out but I'd like to see it be in print by the summer. And all you Queer punx please don't forget to get in touch for that issue too.

3) Man, Biscuit from the BIG BOYS called me on the phone this week... WHAT THA FUCK?!

4) Hey thanks to everybody who has written me, sorry I haven't written you back—will do it soon though I promise. To all of you who haven't written me you can do so via the *MRR* P.O. Box, or for those of you who have already merged with the robots—email me at mikethorn@mindspring.com

1988 was the year, I think, that I started doing a zine. I had just gotten a car (which I could drive anywhere except in NYC, doh). So, now I could go to other clubs other than CBGB and the Ritz and the same bands in such exotic locations as Norwalk, CT and Newark, NJ. So I drove up to CT one night to see some bands from Queens and South Jersey. I was with Miguel and Ray who I went to high school with, and this kid Chris who liked to be called Bub for some reason. And this Israeli kid Mike who had an acid flashback on the way up there. My friend Ray has a deviated septum, which means he really has no sense of smell. This one time we were riding the subway and this bummy looking guy gets on with a wet slimy cardboard box. It smells horrible and within two minutes everyone clears out of the car except me and Ray. I'm holding my shirt over my face and he's like, what's wrong? I tell him that I suspect the box contains a dead dog that drowned in its own urine. He didn't notice but for some reason he could smell Miguel's BO and stuck a Stickup in his jacket. The fun started on the way home from The Anthrax (the club, not the metal band that lives down the street from me. I see that shrimpy loser guitar player at 7-11 some nights since he got kicked out and moved back with his mommy).

So, after the show we stopped at Dunkin Donuts down the street. There's not much choice in the industrial part of Norwalk this time of night and there are a bunch of people from the show already there. For some reason we started throwing donuts at this kids car. I don't know how it started but it ended with one of us spitting donut glob at the kid's fender. Little did I know the car was owned by then Metal Zinester himself, Will Tarrent, and his band of hooligans from Woodhaven.

About ten minutes later going down 95 this car drives by us and this kid who looks like the leader of Warrior's gang The Orphans dumps a whole bottle of apple juice at my windshield. Of course I thought it was piss and we started shouting back and forth at the kids in the car. The next day me and "Bub" see the same kid at CBGB and start chasing him back and forth from the awning to the deli across the street. I guess it was kinda funny because he was taller than both of us combined and we couldn't believe he was afraid of us in the first place. We stopped and assured him we were only kidding and he assured us that it was just apple juice anyhow.

Skip forward six years or so, me and the kids in the apple piss car have become good friends and Will, the tall guy with the glasses, has convinced me to drive a bunch of people to something called the More than Music Festival. A really sadass name for something someone would drive 1200 miles for but Will assured me that the first year was the best straightedge extravaganza ever and we'd make a killing selling t shirts with big blocky saying like "STRAIGHTEDGE IS MY STATEMENT." I used to have this blue minivan and it was loaded up with something like eight people and a ton of stuff strapped to the roof which kept ending up in a ditch alongside the road; if anyone's interested I think there's some 300 Medicine Man 7"s buried along Route 80 someplace near Bellefonte, PA. This girl I met from Columbia (the university, not the foreign country where your uncle wakes up in the middle of the night and convinces the family to pull up the floorboards of the house and start digging for gold) named Jen proved to be a little more entertainment than we needed. The night before she stayed over Will's house trying to sleep with Will's friends in a band from Boston. Will's parents are crazy crazy Irish Catholic; I think Will got kicked out of the house for having a condom in his room or something. She realizes that she left her bra hanging on the doorknob of Will's room, so, she's making everyone sick of her before we've even left NY.

This one time during the Stonewall gay pride week I was sitting in Will's kitchen and his mom was telling me in her rustic Irish brogue that "Some of the relatives have come over from Ireland to see the games." The World Cup was being played in NY that summer, but I smiled and asked, "Oh the gay games?" She laughed but for some reason only I can get away with shit like that.

Back to the trip. After an hour or so, someone remarks about a strange odor that has permeated the vehicle. We realize that Jen's taken off her shoes and her feet smell and she refuses to put them back on. For some reason I thought this guy Pat was also farting, but that was another trip. This one we listened to the details of the OJ Bronco chase the whole way. So after a day of driving we finally arrive on the dirt farm that is the crazy hardcore festival. WRONG! It turns out heavy rains has turned the dirt farm into a mud bog, secondly it seems that instead of hooded sweatshirts and x's, the kids attending this thing are barefoot and walking around with pots of vegan chili which also doubles as a hair treatment. They're pitching tents and smelling up the state of Ohio, like some foul rendering plant that melts down Fluffy after the vet puts him to sleep.

It's also like 100 degrees outside and at the time I had a crazy Pepsi addiction. Pat asks to borrow my van so he can pull some scam or something or other, make money on these kids, blagh blagh blagh. I was like, "Ok, here's the keys, here's five bucks, please bring me back four liters of Diet Pepsi, cold." Two

hours pass, I'm sitting in the hot sun totally dehydrated, wondering if I'm stranded next door to a motorcycle gang's hideaway while some kid who's not from the Bronx, yet wears a sweatshirt that says Bronx Straightedge on the back. He finally shows up all excited and I'm like "Yay! Where's my Pepsi?" He's like, "I didn't get Pepsi, I have 40 gallons of water though. It's not cold yet, we got a garbage can full of ice." Since Pat is somewhat of a human robot, he didn't quite understand that I actually was angry. I drove off and got my own damn Pepsi.

So that night, I realize this Jen is out of control; for some reason she has no trouble undressing in front of everyone and then she refuses to help pay for the hotel room. I think it was like $10 a piece, anyhow I just pay for her share and hope that she finds someone's tent to mooch off of the next day. Me and Will make everything ok in the morning with a nice breakfast at the local Cracker Barrel. We had discovered this lovely restaurant chain the year before when I saw the sign and stated that *Consumer Reports* rated it highest quality family restaurant food, but there was an asterisk disclaiming that certain groups had protested their anti-gay hiring policies. We gave it a try. "Gimmie the pointy hat and the sheets!" Will exclaimed, "If the food's this good I'm joinin up!" All the wiener vegan contingent of our party disagreed and ate their dry toast with a frown as we gorged ourselves on whipped cream and cheese-smothered entrees. Will announced that he was countering their prejudiced policies by using their restroom, thus making it unusable for the rest of the non-deviated septum public that day.

Anyhow the rest of the show was pretty uneventful, I seem to remember Kevin Egan walking around with a 40 most of the time. He'd not put one down since the California trip I wrote about a couple of months ago. On the way home some of the guys decided to buy a cooler and drink beers the rest of the way home. We stopped at a gas station and everyone was already pretty drunk. Certain members of our traveling party picked up the new *Playboy* and started commenting on the immaculate nature of Patty Reagan's mammilla. Then Will started freaking out because some kid from Queens' artwork was on the cover of *Time* and started telling the girl at the counter about it. When we got back in the car, they started freaking out on the phone behind me. "Oh, shit! she's reaching for the phone, she's calling the cops." I then realized that not only did certain people make drunken fools of themselves in the mini-mart but each stuck a *Playboy* under their shirt on the way out. Since the majority of the people I was with have seen *Deliverance* as well as lots of *Cops Too Hot for TV*, as soon as we got on the highway we chucked the cooler and all the beer bottles as well as the magazines into a wooded area and sort of felt a little anxious for the next few miles foreseeing a roadblock being set up to redeem the stolen airbrushed rags with photos of pre-middle aged presidents daughters. Damn, Columbus Ohio, why? Write me at videoschmoe@flashcom.net if you want photos of George Tabb's 13 year-old ballet pageant.

So here we go with my latest column. One thing that has become a topic in a column or two and around in general is the fall of indie and punk. While I myself have wondered "where have all the great releases and bands gone?" I guess I've just been in denial and just considered it a short-term rut. I didn't realize what were once popular bands now have releases that sell in the 300 to 1000 range. I've never been an advocate of the small is better theory. I don't think it's more intense or real. Even though I've seen many an awesome band in front of a damn near non-existent crowd, I've usually just felt sorry for the band for the meek turn out. I'd rather see a band in front of good crowd at a show than a band in a record store in front of twenty people who know what cool really is. Larger shows are just more fun and sociable to me, although that isn't to justify the mall atmosphere of the Warped Tour you have to go through just to see two or twenty bands you really want to see. I don't think the fall of indie and punk has anything to do with bands in the genre "selling out" and ruining it for everyone else with their over exposure either. A good band should know when to turn it down or pay the price in the long run. Although "real punks" would never admit to it, the fall probably has as much to do with MTV and the decline of rock music as much as anything else. We joke about "the kids" but unfortunately there's some truth to it. When "the kids" are listening to pretty boy groups, teen queens, schlock movie sound track ballads, and various rock rap machismo hybrids instead of the Go Go's, U2, Led Zeppelin, and the Who not to mention the Clash, Minor Threat or the Dead Kennedys, how is this not going to be a major factor? When MTV recently had its "return the rock" movement led by Limp Bizkit and Orgy you just want to break out the fucking eulogy. Crap, how good does Weezer and Presidents of the United States of America sound to us now in light of that? I guess music will fortunately still go in cycles. I noticed Puff Daddy isn't as popular as he once was. How many rhymes can you come up with that include the many nicknames of currency? There will also be that one hand picked respectable alternative band every year that the masses will be forced to like a la Radiohead, Nine Inch Nails, and Nirvana via critics raves and video exposure to keep the masses thinking they're on the edge. To make a long story even longer, I guess all you can do is stay passionate about indie and punk without embarrassing yourself too much. Spread the word to those who will listen I suppose and just plain hang in there. Now that vinyl is being replaced with CD-R's and Napster/MP3 downloads you have to think the stagnant storm is gonna break sometime.

Now that I've covered the downfall of indie and punk, I can cover the lack of indie and punk coming my way to cover in this column. Especially indie! I know *MRR* is known as a snute-ee indie basher to many out there, but I still want to cover the good releases out there. I like to stick with covering stuff I can recommend as opposed to having various grades of reviews. I've also started tracking down and covering more reissues, which is both a pleasure and nostalgic for me but I do want to mix it up. It seems on the regular review section front that reissues and boots of old releases are all the rage, which is both good and bad. I mean how many different versions of the X Ray Spex LP have to come out before you really believe it's a classic? I guess this is a roundabout way of asking you to send me records, zines, and notes of encouragement to my address at the end of this column. It's been harder to come up with a good solid column of good releases on a regular basis. The next step may have to be a "indies golden greats of days gone by" section with the likes of Young Marble Giants, Tiger Trap, and Archers Of Loaf. Although this is not a preference I am trying to stay away from too many releases that have already been covered in the regular review section since this is a fringe coverage area kind of column.

First up is the BONECRUSHER "Followers Of A Brutal Calling" CD on Outsider Records (PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809). This is a damn good tough punk release with Swingin' Utters and US Bombs tendencies. One of the best retro/street bands around these days with it's uncompromising hardness yet tunefulness. A great punk release. Speaking of the Swingin' Utters, TKO Records (4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114) has the FILTHY THIEVING BASTARDS "Our Fathers Sent Us" CD. Pretty much the side project of Johnny and Darius of the Utters doing their Pogues Irish Celtic folk thing. They've started to mix this in more on Utters releases and here you get a heavy dose of it. Done well, this makes more sense than trying to figure out the acceptable folk to punk ratio on Utters LPs. Maybe this will keep the punks happy. A quick mention also of the new SWINGIN' UTTERS self titled LP on Fat Wreck Chords (PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119) which is along the ways of their more current releases of good listenable retro punk. THE BELLRAYS have finally released their second LP "Grand Fury" on Uppercut Records (4470 Sunset Blvd. #195, Los Angeles, CA 90027). A little more produced than their first LP but just as soulful, rocking, and powerful. This still has that great "live in the studio" sound and includes many songs the band has been doing live since they have become popular. A great new label Rocknroll Blitzkrieg (PO Box 11906, Berkeley, CA 94712) has three strong releases out. First is the WELFARE "On A Mission" 12" EP which is straight

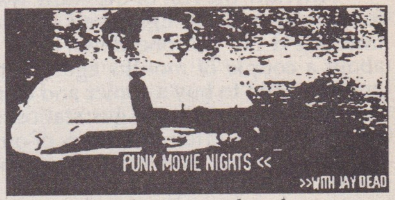
outta Norway or Sweden Turbonegro type of stuff. Very Turbo! Hopefully this band will put out more great releases like this and not go in the metal direction of like bands such as Helacopters and Glucifer. Next is the STATIC "Stab At The Night" on R-N-R Blitzkrieg. This falls somewhere in between the Stitches and a Rip Off Records band. Fans of the raw US retro punk will dig this West Coast band. The UPSKIRTS "Radiation Romeos" 45 is really great with it's glam rock and roll sound of the New York Dolls on the A-side and a punkier Dickies like pop thing on the flip. Out of Sweden, this band comes well recommended.

On the emo core front, HOT WATER MUSIC has a singles comp "Never Ender" on No Idea (PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604). One of the best bands in existence right now, if you get this release by mail-order or from the band at shows it comes with a second "demos" disc for a few more bucks. Definitely the way to go since most Hot Water fans tend to be big Hot Water fans. It's always hard to predict which bands will put out these practical comps and which ones let some great releases fade into the obscurity of the Internet auction. The LAST DAYS OF APRIL "Angel Youth CD on Bad Taste Records (Stora Sodergatan 38, 222 23 Lund, Sweden) is great emo pop as always from these folks. Very much like the second Jimmy Eat World LP with its ethereal pop feel and swirling guitars. Almost later My Bloody Valentine like musically. The PIEBALD "If It Weren't For Venetian Blinds It Would Be Curtains For All Of Us" CD on Big Wheel Recreation (325 Huntington Ave. No.24, Boston, MA 02115) is good emo pop along the ways of The Get Up Kids and a dash of Superchunk. A good band that I wish I had shown up in time for last time they came through. The AMP 176 "Repo'd" CD on Pshaw Music (PO Box 2246, Minneapolis, MN 55402) is a strong debut release for this new label. Rocking emo a la Samiam with the DC stylings of Fugazi and Dag Nasty at times. In fact look for the unlisted Dag cover at the end of the disc. Now that's a hidden track worth waiting for! A couple of releases on Fueled By Ramen (PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604), first the BLUELINE MEDIC "A Working Title In Green" CD EP is great Jets To Brazil type of pop. In fact way better than the last Jets LP. Only four songs here but this may be a pop band to be reckoned with if this is any indication. Second on Fueled by Ramen and not really emo is the FOUNDATION CD. Basically the guy from Ann Beretta doing the acoustic thing. But since Ann Beretta is a pretty damn good band, this release is a welcome diversion. There is musical backing here so it's not just the stripped down guitar/vocal thing. A good release.

On the indie pop front, Sky Blue Records (PO 7605, Santa Rosa, 95407) has a great comp CD "Popular World". The label of indie mogul Tim of the great Dagger zine, this includes many pop and twee tracks from the likes of St. Christopher, Ladybug Transistor, Saturnine and many lesser known bands like Kitten Factor and Jack And the Beanstalk. Although pop punk and punk rock comps have worn out their welcome in my book, an awesome indie pop comp like this is refreshing. A no brainer for UK and US pop fans. The AISLERS SET second LP on legendary Slumberland Records (PO Box 14731, Berkeley, CA 94712) is good dose of UK-ish pop. A band that has become one of the more popular local bands, this is their best release yet with the addition of keyboards and a more in control pop sound. A must for Sarah, Creation, and already Slumberland fans. The SELBY TIGERS LP on "Charm City" on Hopeless (PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409) walks that indie/punk line. Very punky with amateur-ish guy/gal vocals and keyboards, fans of Le Tigre and fuzzpop and post punk new wave will like this. Good enough. The FAINT "Blank Wave Arcade CD on Saddle Creek (PO Box 8554, Omaha, NE 68108) is cool keyboard new wave a la Wall Of Voodoo and Soft Cell. I'd like to track hear their first full length. Damn everything else is coming back why can't this? There was more too 80's new wave music than bright wacky clothes and the Valley Girl soundtrack after all. Bring it on. Also on this label is the BRIGHT EYES "Everyday and Everynight" CD EP. This is more stripped down acoustic stuff that is depressed and haunting a la the old UK band Biff Bang Pow or even American Music Club. The BEAUTY PAGEANT "Great Times" EP on MOC Records (4932 Linscott Ave, Downers Grove, IL 60515) is good lo-fi stuff in the early Guided By Voices vein from the label that brings us M.O.T.O. Charming amateurish stuff that has no overproduction problems for sure. The RED PLANET "Revolution 33" LP on Gearhead Records (PO Box 590968, San Francisco, CA 94142) is fun garage pop that rocks when it wants to. This sounds like something that could have been on IRS Records back in the 80s. Part of the new pop scene around here with Deathray and others who are making pop fun again. Winding down with two releases on Sympathy Records, the TUULI "Rockstar Potential" CD is great Kenickie and Primitives type of stuff. A great mostly gal group from Canada, these gals have it all. I wouldn't be surprised to see them break out big time come next pop revival. Lastly, the VYVYAN "Teenage Wannabes" CD is similar stuff from the UK. This has a sloppier punky new wave fun bent though. Very Damaged Goods-like in fact some of this may be from Damaged Goods releases.

That will do it for this month. I haven't adopted *MRR*'s new listing of e-mail addresses in my address listings here. It certainly is easier to pull up a label's web site than it is to write an address and wait for a response. Although anyone with any search knowledge can probably pull it up anyways with the label name. Being relatively new to the Internet myself, even the crustiest of punks can run circles around me computer wise and I can still dig up info. So I may drop the mailing address and go modern next time around. Also keep sending me stuff at PO Box 7963, Berkeley, CA 94707. I'll throw in an e-mail address too: popsickoray@yahoo.com. After an initial rush the indie stuff has slowed to a trickle so spread the word for coverage here. Next time I'll hit reissues and the usual hard. Later.

PUNK MOVIE NIGHTS



Don't be so godamn fucking lame, you motherfucker. You know you have a film you want to make so that you can send it to me here at the Punk Movie Nights headquarters. How many times can you spin the same drunken yarns down at the waterfront, or the bar, or the club? We don't want to hear that shit anymore, because there's too much information to be expressed in a simple, slurred anecdote. Take those vivid memories that you are unable to contain, and turn them into an underground film that will finally communicate what you've never been able to successfully express orally. Are you still here? Man, this ain't no joke. We're starving for your films here. Our VCRs are warmed up, and the ramen is boiling, so get your priorities straight. Finally.

Does that ever happen to you? Your inner voice that is always right when you are wrong forces itself through all of the inhibitive barriers that you've created in order to block it, so that you can maintain your personal status quo, or in other words that comfortable level of mediocrity that prevents you from actually achieving half of the stuff you're always telling yourself you're capable of? Oh, it doesn't? It just me, you say? Well, doesn't that beat all. Here I am trying to relate to my readership, but in reality I'm only really succeeding at using this column space for some kind of lame cathartic outlet for my own insecurities as an artist. I don't believe by the way in applying the term artist to myself because, as Brando once put it, Picasso and Mozart were artists. That's Marlon fucking Brando, and if he doesn't even dare to put himself into such company, then I'm smart enough to recognize his line reasoning. The point of all this is that I should be making, and finishing, more films, but so should you. I wish I had so many underground films to watch each month that to even fit them into this column would be nearly impossible, and implausible. We can do it. Are you with me punx? What? You're broke? Of course.

Let's put aside all of our differences for now, because I got the hook up down the street at the U.C. (Uniform Choice, yo...), and tonight they're going to let me host one final evening of Punk Movie Nights before they install the Starsucks Coffee counter.

CITIZEN FISH • Gaffer Tape

Gaffer Tape is the kind of film/video that will someday accompany all retrospective type CDs by prominent recording—and touring—artitsts such as CITIZEN FISH. It's already happening on much smaller scales (and much larger, i.e., major labels, but that's all a bunch dishonest promotional style crap

that doesn't deserve to even be mentioned in the same breath as one would CITIZEN FISH). CHARLES BRONSON included concert footage on their recent release of *Discrappy*, on CD. This is not to say that *Gaffer Tape* doesn't warrant the type of video release that it currently enjoys through CITIZEN FISH'S own Bluurg Records. On the contrary, brother. I wish that more bands would tackle a project like *Gaffer Tape*. Too many punx have lost site of the simplest differences that are supposed to separate punk from other forms of music and culture, and that is the egalitarianism that should exist on all levels of the punk scene. From zinesters to bookers to roadies to bands, and yes even bands that are capable of selling out one of our tiny little punk clubs. Okay, with that rant behind us, CITIZEN FISH takes us behind the scenes with them as they hit the road with their friends and roadies, all of whom represent a very diverse cross section of the d.i.y. underground. You have Karoline the roadie/photographer/*MRR* representative, and you also have Mark Bruback the spoken word artist, and you have Pete The Roadie who carries a utility belt on stage with him, and always responds, "chiarz-chiarz," whenever I hand him a zine, and then on the other end of the spectrum you have Sarah from *Urban Hermit* zine. Sarah once wrote about how disappointed she was in punk rock after having had a negative experience at a GUTTERMOUTH show, which is neither here nor there. You also have all of the various members of CITIZEN FISH, some with cameras, coexisting with one another as they tackle yet another tour in their long and storied history as punx. It's a job, but one that everyone involved seems to enjoy doing. It's also very underground and d.i.y. still after all these years, which is maybe not the impression one would get if they were just to show up at a sold-out club the night CITIZEN FISH happened to be playing there. Of course by the second half of *Gaffer Tape*, CITIZEN FISH are playing some shows for an audience of three or four, but that's a different set of tours entirely.

I recently interviewed Dave Chavez from CODE OF HONOR, SICK PLEASURE, VERBAL ABUSE, etc., and in Dave's opinion Dick from the SUBHUMANS and of course CITIZEN FISH is one of only a small handful of lead singers capable of taking an audience to what he referred to as the next level. If you are in agreement with this statement, then one of the weakest aspects of *Gaffer Tape* will be without a doubt the fact that there is very little footage of an entire performance of even one entire song by CITIZEN FISH. *Gaffer Tape* is edited in a similar fashion as one might expect to find while watching a network television news report on narcoleptic Doberman pinchers. That is to say that everything is moving fast, and information is condensed for the sake of fitting in as many angles as possible into a limited amount of time set aside for the project. I have to admit that I would have loved it if there had been at least one concentrated effort to capture a live performance in it's entirety, but I would have also been equally let down if some bigger point or message didn't emerge due to an excess of live show footage.

The message of the film is one that should not be ignored by anyone who thinks or ever thought that they were ever a punk, and that message is that punk is a life choice. It's not just a phase, or a rite of passage, but a conscious effort to live your life in a truly alternative fashion. Alternative meaning, as Dick puts it, that you don't just fall in line with what society expects from you, and that you don't do something as life wasting as say working everyday of your existence at some job you despise so that perhaps for one week a year you can live like a free human being. Dick plainly states that given the atmosphere he grew up in, punk saved his life. Watching Dick look into the camera while he expresses that sentiment, that I share along with so many others here at *Maximumrocknroll*, meant much more than watching CITIZEN FISH live ever did. There are some people who are capable of pulling that message from a live performance, but for me it's far more effective to see that message delivered in the down to earth fashion it is on *Gaffer Tape*.

I might be the only *MRR* columnist who doesn't have a college degree, but it don't take no college smarts for me to realize how important our elder active punks are to the scene, and our future lives as punks. I hope that CITIZEN FISH does another one of these projects in ten years, or that *MRR* considers doing another "Punks Over 30 or 40," issue, because it's a lot easier to be a fearless teenaged punk rocker than it is to be fearless middle aged one. Chiarz!

(£8 postage paid, Bluurg Records, 2 Victoria Terr., Melksham,Wilts, SN12 6NA, UK, www.citizen fish .com)

JAY: Was the *Gaffer Tape* video a planned out project? Was there an objective you started with, and do you feel that you satisfied that objective in terms of what you ended up with—the video I just watched?

DICK: *Gaffer Tape* was the result of bassist Jasper's continual camcordering of us, the band, as we go about existing on and off tour. He's made a previous video *This One's For Frank*, which was a collection of live trax from various gigs; *Gaffer Tape*, as you've seen, is far less music oriented and much more background personas/everyday things. Jasper took ages getting it put together with the help of a friend with an editing setup, and he would show us a section at a time for any critiques we may have. We all think the end result is fluid enough to keep the attention span alive, and we're not like embarrassed by it, so yes, I reckon it turned out well!

JAY: How did you meet all the various roadies seen in the film? How many years do your relationships go back? I just saw Pete walking down Telegraph, and I always wonder when I see him if he doesn't just wish he was on the road 365 days of the year.

DICK: Pete we've known for decades, he now lives in Oakland. He has not been on tour with us for a while now cos we had a bit of an emotive fallout—still good mates, no damage done, etc!

Richard the roadie is a kingpin for us, he drives us in his self maintained van, and roadies, and brings along the AK Press bookstall, and likes us, and is a great bloke! We met him via Kamala when she organised our first USA Tour with CRINGER in 1991.

Karoline and Paige we met through Richard. Karoline has been on several tours and is the Ace of Merch! Paige was on the one tour that got onto this video, a rare occasion when we had a sound person with us.

JAY: At the end of *Gaffer Tape*, you say that punk saved your life. Did it save you from the type of life that so many of our family members, and friends trudge their way through because they believed that it's how life is supposed to be? Or did you mean quite literally on some level that punk saved your life?

DICK: Punk rock saved my life in the first metaphorical way, not the edge of a cliff way. I was being streamlined to go from A level exams to university, and I was a loner, and all frustrated without knowing what to do about it, and when punk came along it made me realize my emotional state could be a common one, and the music was a kick in the head to go with the anger and freeforall attitude it presented, and it was then OK to say *no* without having to justify it! it really was 'I wanna be me', whatever *that* was! Yeah, a total mental evolution.

AGE • Metalkrusher

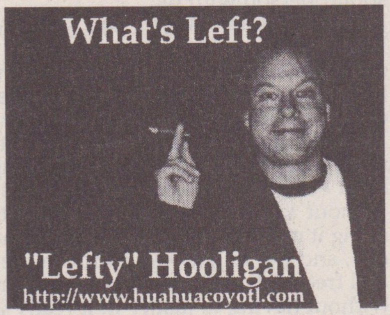
This is an entire live performance by Japan's ARMED GOVERNMENT ERROR, and I'm not really sure that most of the music on this tape would fit into *MRR*'s area of coverage, but let's just step around that for the time being. I have to say that in the past I have been in awe of Japanese punk and hardcore bands, and there have been times that I had to shake my head and mouth words like, "this band just crushes any band I've seen or heard from here in the last five years, at least." By here I mean this planet, naturally. Sometimes I'd even go to shows and shake my head after some particularly lame band delivered yet another empty set that would have been best left in their practice space, and I'd pretend to look unfazed, but all the while I was thinking, "These bands really fucking suck." I'd wish that ASSFORT or GAUZE or TEENGENERATE were playing instead. It didn't matter which style it was necessarily because I go to all kinds of shows, well I used to anyway, and there was always some Japanese band that I could throw out there as an example of how the music should sound when it's done right.

Okay, now that I'm finished with fuzzy flashback of an explanation let me get to this AGE video, *Metalkrusher*. AGE play full on metal for the entirety of this video, and the only obvious stylistic transition that takes place during the performance is when AGE moves back and forth between thrash influenced material and the black metal that seems to be everywhere on stage, while seemingly nonexistent in the audience. The thrash stuff is pretty damn decent, and the audience definitely

appears to be enjoying those moments above all others, but then again the audience looks much more like a hundred impatient hardcore kids who would rather be at a CRUDE show than bearing witness to a group of black clad long hairs who pose and posture as well as any metal has before them. Unfortunately for a band with such a well thought out stage persona, AGE is only an average live band musically (which is all I have to go on folks). Now, before you send in all your nasty letters telling me what an amazing band AGE are, and how I missed the point by not listening to their records, let me remind you that this isn't the vaunted *MRR* record review section. It's a column, and AGE just didn't do it for me on this tape regardless of how mind blowing you believe them to be.

As far as the way this video is shot, and this information if for you fans who can't be dissuaded by my column, I'd have to say that it's one of the better live videos from both a visual perspective, and in regard to it's sound quality. I never found myself shaking my head, by the way, at any moment during the viewing of this video, and I even thought of a number of local bands that are better than AGE (LUDICRA, SANGRE AMADO, GRIMPLE's new stuff).
(Dewa Records, Yuuichi onodera, 89-11 Ishinada Tonojima Tsuruoka Yamagata 997, Japan)

Well that's it for this month, but I guarantee an even fuller calendar for future Punk Movie Nights. If you are reading this column for the first time and wondering what in the hell I am on about, then check out my past columns at www.wethepunx.com —and if you have something you would like reviewed, then please mail it to: Jay Dead, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709. Videos are cool of course, but I also have an 8 mm projector, and if you send return postage with your film I promise to return it one (maybe two) piece(s). Paz.



It's Tuesday, 9 pm, so it must be *Dark Angel*.

I'm a fan of James Cameron's scifi TV series. The main character Max Guevara, a genetically engineered AWOL super soldier played by Jessica Alba, is kick-ass enough, but she's no Emma Peel. For those of you born yesterday, Emma Peel was a special agent character in the sometimes brilliant 1960's British TV show *The Avengers* (and yes of course in the absolutely abysmal 1998 movie of the same name) who wore form fitting leather cat suits and knew karate as well as a variety of deadly weapons. Diana Rigg played the best Emma Peel with an intelligent, cosmopolitan sophistication that has it all over the tough, jaded hipness of Alba's Max. Needless to say, I had a major crush on Diana Rigg's Emma Peel when I was twelve years old.

Dark Angel is set in 2020 in a gritty America transformed "from superpower to Third World country overnight" when cyber-terrorists set off an electromagnetic pulse eleven years earlier. Known simply as the Pulse, the EMP shockwave fries the world's computers, leaving the United States run by capitalist corporations, the military and organized crime. Bribery and corruption of politicians and the police is routine, cities like Seattle team with people living in squats or on the streets, and there's a brisk business in illegal immigration as people try to flee this country. All quite plausible in an America that has recently witnessed a stolen presidential election, the assassination of a newly elected reform-minded Georgia sheriff, police departments from New York to Los Angeles rife with corruption and vigilante justice, homegrown terrorists who bomb clinics and assassinate doctors so that women can't exercise their legal right to an abortion, etc., etc., etc.

Cameron borrows liberally from the conventions of cyberpunk (the US has been gutted and left to rot by a rapacious global capitalism), and the ideas of William Gibson (Max is a bike messenger; shades of Chevette in *Virtual Light*). No doubt Alba's Max is why much of *Dark Angel*'s male audience tunes in, so leave it to "Lefty" Hooligan to talk about the show's cyberpunk assumptions.

The theme that the US is reduced in part or entirely to a Third World country, that the American nation-state is degraded to a shadow of its former power if not done away with altogether, finds expression from *Blade Runner* (the film version of Philip K. Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*) to Gibson's *Neuromancer* trilogy. This notion runs counter to Leninist anti-imperialism which sees the world as increasingly polarized between a tiny, affluent, developed first world and a vast, impoverished, developing Third World; between what Immanuel Wallerstein called the core and the periphery. Imperialism was conceived of by Lenin as the highest stage of monopoly capitalism, and as the struggle between capitalist and worker writ large; of bourgeois nations and proletarian nations struggling on a global scale in a world capitalist market. According to Lenin, the weakest national links in this system of imperialism can collapse and begin the process of world socialist revolution. In describing the process by which Third World revolution will defeat first world imperialism, Mao used the analogy of guerrilla armies gradually taking over the countryside surrounding a nation's major cities, first isolating and then strangling these urban centers until they can be stormed by revolutionary forces. A few ultra-Maoist sects, such as the Maoist International Movement (MIM), elaborate on Lenin's concept of a "labor aristocracy," in which labor union bureaucrats and state-sponsored trade unions act as conservative brakes on the revolutionary working class, to contend that the American white working class cannot be revolutionary because it has been bought off by the spoils of US imperialism, becoming thoroughly reactionary as a consequence.

Part of the very definition of the Third World then is that it is directly or indirectly imperialized by the first world. So, how can the United States become a Third World country without being exploited by a stronger imperialist country? How can the power and prestige of the American nation-state decline or collapse without some other dynamic national power coming along to fill the vacuum?

We associate capitalism with the nation-state as naturally as we do hand with glove. A series of national revolutions from 1750 to 1850 were directly associated with the rise of capitalism; the powerful national capitalist economies of England, France and finally the United States directly dependent on their respective integrated national territories and armed national states. National centers of capitalist economic power shifted over time in the world capitalist market; from England to the US at the turn of 19th/20th century, and from the US alone to the troika with Germany and Japan after the second World War. The US has always equated national economy with nation-state in decrying those countries voluntarily choosing social democracy, engaging in a cold war against nations that opted for Soviet-style communism, and insisting upon various capitalist economic strategies for national development in the Third World. "Real existing socialism" has confirmed this equation between national economy and nation-state in a back handed way with Stalin's "socialism in one country" and Mao's "socialist struggles for national liberation."

Capitalism's initial development however was not tied to the nation-state, growing up as it did at the interstices of feudalism. And there is certainly no law that requires capitalism to be forever wedded to the nation-state as a form of social organization. In everything from the European Union to NAFTA and GATT, capitalism is presently showing a formal capacity for supranational organization based on an international division of labor. This is alongside capitalism's informal movement in shifting manufacturing and industry out of the first world and into the Third World; deindustrializing nations like the US in a process that attacks the gains made by organized labor and leaves their national economies wholly dependent on low-wage service work. These in turn are creating a growing international pool of migrant laborers willing to travel from country to country in search of work. There is no reason why ultimately capitalism could not dispense altogether with the nation-state as a base of operations. In sensing this potential, cyberpunk has created a fictional world in which capitalism has moved on to become truly globalized, with a ruling class that is truly international and not tied to any one country.

Ironically, this tendency in capitalism might have the short-term effect of increasing nationalist agitation. Once capitalism has superseded the nation-state, and a viable national economy is no longer needed for a nation to exist, it is quite likely that smaller and smaller separatist groups will break off along finer and finer racial, ethnic, religious and cultural lines in the name of nationalism. Robert Kaplan's thoroughly cyberpunk vision in his essay "The Coming Anarchy" from the book of the same name portrays a world wracked by global chaos, war and civil war, mini-states and armed gangs, and the breakdown of central authority and law and order. Big countries shatter into smaller ones or experience social chaos while little countries dissolve into competing armed gangs. Increasing numbers of stateless refugees from this globalized "war without end" swell the ranks of a rootless international working class. A global corporate capitalism continues to function throughout all of this; selling armaments, food, water and medicine to all concerned; its profits coming from the complete collapse of international order. This worldwide anarchy is not only profitable, it keeps people distracted from targeting their true enemy, namely the international capitalist ruling class which grows fat off global chaos. As such, nationalism will serve the same function in the upcoming era as it did in the passing one, in which patriotism diverted class struggle and working folk fought each other in various regional and world wars instead of overthrowing their *bourgeois* masters through social revolution. Instead of turning against the ruling class that's screwing them, people will increasingly turn on each other in bloody, fratricidal conflicts while an increasingly international *bourgeoisie* gets away unscathed.

I talk as if this international *bourgeoisie* is just going to float suspended somehow in mid-air, my critics will no doubt argue. Capitalists and their lackeys will have to work and live somewhere even when capitalism fully globalizes. And so they will. In fortress-like buildings and gated, walled communities guarded by sophisticated surveillance technologies and heavily armed private security, as is presently the case for the ruling class and increasing numbers of the middle classes in the first world's United States and Third World Mexico, for instance. Whatever remains of the nation-state's policing and military functions will always remain at the disposal of this global capitalist class and their transnational corporations, many of which even today employ well-equipped private security armies and hire soldier-of-fortune mercenaries for special occasions.

Given such realities, the US could easily decline to Third World status or disintegrate entirely without being imperialized, or without global capitalism's economic organization or profit margins being affected in the least.

These currently observable trends—that of capitalism superseding the nation-state to create a genuine international ruling class, of the nation-state violently fragmenting amidst global social chaos, and of the working class forced to increasingly internationalize in response to these social realities—are the basis for *Dark Angel*'s cyberpunk world. There's the possibility that a real international workers movement might emerge out of all of this to challenge global capitalism. That's hinted at in the show through the character of Logan Cale, a do-gooder cyber-journalist and hacker with a penchant for wearing Che Guevara t-shirts. Certainly "Lefty" Hooligan would promote such potential. Nationalism has always been anathema to genuine socialism in the left communist scheme of things. It may take capitalism to transcend its need for the nation-state in order for the Left to finally steer clear of nationalism's alluring quicksand.

I can't overstate enough the pernicious effects of nationalism. A few historians have argued that fascism represented the first attempt to find a "third way" between capitalism and communism that combined the extremes of right (virulent nationalism) and left (anti-Marxist socialism, syndicalism or corporatism) in what amounted to a reactionary revolution. While most historically fascist regimes practiced collectivist economics, these were hardly socialist in the sense that the working class held sway. German national socialism, the Italian corporate state, and Spanish national syndicalism were above all ultra nationalistic, subsuming the class struggle to national unity while smashing independent working class organization with vertical economic integration. This is the factor that remains constant in fascism's strangely mercurial nature. Pinochet fashioned his Chilean fascism with Milton Friedman's free market laissez-faire capitalism after all, and those pan-European fascists in line with Francis Parker Yockey simply transpose their palingenetic nationalism to the European continent and call it *imperium*.

The 1960's witnessed the rise not only of the New Left, but also of a new right that included a neo-fascist resurgence. And it's fascism's oddly syncretistic capacity that's proving most troublesome this time around. There's been a revival of left-wing Nazism based on the National Bolsheviks and the Strasser brothers. Leftist icons like Che Guevara and Subcommander Marcos have entered the pantheon of neo-fascists who fancy themselves national revolutionaries, and there's been a serious attempt to propagate a nazi maoism based on the "fascist dictatorship of the proletariat." There's support among modern day fascists for the Irish Republican Army, the Red Army Fraction, Qathafi's Libya and "the Palestinian peoples struggle against Zionism." This fascist solidarity with Third World national liberation struggles—in particular if they're racially, ethnically or religiously based—is counterpointed by fascist support for domestic racial separatists like Farrakan's Nation of Islam in terms of "self-determination for all people," including white folk of course. Even the economic distributism of fascist Third Positionists is borrowed lock-stock-and-barrel from guild socialism. Then, there's national anarchism, perhaps the strangest oxymoron so far. National anarchism draws its fascism from the right in Stirner's individualist anarchism, Nietzche's aristocratic radicalism, Junger's revolutionary conservatism and Evola's elitist traditionalism; from the left in Bakunin's clandestine insurrectionism, Kropotkin's propaganda by the deed, Sorel's mythic violence and Proudhon's syndical mutualism; and from the terrorist fringe in Nechayev's conspiratorial nihilism and Kaczynski's anti-industrial Luddism.

Combine this with neo-fascism's incorporation of radical green and deep ecology issues, with fascist praise for the Animal Liberation Front and Earth First! on the one hand and for Nazi peasant leader Walther Darré and eco-fascist Pentti Linkola on the other hand, and we get some sense of why the ultra-right now claims to be pioneering a "political and ideological synthesis" between right and left. I'd argue that this is not authentic syncretism so much as crass opportunism; a revolutionary veneer covering reactionary substance that is attempting to further infect the Left with the rabid disease of nationalism. Not that the Left wasn't sick long before this. In truth, all "real existing socialism" is based upon some combination of socialism with nationalism. When Lenin declared "the right of the oppressed nations to self-determination" and Stalin affirmed "the building of socialism in one country" and Mao proclaimed "in wars of national liberation, patriotism is applied internationalism," a succession of nails were driven into the coffin of Marxist internationalism, mortally wounded when the social democratic Second International succumbed to the patriotic nationalism of the first World War and disintegrated. The varieties of leftist socialist nationalism differ mostly by degree, but rarely by kind from the melange of rightist national socialism. In either case, socialism corrupted by nationalism is triumphant, and socialist internationalism is the loser.

Please note I'm not saying "Nazism equals Communism." I dedicated an entire column to debunking just such an equation in *The Black Book of Communism* (see MRR #200; January 2000) in which Communist terror was likened to Nazi terror. I clearly demonstrated that there was an ascending hierarchy of terror—from the aftermath of the 1789 French Revolution through what followed the 1917 Russian Revolution to the consequences of the 1933 Nazi seizure of power—with each level qualitatively more intense than the previous one. Whereas the forced labor *gulag* symbolized the terror of Soviet-style Communism, the gas chambered extermination camps were an apt metaphor for Nazi terror.

Socialism is the socialization, not the nationalization of the means of production, a distinction that would take another column to explain. When I play that leftist game "who's the true socialist" as good ol' ultraleftist "Lefty" Hooligan then, I don't consider Leninism or social democracy to be really, actually socialist. I take the claims of Cuba to socialism about as seriously as I do those of Sweden, or for that matter Nazi Germany. The only reason I don't put national "socialism" and "socialist"

nationalism in quotes from here on out is that it would look completely goofy. That said, there are differing mixes of nationalism vs internationalism and capitalism vs socialism in comparing rightist national socialism with leftist socialist nationalism that would amount to substance, if not for all the exceptions.

Leninist socialism tends to be more internationalist, what with the international functions of the Communist Party, the old Soviet Union's sponsoring of COMECON as an international socialist trading bloc, and both the Soviet Union's and China's promotion of national liberation struggles in the Third World during the 1950's, '60's and '70's. Yet in almost every case since the second World War Communist countries have invaded or fought with fellow Communist countries, with the Communist bloc suffering a major rift between the USSR and China, and with regimes like Hoxha's Albania and the Khmer Rouge's Kampuchea exhibiting extreme forms of nationalist isolation and xenophobia. The fascist attempt to organize a "black international" after 1933 modeled upon socialism's various internationals failed miserably. This did not prevent international fascist cooperation however, as was the case in the 1936-39 Spanish civil war, the Axis alliance during the second World War, and with Argentina's covert aid to the beleaguered Axis powers after 1944. In turn, the defeat of fascism and Nazism in the second World War helped to internationalize their successor movements so that pan-Europeanists, nationalist revolutionaries and Third Positionists now mingle freely with each other as well as die-hard national socialists and old-time fascists.

Society's upper classes suffered only moderate harassment under fascist rule, experiencing extreme persecution, expropriation, reeducation, even extermination under Leninism by contrast. Even here there are wide variations. Lenin's "state capitalist" New Economic Plan was a far cry from Stalin's heavy industrialization based on forced agricultural collectivization. Under Mao, China went from the mixed economics of the New Democracy period to the agrarian peoples communes of the Great Leap Forward, with China now fully committed to "market socialism." Let's not forget that the former Yugoslavia practiced another kind of market socialism based on workers self-management. It's become fashionable for left-wing Nazis to claim that Hitler sold out to capitalism upon seizing power and purging national socialism's left wing by killing Roehm and Strasser during the "Night of the Long Knives," and indeed there were fascist regimes that went much further than either Hitler or Mussolini in economic nationalization. It might be difficult to determine which was the more socialistic if we were to compare Peron's nationalization of industry and finance in Argentina after 1944 with China's rampant state capitalism today. Economic autarchy was favored by Stalin and Mao on the left and by Mussolini and Hitler on the right. Finally, it must be remembered that independent workers organizations were smashed and labor incorporated into the governing apparatus of the state under both fascist and Leninist regimes.

This decidedly mixed picture carries through when we consider imperialism. Whereas rightist national socialist imperialism was rapacious and ever expanding, with decidedly global aspirations; the empire building of leftist socialist nationalism tended to be territorially limited and defensive in nature, as demonstrated in eastern Europe with the Soviet Union and in Kashmir with China. The spread and eventual world domination of Leninist-style Communism was seen as dependent upon inevitable socialist revolution in successive capitalist countries, while fascism saw its future in aggressive military conquest. Yet both were imperialist; national socialism proudly so and socialist nationalism in complete denial. Despite what appears to be substantive differences between rightist national socialism and leftist socialist nationalism then, I find it nearly impossible to draw a qualitative distinction between them. If these differences indeed add up to a qualitative "difference that makes a difference," the actual distance between these two self-proclaimed socialisms is nominal thanks to nationalism.

Alloys of socialism adulterated with nationalism are the reality of the 20th century. Whether or not socialism can achieve the elemental purity of internationalism in the 21st century, now that capitalism is abandoning the nation-state as an operational base, remains to be seen. I'm putting this column to bed on Tuesday, January 9, 2001; at the very beginning of this new century. At least it's time for a brand new *Dark Angel*.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book. *End Time,* from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com.

Mykel Board sez:

YOU'RE WRONG!

Leslie gets out of bed. The covers move back. Briefly the morning air hits my naked body. I moan and pull the blankets back on. Bare feet pit-dum pit-dum pit-dum into the bathroom. Closing my eyes, I try to eke out a few more minutes of sleep. A few seconds of peace before I have to get up, face a hangover and another day of the hell called work.

From the bathroom comes shuffling. A toilet flushes. The medicine cabinet screeches open. Bottles clink. Jeezus fuckin' Christ, what's going on in there?

"Hey Mykel," comes the voice from the bathroom, "you got an extra toothbrush?"

"Use mine," I say. "It's in the rack, right under the medicine cabinet."

"Yuck!" comes the bathroom voice, "that's disgusting! I'm not going to use your toothbrush. Don't you have a fresh one?"

"Waddaya mean you're not gonna use my toothbrush??" I shout back. "You had my dick in your mouth, and you're not gonna use my toothbrush?"

"Oh yeah," says Leslie, "I guess I never thought about it that way."

****

While I was in Mongolia, I got a letter from Ms. K. With it she sent me an article called something like *No More Duh!* I don't remember the details of the article, but I do remember it was pretty funny, and more importantly, true.

That was five years ago. Since that time, not a day goes by where I don't run headlong into DUH-dom. George W. Bush is a moron. The US is a corporate oligarchy. The list goes on. Except as how it relates to the topic, I don't want to talk about those DUHs. Instead I want to Sherlock Holmes the world of DUH itself.

Remember *The Purloined Letter?* That's where there is an urgent letter that no one can find. Sherlock finds it right out in the open, under the nostril of collective British nosalality. So it is with DUH. Things right in front of us should be as obvious as a penis in your mouth. But that out-in-the-openness hides them. When someone reveals them, we're amazed. "What insight!" "What a revelation!" "How perceptive!" I mean DUH!

Johnny Vegan argues with his dad.

"But dad," he says, "humans' digestive systems weren't made to digest meat. They were made to digest vegetables."

"Since when did you get so religious?" asks dad.

"Who said religious?" asks Johnny. "I was talking about vegetables."

"But you said 'made'," answers Dad. "You said our digestive systems weren't *made* for meat. If they were made, that means someone or something made them. That's pretty religious."

(Translation: DUH!)

"Well that's not what I meant," answers Johnny, a bit flustered. "I meant that we have to cook meat before we can eat it. That's not natural. We can eat vegetables right from the ground."

"Really?" says Dad. "Here's a potato, a squash and an artichoke. Eat 'em. On the other hand, let's go to a Japanese restaurant and have some sushi...."

"Ok," says Johnny, "I get it."

(Translation: DUH!)

You can forgive a 16 year old vegetarian. For something to be obvious, you have to live long enough to develop a sense of cliche. Most vegans have never left home, and simply parrot their friends and other PETA-philes. Understandable.

There's less of an excuse when old folks do it. I hate to use this column to attack other zines, but this fits. I hope those attacked will answer here. And the editors will give them space.

One of current my favorite zines is *Hit List*. It's got some of the best writing and in-depth culture coverage this side of *The Probe*. But, week after week, I read fellow oldsters complaining about "these kids today."

I hear: *Kids these days:*

A. "Don't dress as cool as I did when I was young."

B. "Don't listen to music as cool as I did when I was young."

C. "Don't riot for as good a reason as I did when I was young."

Every issue has some variation on those themes. The writers should be taking out their teeth, smacking their lips, and using phrases like "yesherreebob," and "young whippersnappers."

Read them fifteen years ago. *They* were the young whippersnappers. They complained about parents and other old fogies. Now, they've become their parents and it pisses me off.

But wait a second. Doesn't *everybody* become their parents? Isn't every yesterday-rebel a today-fogy? Why should I get pissed off when it happens? Hasn't it been happening since that first ape reprimanded his kid?

"What's this two legs stuff?" says Daddy Kong, "Can't you walk on all fours like a normal simian? You think you'll get very far on two legs? With no help from your arms? Hah! Two arms and two legs were good enough for your father and your grandfather. They've been good enough for a long time. They should be good enough for you."

With millennia of examples, why am I surprised when it hits *Hit List?* I mean DUH!

Now, we've come to a main thrust of this column. That is the great moment when we (Aside: my pal Suzy Poe once asked why it is that writers, when mentioning some fault or human frailty, always talk about *we* rather than *I*. I'm not sure if the reason is to spread the guilt, to avoid taking personal responsibility or to invoke some sort of kingly pretentiousness, but we—or rather I—do it.) realize our own falling victim to DUHtude.

I've spent the 60 years of my life watching kids turn into adults. Watching these new adults have kids. Watching those same adults turn on the youngsters for doing what they themselves did when they were young. Watching them think that their own generation had it best and wondering what this younger generation is coming to. Why should I be surprised when it still happens? Why don't I expect it as a natural progression as inevitable with age as a gradually lowering angle of erection? How come I'm amazed instead of expecting? I mean DUH!

Another example: When Global Inc. believes it's time to trick us into another gizmo, people swallow it: hook, line and Palm Pilot. Eventually, it's useless to resist, because you have no choice. They engineer away the old as much as they engineer in the new.

The MTA phases out subway tokens for the ecologically disastrous Metro Card. Soon you won't be able to *buy* a token, except as eBay memorabilia.

CDs replace LPs. The new invention is cheaper to make, but looks cooler. Record companies charge more for them. Then LPs come back, selling for the same price as CDs—or more! Oldsters spring for them as somehow "more authentic." Suckers.

New inventions move through the population in a predictable way. They start in the mind of some Japanese corporate committee. They spread like herpes through young Japanese society. Then it's on to America. First hitting young businessmen, upper middleclass scum. Remember when beepers were a status sign?

Then it's on to the kids. First the kids with money, then almost all the city kids. Skipping the middle class, the newest concoction moves to the lower class, the street scum. From there, it moves to average everyday people. To Kansas and Nebraska. By then, it's time for a new product.

I type this on the train to Montreal. My fingers move on my SONY laptop, which by virtue of requiring literacy, seems to take longer than usual to reach the lowerclass. It's a crowded train. Because it's headed to Canada, it's mostly filled with white people in wool sweaters.

In the seats across the aisle, are a Negress and her young son. We're out of range now, but during the first hour after we left New York, a high-pitched BRRRRRRRRRRRRR bit through the comfortable kerchunk kerchunk kerchunk of the train wheels. Someone calling the Negress on her cell phone.

Businessman culture has begun to establish rules of politeness about cellphones in movies, restaurants and public transportation. The underclass has yet to catch up. But then again, rules of politeness are different at the bottom. That's not the point. I'm talkin' technology here.

VCRs, Walkmans, CDs, PCs, the Internet, Cellphones, DVDs. One by one these new inventions follow the same paths. With each invention, older nay-sayers complain, saying "I'll never get one of those." Advertisers and engineering make them a necessity. Businessmen, then the kids embrace 'em. Eventually most of the oldsters drag along behind. I remember a former *MRR* columnist saying "I'll never trust anyone with an email address. Never."

Now he has his own dot com.

In the past, I've made unequivocal statements about not getting a Walkman, a VCR, or a CD player. Within a year or two, I equivocate. Cellphone? Not yet, but I don't say never.

The power of advertising, the tyranny of the market, the stupidity of the rich and the poor, why are these surprising? That those who can least afford these things are the ones that fall head-first into buying them. Is that strange? Who goes to church? Who fills those halls of evil and stupidity? Why are the Kennedys Catholic? Why do the most suffering impoverished Negroes place their suffered-for quarters in the collection plate? Is there a relationship between the forces of corporatism and the forces of Jesus? Can you say DUH?

The October 2000 issue of *The Smithsonian* has an article called *You Are What You Buy*. I quote from it:

Many of modern advertising's founders had religious backgrounds. A Baptist minister's son, Bruce Barton co-founded the large ad agency B.B.D. & O. Artemas Ward, who wrote psalms to a soap company, was the son of an Episcopal minister. John Wanamaker, whose marketing genius helped create the modern department store, once considered becoming a Presbyterian minister. Rosser Reeves, creator of the Anacin anvils (a 1950s painkiller TV commercial), *was the son of a Methodist minister.*

How come I was surprised by this? What is American religion, except holy advertising? When a minister says "God is in league with riches," despite the Bible's camel and the eye of the needle, why am I surprised? I mean. Duh!

It's all there right in front of me, but I need a magazine article to see it. Life is filled with the obvious. We only stumble on it when we're looking for a toothbrush or reading a *The Smithsonian*.

Get it? DUHtude is not so bad. A moment of DUH is a moment of awareness. It may be obvious to others, but that isn't important. For each of us (me), an acknowledgement of our (my) own DUH is a flash of perception. Loose wires come together and spark. From the unconscious to the obvious. From the mysterious to the *of course!* Maybe that's what's basic about knowing things.

Archemedes didn't shout "Eureka, I've found it!" in that bathtub. What he said was DUH! Penicillin destroys bacteria? DUH! $E=MC^2$? DUH! What is genius? It's just being quicker on the DUH! than other people.

ENDNOTES:

—> *Hey baby, wanna merger? dept:* The justice department approves the AOL take-over of Warner Bros. I mean, Duh!

The cool thing about it is how open these guys are about their new world order.

Time Warner CEO, Gerald Levin, has said that in the post-Cold War era there is only "American cultural imperialism." "There's no countervailing force. That's a significant problem.

Okay, true enough. So what's he gonna do about it?

"We're going to need to have these corporations redefined as instruments of public service because they have the resources. They have the reach. They have the skill base, and maybe there's a new generation coming up that wants to achieve meaning in that context and have an impact, and that may be a more efficient way to deal with society's problems than governments."

Yep, he not only wants corporations to control the US government, but to control the WORLD. Are you surprised?

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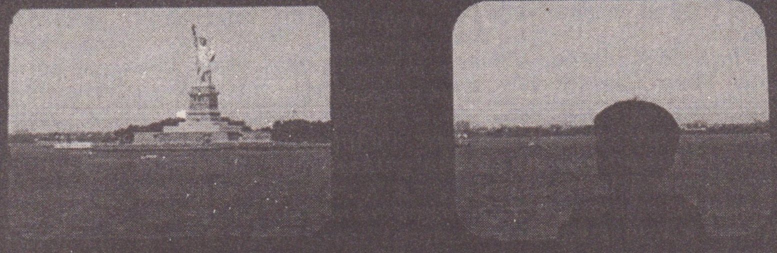

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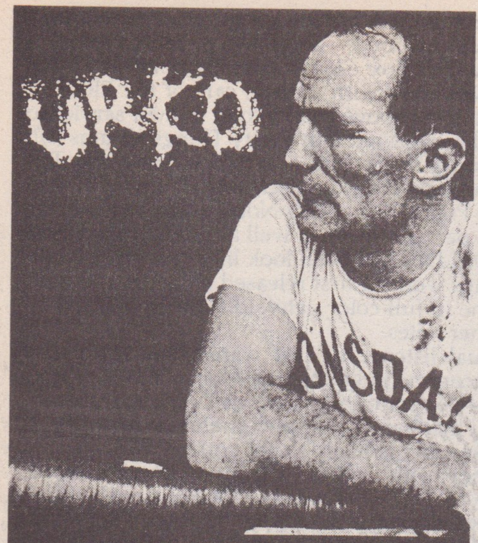

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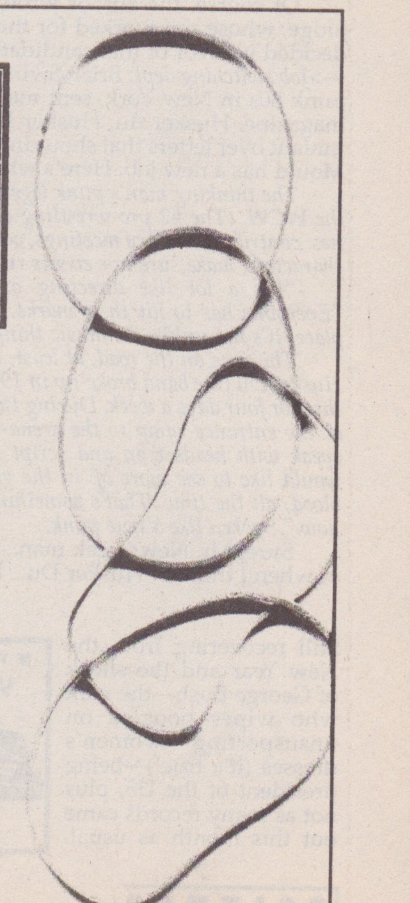


—> My pal Kesha sent me email that includes the fact that a pig's orgasm lasts for 30 minutes. I don't know if that's *both* male and female pigs, but I'm joining the hog farm!

—>*Banana Republicans dept:* Someone forwarded this to me from the internet version of a newspaper in Zimbabwe. It's about the U.S. elections:

1. Imagine that we read of an election occurring anywhere in the third world in which the self-declared winner was the son of the former prime minister and that former prime minister was himself the former head of that nation's secret police (CIA).

2. Imagine that the self-declared winner lost the popular vote but won based on some old colonial holdover (electoral college) from the nation's pre-democracy past.

3. Imagine that the self-declared winner's 'victory' turned on disputed votes cast in a province governed by his brother!

4. Imagine that the poorly drafted ballots of one district, a district heavily favoring the self-declared winner's opponent, led thousands of voters to vote for the wrong candidate.

5. Imagine that members of that nation's most despised caste, fearing for their lives/livelihoods, turned out in record numbers to vote in near-universal opposition to the self-declared winner's candidacy.

6. Imagine that hundreds of members of that most-despised caste were intercepted on their way to the polls by state police operating under the authority of the self-declared winner's brother.

7. Imagine that six million people voted in the disputed province and that the self-declared winner's 'lead' was only 327 votes. Fewer, certainly, than the vote counting machines' margin of error.

8. Imagine that the self-declared winner and his political party opposed a more careful by-hand inspection and re-counting of the ballots in the disputed province or in its most hotly disputed district.

9. Imagine that the self-declared winner, himself a governor of a major province, had the worst human rights record of any province in his nation and actually led the nation in executions.

10. Imagine that a major campaign promise of the self-declared winner was to appoint like-minded human rights violators to lifetime positions on the high court of that nation.

None of us would deem such an election to be representative of anything other than the self-declared winner's will-to-power. All of us, I imagine, would wearily turn the page thinking that it was another sad tale of pitiful pre- or anti-democracy peoples in some strange elsewhere."

Of course, the author wrote that before a Supreme Court judge, whose son worked for the winning candidate's lawyers, decided in favor of that candidate. Is that a DUH! or what?

—>*Job switching dept:* Brian Swirsky, who's writing a book on the punk 80s in New York, sent me an e-clipping from Newsweek magazine. Husker du, Husker Du? That Seattle band who put umlaut over letters that shouldn't have them? Well, keyman Bob Mould has a new job. Here's what Newsweek said:

The thinking man's punk legend is now a creative consultant for the WCW. (The #2 pro-wrestling organization.) His job responsibilities: contribute to story meetings, confer with wrestlers to develop their characters, make sure live events run smoothly.

"It's a lot like directing a Broadway show," Mould says. "Everyone has to hit their marks, every prop has to be in the right place. It's not unlike the music thing."

The time on the road, at least, is familiar. Just like his years with Husker Du (the band broke-up in 1987), Mould travels with the WCW three or four days a week. During twice-weekly events, he is positioned at the entrance ramp to the arena-next to the curtain. There he can speak with headset on and script in tow. There's one thing Mould would like to see more of: in the good old days, "it was blood blood blood, all the time. That's something wrestling doesn't do enough of now." Spoken like a true punk.

Sure, Mr. Newsweek man. That's one thing I always think of when I think of Husker Du... blood.

Still recovering from the New Year and the shock of George Bush—the man who wipes boogers on unsuspecting women's dresses (it's true!)—being president of the US, plus not as many records came out this month as usual.

To be honest, I'm kind of glad. It's been a rough start to a new millennium. I still feel hung over—and I don't even drink.

Norton Records (PO Box 646/Cooper Station/NYC, NY 10276) rang in the New Year with a bang, care of the PRETTY THINGS. Continuing to go above and beyond in their service to rock 'n' roll, Norton has reissued four Pretty Things albums (*s/t*, *Get the Picture?*, *Midnight to Six*) and a 10" (*Defecting Grey*). The albums, as you would probably expect, are all great. If you picked up any of the Pretty Things EPs Norton released in 2000, you know what to expect. In music as well as actions, the Pretty Things make the ROLLING STONES look like good lil' schoolboys. These recordings were all first released between 1964 and '65. The albums come in full color gatefold sleeves with extensive Norton-sized liner notes.

If you're a casual listener, or just wanna test the Pretty Things waters, I'd recommend getting the *Midnight to Six* LP, as it stretches from '64-66, compiling various hits (and misses) from singles, plus all the B-sides that never made it onto LPs. It offers a good overview and is likely to get you hooked.

Norton didn't stop with the Pretty Things. Closer to home, they also released an LP by the ALARM CLOCKS, simply titled, *Yeah!* The cover advertises the record as "Savage 1966 Ohio Garage Raunch!" They aren't kidding—these songs are way lo on the fidelity scale, but absolutely explode with untamed teenage rock 'n' roll fury. If it's been a while since you've visited the tombs of wailing '60s garage, let this album welcome you home.

Back to the present, the DIRT BOMBS deliver two new stunning dirty Detroit stompers on an already hard to find single (Solid Sex Lovie Doll/Federico Zanutto/via Rualis 101/33043 Cinidale (UD)/Italy). Two great, raw songs, "Headlights On" and "Jolene" make this an essential single. You know how people rave about the idea of a "perfect" single—one song on each side, a big hole, played at 45 rpms? Well, it's not a fantasy. This record is fucking great. Get it if you can. To make the collectors sweat, there are three different covers, one limited to 87 copies, one limited to 94 copies and the last limited to 119 copies. Solid Sex Lovie Doll also just released a WALTER DANIELS 7". I haven't gotten to hear that one yet. Also keep your beady little eyes peeled for singles by KING LOUIE and the REATARDS.

Last month, you most likely missed the review of a single by a band called the MIGHTY JOHN WAYNES. I made a point to check out the single, since they're from my hometown, Indianapolis. I admit, they make their RIP OFFS/MUMMIES obsession painful obvious—from the cover down to the music, but they do it amazingly well. Mr. Jim Kuczkowski, the mix master behind the Rip Off sound helped these Indianapolis lads achieve that magic sound (better than any band since the Rip Offs, I might add). Thankfully, it doesn't have that total shit, recorded in the toilet sound. They attack their instruments and you can hear it! They put together some simple melodies, crank them up and really tear out a great debut single. Easily one of the best records to come from Indiana since the PROBLEMATICS. Get your copy now before they get big and you're scrambling to buy one on eBay. ($3 to: The Might John Waynes c/o Jade/655 N. Parker Ave/Indpls., IN 46201). I'll add that they're looking to play around the Midwest and are also looking for labels to put out more of their stuff.

I had planned on writing a big review of all the GIZMOS shit that's come out, including the new double-CD and their reunion show with the PANICS in Bloomington, IN, but 1) the CDs and LPs I ordered from Gulcher got lost in the mail and 2) I didn't make it back to Indiana for the reunion show. By all accounts, I heard it was better than expected. The Gizmos played a whopping 30 songs! Young and old alike danced the night away.

While I'm talking about Indiana, be sure to see the JOHN WILKES BOOZE EXPLOSION if they happen to play in your neck of the woods. This is another Bloomington band who knows what rock 'n' roll is all about.

Rumors have been floating around for a while that W. George Defoe, author of the *International Discography of the New Wave* (the bible for collectors) is going to be reprinting it. Unfortunately, he's not updating nor correcting the reprint. That's a shame, because Henry Weld, with the help of a number of friends, has completed an incredible update of the US parts of the *International Discography*.

You can check it out at www.collectorscum.com. This website promises to be a must-see sight for collectors. Justin, the man with the plan, is working on getting a trade/auction board set-up so you won't have to deal with neither eBay nor snotty parent-funded hardcore/straight edge collectors that you find on the Revelation trade board. Plus, the Collector Scum site has lots of essential links (of course) and the discography I've been wishing someone would do—punk 8-tracks. Yes, believe it or not, many punk and pre-punk records were released on 8-track in the '70s. From the MC5 to the SEX PISTOLS, they do exist. It's a really fun discography to look at...but then, I've got a weird discography fetish...I've actually started collecting punk discographies. I wonder what that says about me.

I put on the new DAYLIGHT LOVERS LP (Sympathy) the other night and my girlfriend Mimi remarked, "This sounds like all the other music you listen to." Funny, since I was thinking pretty much the same thing. That's not to say it's not a good record. It's a fine record, but suffers from being too clean, which is an interesting thing to say given that Jack Oblivian produced the record. Maybe it's not a production problem as much as it is songwriting. The songs are clunky and don't really have a killer natural flow to them. After a few songs, the band Mimi decided the DAYLIGHT LOVERS sound like is the DEVIL DOGS (I will make a rock 'n' roller out of her yet! If she doesn't turn me to an academic first). We put on the first Devil Dogs just to double check. Sure enough, they use a lot of the same strutting chords and simple, swaggering rhythms. Not that I'm complaining...fuck, the world needs more bands that sound like the Devil Dogs.

Lately, I've been kicking around a number of projects, none of which will probably ever come to fruition. One such project is a comp of Midwest area bands. As I mentioned last month, there's a lot of great music coming out of the former Northwest territory (Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin). Area-specific comps seemed to flourish around 1980. And while there probably have been a number of area-specific comps released on CD, there's a good chance most suck. Shitty CD comps are the scourge of punk...followed closely by CD-Rs.

Anyway, the point I'm trying to make is that Offenzline (outta Germany no less: info@offenzline.de/www.offenzline.de) has put out a really great comp of bands from Springfield, MA titled, *Springfield Mass. Rocks Your Ass.* No, this isn't a reissue of some old comp. All the bands are current, and the majority of them are actually good. It's a beautiful, amazing thing really.

The bands offer a good mix of music styles without feeling the need to cover every genre within the scene. There are no big name bands used as a selling point anchor. The bands are all different enough to be interesting, but not so different that you're gonna feel the need to hurl a beer can at your turntable every-time a shitty emo or pop-punk song comes on.

The song closest to eliciting this response is "Heroin Bitch" by the TUTIS, but they save themselves by leaping from a slow, melodramatic whispery song into a full throttled attack. The DONUT KINGS wander too far into the bar stage, self-absorbed guitar freakout jam for my tastes. And I gotta question the use of a saxophone on the otherwise storming, gruff TUTSUS song, "Day of the Long Knives." It sounds really outta place.

If I had a serious complaint, it would be that some of the songs are just too long. Why do so many bands think they're interesting enough to hold our attention for 3 1/2 minutes? My mind is wandering at the two-minute mark. The PANGLOSS song, "Hitchhiker" is a good example. It's a fine noisy, melodic song. About 1/2 way through they stop; you think the song is over, but they just keep going.

One last complaint—there's no information at all about the bands. Nothing. That sucks. Despite its various shortcomings though, this comp pulls through better than most in recent memory. Hopefully more records like this will start appearing.

Out of New Zealand, Raw Power Records ($15; PO Box 7127/Wellesley St/Auckland, New Zealand/crawl@ihug.co.nz) serves up a fine punk artifact from days gone by, from the HENCHMEN. The Henchmen are known for their serious RADIO BIRDMAN/STOOGES/Detroit fixation. Their songs are aural bloodbaths, quickly falling into an obliterating noisy mess of guitars. This 12" features four never-before released songs recorded in 1984, as well as their *Do the Maelstrom* 12" EP. This 12" more than any other record (by any band) acts as an outlet for these ex-DUM DUM BOYS' scary obsession with Radio Birdman. Don't get me wrong, it's a great fucking record. Since first catching wind of it, I've been hungrily waiting by at my PO Box for it and was not disappointed once it arrived.

Speaking of Radio Birdman, the Birdman oddity *Rock 'n' Roll War*, the "audio documentary" has been reissued. If you're not familiar with it, this album has got six Birdman tracks, as well as songs by: the STOOGES, MC5, NEW RACE, PINK FAIRIES and the ANGELS, interspersed with hokie commentary. An interesting record, but not essential unless you're a big Birdman fan.

Also flooding the reissue arteries:

—THE BUZZCOCKS *Another Razor in a Different Face* LP. Above average live recording of the Buzzcocks on their first trip to the States, recorded at Club 57 in New York City.

—CHIEFS *Hollywest Crisis* LP. Flipside issued this on CD a while back. This is the vinyl version, care of Italy's newest reissue hounds, Hate Records. The usual offering: their hard-to-get 7" (from 1980), songs from comps and some studio demos. All the recordings are good and you'll probably be impressed with how good this record is, especially after suffering through a lot of mediocre reissues. Lots of photos and info too.

—DRY HEAVES *Shoot Yourself* LP. This one comes to us care of Rave-Up Records, also outta Italy. Rather than pad out an album with crummy live tracks, this time you get 10 never-before released studio tracks along with the songs from their 1981 7" (which also appeared on *Smash the State, Volume 1*.

—GANGSTERS s/t LP. Remember these guys from *England Belongs to Me, Vol. 1*? Me neither. Yet another rascally boot-alike of this English power pop band's album, originally released in 1979 on Stortbeat. The kind people who put this together also included the songs from both their singles.

—GRIM KLONE BAND *Blank Space* LP. Major Matt Grim and the boys join the Rave Up ranks, with their original two 7"s padded out with live and unreleased studio tracks. Liner notes by the Major himself.

—THE JAM *Celluloid Heroes* LP. Collection of hard-to-find songs from England's biggest mod band since the WHO. Includes four BBC tracks from 1977, four 7" tracks from 1977 and 1978, plus a live recording from a show at the 100 Club in London, 1977.

—TREND *Live at Budokan Plus* LP. Hate Records offers up another "vinyl version of the previously released CD" record. Thank you. The Trend is an awesome band with poppier leanings, but they don't totally wimp out. This record compiles their classic rarity, *Live At Budokan* LP (as the title suggests), plus the songs from their 1980 7" (which you might recognize from Killed By Death #10).

—VOMIT PIGS *Take One* LP. You read about them in last month's *MRR*. One of the all-time classic Texas punk bands finally gets the treatment, care of Rave Up. This monster collects it all, so you don't have to! I mean it's got it all! Stuff they released, as well as outtakes and some live stuff.

—V/A *Punk at La Scala* LP. This one is from Hate Records. It's a comp of late-'70s and early-'80s Milan punk, including songs by MITTAGEISEN 7", 198X, X-RATED (unreleased demos!), the GAGS and TV VAMPIRE. The first pressing comes with a copy of XEROX fanzine that details the history of the Milan punk scene.

—ARTHUR'S DILEMMA *1978/79 New York City Killed By Death Punkrock* (Alternative Action). With a title that reads like an eBay search for rare records, this Max's Kansas City band's two singles and other unreleased material is collected, presented for your obsessive guilty pleasures. It's limited to 500, so if you want it, get on the ball.

— RADIO BIRDMAN *Radio Activity* LP. Yet another Birdman bootleg. I like Radio Birdman as much (okay, probably a lot more) than the average punk, but goddamn, do we really need an album that compiles songs that are still very readily available, on both CD and vinyl? This comps the *Burn My Eye* 7", the *More Fun 7"* and various tracks by Birdman members side projects.

— NEW YORK DOLLS *Endless Party* 2LP (Munster). I'm pissed about this, because I just bought it on CD and being the nerd that I am, I'm going to buy this as well. There are actually two versions of this out on vinyl now. One is on Get Hip/Red Star and is only one LP. The deluxe, 220 gram vinyl, gatefold sleeve edition with a bunch more songs is, of course, on Munster (and

will probably cost you close to $10 more than the Get Hip LP). These are the original studio demos recorded in 1973 by the Dolls. Though I'm not for sure, I think these are the songs they recorded for Marty Thau in an attempt to get them signed to Mercury. You might be sick of the seemingly endless flow of Dolls reissues, but this one—at least the single LP Get Hip version—is worth getting.

—MONKS *Black Monk Time*. Okay, of all these reissues, if you're only gonna get one, make it this one. Seriously. There's a very good reason that seemingly everyone in the world raves about this record. Music aside (which *is* killer), just think about the circumstances of this band: five US army guys stationed in Germany, playing raucous, wailing, stomping, beat music, with their hair shaved in monk-like tunics, singing songs like "I Hate You"...all this in 1965. If that doesn't sell you on it, would your sorry ass be more likely to pick it up if I told you one of their songs was recently used in a Powerade commercial? (I hope not...) Anyway, this, uh, reissue won't be around long at *all*. Get it if you see it. It'll grow on you.

Also, I keep seeing mention of both 7" and LP of alternate *Funhouse* outtakes, most likely culled from the STOOGES box set on Rhino Handmade. However, I have yet to actually see either of these in person. I'll let you know where to get 'em as soon as I find out. In the meantime, if you're done using your *Funhouse* box set as a paperweight, write me. I'll buy it off you.

What does it mean about punk rock that there is such an overwhelming flood of reissues coming out? That's a question for another column.

• A quick endnote...I apologize in advance for being slower than usual in replying if you write. The company I work for fired 1/2 of its editorial department, meaning I get to do twice as much work for the same amount of money. It's gonna be a hectic few months.

• No, the X LP is not out yet. It will be. Be patient.

As always, you can read my column and "Complusive Rock 'n' Roll," my 7" of the month review at www.blankgeneration.com. And you can send me stuff to review (really!) at the address below. Vinyl gets preferential treatment around my house.

PO Box 11906/Berkeley, CA 94712/USA icki@mindspring.com

George W. Bush is not the President-Elect of the United States of America.

George W. Bush has no more right to move into 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue than I do.

Every law that George W. Bush signs during the next four years will be exactly as meaningless as a blank sheet of paper, because he will not be legally authorized to hold that office. His appointees deserve neither power nor respect, since they will be exercising functions for an impostor president.

Al Gore's concession speech does not make George W. Bush president-elect; that the media (and maybe even Gore himself) got tired of fighting Bush's lawyers in the courts doesn't make any difference. The presidency is not a chess match to be forfeited by the exhausted to the energetic.

An ABC News-*Washington Post* poll reveals that 42 percent of Americans do not accept George W. Bush as the legitimately-elected leader of the free world, and they are absolutely fucking right. If the election were held today, Gore would win by 47 to 42 percent—a landslide that speaks more to quiet disgust with Generalissimo El Busho's sleazy commandeering of the White House than any affection for the outgoing Vice President.

We waited patiently as a bewildering array of lawsuits wound their way through Florida and federal courts. When it came to light that in a typical election two percent of votes are not counted nationally—*two fucking percent!*—we were naturally shocked, but assumed that the long-standing ballot-counting problem would finally be corrected now that it had caused an all-but-unresolvable tie in a presidential election. When El Busho's brother Jeb threatened to sign a bill assigning Florida's 25 electoral votes to the GOP, rather than react precipitously we trusted that he'd never get the chance.

We will never know who won Florida. Even a statewide counting standard would have been subjective, as will be any study done by reporters or professors after the fact. Florida's punch card system was a disaster; the best it could do is yield approximate election returns. King Solomon would have chopped those 25 electoral votes in half or thrown them out entirely.

The Supreme Court's right-wingers not only ruled in favor of the right-wing candidate, they cynically run out the clock (a non-existent clock at that!) to justify their ruling. First they suspended the statewide recount on Saturday, December 9th, three days before Florida was supposed to pick its 25 electors on the 12th. (Actually, the electors could have been picked as late as the 18th; afterwards, an Electoral College vote could still have been overturned by the Supreme Court. Even the January 20th inaugural isn't really a deadline; under the Constitution, the Speaker of the House Dennis Hastert would have become Acting President until the matter was ultimately resolved.)

While the Supremes issued their stay on a Saturday, they refused to hear the case until Monday—a transparent ploy to run out the clock against the Democrats. (The Court only works weekends for the Republicans; Democrats must wait until regular office hours.) They issued their decision at 10 P.M. on Tuesday the 12th: Ordinarily, we would send this back to the Florida Supreme Court with an order to create uniform statewide ballot-counting standards to resolve the equal-protection problem, they said, but it's too late.

If you read between the lines of the opinion, you could almost see the evil bastards' toothy grins.

If there's really an equal-protection issue in Florida because of vote-counting disparities, then *every* election in the country is unconstitutional. More importantly, the Court purposefully dragged out the case to the December 12th deadline to make sure that the Florida vote would never be counted—*and the deadline wasn't even a real deadline in the first place.*

Al Gore should have spoken the plain truth when he addressed the nation: Neither Bush nor Gore had been elected president—at least not until Florida recounted its votes in accordance with the instructions of its state Supreme Court. That is, after all, the election system we have in this country.

There's a 50-50 chance that George W. Bush would have won a statewide recount. If he had, he would now be the legitimate, though barely-elected, President of the United States. But Bush and Bush's Supreme Court didn't want to take that 50-50 chance. Bush was willing to become an illegitimate, illegally-installed pretender instead, so there's no reason that we shouldn't call him exactly that.

The vast majority of Americans, even Gore partisans, hasn't noticed that our representative democracy was suspended on December 12th. Most people will accept Bush's Republican Lite regime, sprinkled liberally with conservative blacks and Latinos, as long as he keeps spouting BS bipartisan rhetoric. We'll go to work, watch TV, have sex and otherwise lead our lives as we always do.

History, however, is never made by the majority. If it had been up to the majority, we'd still be living in a British colony. It's made by the few people who know what's right, fight for it against all odds, and set an example for the rest of us to follow. If you are one of those people, you know one simple fact:

George W. Bush is *not* the President-Elect of the United States of America.

P.S. Remember: I voted for Nader.

P.P.S. For the first time in three years, I have a book coming out—actually there are two of them, both due out in April 2001. One is *2024* (NBM Piublishing), a full-length hardback 96-page graphic novel that's a homage to/parody of/updating of George Orwell's *1984*. In it I attack vacuous consumerism, apathy, and all matters of stupidity in contemporary society including dumb music while faithfully following the narrative structure from Orwell. I think it's the best, smartest thing I've ever done (and it looks very different from my other work), but then all cartoonists and authors always think that about their latest project. Anyway, I think it's cool and hope you will too. Also due out is a 150-page paperback collection of the cartoons I do that appear in *MRR* every month called *Search and Destroy: Cartoons by Ted Rall* (Andrews & McMeel) from the last five years. You

can order either or both through my website. If you want, you can also order them directly from me; if you do I'll sign the suckers. In the US, send $18.95 each for *2024* and/or $10.95 each for *Search and Destroy* plus $3.20 for priority mail to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108. Yeah, I know—$18.95 is expensive for a 96-page book, but it's a hardback and it's the cheapest I could make it. The paperback comes out later in the year if you want to save a few bucks. Obviously you'll get your books when they come out; please don't be bugging me in March.

Finally! The punk mama troops are convening! This month has been a good one as far as communicating/networking with other punk mamas and meeting new ones who were passing through town. And, finally, here's a voice other than my own for this column. Keep getting in touch, especially if you've got something to say here about punk mamahood! Got Breastmilk? We do.

To all those punk mamas-to-be and brand new hip mamas:

Breastfeed your babies. Breastfeed other people's babies if the need arises. Get help from knowledgeable women—lactation consultants, midwives, breastfeeding mothers.

Do it all the time when your baby is a newborn. It will probably be more physical contact with one person than you have ever had in your whole life, even if you are a sex-fiend or one of those people who is constantly hugging everone. This is good for your baby and good for you.

Make up stupid names for your breasts, for the milk that comes out of them, for the act of nursing like "ninnies, milkies, nippies, nunus." It will help you on your way to clowndom, and the sillier you act the more your baby will laugh.

Teach your baby sign language for milk and when annoying people are holding your baby subtly make the sign. Sweetly say "my baby needs me now" when the kid lunges at your chest.

Breastfeed in front of all your guy friends (who are surely enlightened feminists anyway). Breastfeed in front of all your girl friends so they'll get over any timidness they may have. When I was pregnant, one of my closest friends admitted that the sight of women nursing their babies grossed her out. I said "Better get used to it if you want to hang out with me." Today she doesn't even bat an eye or pause her conversation when I bust out the good stuff for my nine-month daughter.

Get lazy; you're lactating after all. Take it easy. Read a book with one hand while your kid is still little and grublike enough not to notice. Listen to records when they are old enough to grab a book out of your hand. Once they are old enough for you to be chasing them around all day, take naps while nursing.

Educate the people you live with about what nursing is like and that you may get severely thirsty while breastfeeding. A true friend is one who brings a glass of water, unasked, at the sight of your baby latching on. If you are having problems, take a nursing honeymoon, where you and the baby hang out in bed for a few days sleeping, nursing and cuddling.

Don't feed your baby formula. It's not 'supplementing' no matter how much the medical establishment and formula companies call it that. If someone advises you to stop nursing while you are on some medication or taking some herbal formula, call La Leche League and ask them to look it up in Hale's *Medications and Mother's Milk.* Most medications are less detrimental to your baby diluted in your milk than breaking the nursing relationship would be.

Breastfeed in public. Breastfeed in restaurants. Breastfeed in parks and on college campuses and on the public transit system and in record stores. Do not make a habit of breastfeeding your baby in a toilet stall. While socially acceptable, this is very unsanitary—and who wants their lunch in a toilet stall?

Take your baby everywhere you can. Take your baby to shows if you want. You might hang out in the parking lot when you realize how loud the music is, but you will still have more fun than staying at home.

Take your baby to the movies. You may miss some of the film when your baby stops nursing and starts yelling, but it is still more fun than staying home. Some people act like they expect mamas to stay home until their babies are five years old and well behaved. I say—fuck those people.

Breastfeed with groups of nursing mothers. Think of it as performance art, as role modeling for little girls, as totally natural. Better yet, think of it as subversive, as anti-establishment.

Start a zine about breastfeeding, paint a nursing madonna and child, preface that porno term 'jugs' with the 'milk-' that it deserves.

Make me proud, mamas.

—Nursing for nine months plus and loving it in Savannah, Kaile 'MilkJugs' Adney
(Contact Jessica or Kaile - yardwideyarns@hotmail.com, or PO Box 12839 / Gainesville, FL 32604)

Holy cow! When we finished last month's column and looked back at all the ass-kickin' bands we had reviewed then, we didn't think it could get any better. But it did. This month was an absolute motherlode of great DIY punk. At times, we were so stoked by what came in that we were forced to run around the house screaming in glee and doing funky butt-dances. Not only did we get our standard fare of great bands that we'd never heard of before, but this month we also got in some awesome comps that featured bands we were already familiar with (like HELLO SHITTY PEOPLE and ASTRID OTO). Not to mention that live SCATTERGUN cassette.

Keep sending them in. You know the address: PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207.

From the crisp-and-clean, all-black-with-white-lettering look of the RECENSION demo, you'd expect these guys to be putting out some serious sweatshirt-wearing youth-crew stuff, and you'd almost be half right. Actually, Recension sound like an anarcho-punk band, complete with the cookie monster/pterodactyl vocals (think Todd from HIS HERO IS GONE and that guy from ORCHID), stop-start hardcore with lots of incredibly tight breaks, and some extremely (EXTREMELY!) fast thrash parts. Lyrically, though, they reach far outside the usual realm for anarcho-punk lyrics and into the realm of "What happened to you?" style, 1987-era DC emo. The lyrical highpoint: "Run your car for an hour/ Then shove it up your ass!" They say what they mean instead of cloaking their ideas in some vague philosophy or hiding behind so-called "poetry." An interesting mix of genres. (Recension, 10470 Mulberry Rd., Windsor, Ontario, Canada. recension@home.com)

We received several demo cassettes and tape comps from Germany's Pabst Jhonnie Records this month. The first of the bunch was the "Bullenterror" comp, featuring THE STRIKES, SCATTERGUN, CIRCUS OF HATE, and 35 other bands. There are a lot of different punk sounds here, but the comp doesn't come across as scattered or thrown together. There's some '79-style pub-influenced, almost street-punk (in an EXPLOITED sort of way) punk here, there's some stuff that sounds almost like CRIMPSHRINE's first EP, and there's a lot of stuff in between. Throughout there are lots of sing-a-long qualities and plenty of choruses about "die polizei und der faschismus." Making anti-fascism fun again? Circle-A, circle-E, circle-N! (Pabst Jhonnie Records, Probacherstr. 37, 53783 Eitorf, Germany. pabst@gmx.de)

Second on the list of PJR releases in for review this month was the "Gerd Das Scwhert Sagt: Sheiß NaziPest" comp. This twenty-band antinazi comp was pretty similar to the "Bullenterror" comp, with many of the bands appearing on both (RAWSIDE, 1 MAY 87, CIRCUS OF HATE, AAK among them). Not speaking German, it was hard for us to follow exactly which band was kickin' ass on which song, but overall this comp was

pretty strong. Mostly hardcore and straight-up punk on this one. (same address as above)

The third comp tape to come in from PFR was the "Germany in Decline" comp, which was probably the strongest of the three. Again, a lot of the same bands from the other two comps show themselves on this one, and again this comp has a heavily political, anti-fascist slant. This is the tenth release on PJR and with this one they seem to have really gotten the hang of it. The sound's better and the whole thing seems to flow pretty well. Musically, the choice of songs on this one was also better (or maybe the bands who appear on all three are just getting better individually). In any case, if you were to only order one of these comps, this should be the one. Which is not to say that the others aren't good as well...(same address as above)

Lastly, PJR sent in a live cassette recording of SCATTERGUN. Jax love 'ems the Scattergun. These folks have been around for a while and have a fair amount of vinyl under their belt, so if you're familiar with Scattergun, you should definitely search this one out. It has all the best qualities of a live recording: the sound quality is good enough to make it worth listening to, it includes hits like "Nothin'" and "Girl Like Me", and it manages to capture the energy and feel of Scattergun's live show. A must. (also from the same address as above)

THE PHARMACY'S nine-song demo tape, "The Shittiest Demo You'll Ever Come By," is classic lo-fi garage rock along the lines of LOS HUEVOS or THE MUMMIES. These teens out of the Vashon Island area of the Washington state area have a pretty well-developed knack for putting together some catchy, rockin' songs and even manage to turn THE MISFITS' "We Bite" into a sixties-punk rocker. Plus—the vocalist knows when to carry a tune and when to really let loose with some wailing. Fuckin' inspired. God, hope they're this good live. ($4 from Scott Yoder, 5908 SW Pt. Robinson Rd., Vashon, WA 98070, midnight_macaroni@yahoo.com.)

MYLES OF DESTRUCTION. You'd think that with a name like that, they'd put out some serious metal-fire music. Instead, MOD put together some truly disturbed, creative, and really fuckin' heavy post-punk music. And that's despite their lack of guitars. Violin, cello, drums, bass, and vocals. But, as they so proudly state inside their tape "NO GUITARS USED. FUCK THEM." If we had to compare them to anyone, it would have to be STICKDOG or another of those AT bands from that era. Interesting without being pretentious. ($2 from Myles of Destruction, 117 Fairmont Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19123. mylesofdestruction@metallica.com [which wins the prize for best e-mail address this month])

Almost everything thing about POP PERFECTION's "Pop Songs, Nice People, & Lots of Coffee" cassette is familiar. The vocalist sounds like Mac from SUPERCHUNK, the guitar sound is borrowed straight from JAWBREAKER's "Unfun" LP, and even the song intros sound like a song you heard on the radio years ago but can't seem to quite remember. Argentine pop punk through and through. And very good. ($4 from Dieguito, C.C. #87, C. P. (1846) Suc. Adrogué, Buenos Aires, Argentina. thepopperfection@yahoo.com)

A couple months ago we reviewed THE SCROLETICS' "Women Against Feminism" demo, and this month they sent us their latest demo release, "For Children." The same comparisons we made last time apply to this tape as well; they go back and forth between "Killed By Death" style power pop songs with a heavy BUZZCOCKS influence and songs that sound like DKs circas "Funland at the Beach." Well-executed and worth writing to Bulgaria for. (Varbin Varbanov, ul. Oborishte No. 15, Rousse, Bulgaria)

This month we got in three absolutely kick-ass cassette comps from Dan B. in Minneapolis. The 90 minute "Everything Went Pink" tape is a comp of bands out of Asheville, NC that seems to be trying to capture or chronicle the music that came out of that scene and its basement shows. For a lot of comps, live recordings and the sound quality that goes with them are a drawback. That's not true in this case; with "Everything Went Pink" the lo-fi quality brings out the energy that these bands managed to put out live. Bands include ASTRID OTO, RAT ATTACK, HOSPICE ENTERTAINMENT, ARIS AND JASON, CRAP FACTORY, DEAD THINGS, CHRIST FILTHY, GREAT SOUTHEAST, CHET STETSON AND THE BAKED POTATOES, SLATTER HAGS, WARTORN BABIES, TRASHNIGHT, ART FOR YOUNG AMERICA, and RAZ DVA. Styles range from fast and tight to passionate and out of control to spastic. All good. ($2 from Dan B., PO Box 582514, Minneapolis, MN 55458)

Dan B. also included the MARGARET MOTHER OF THIEVES demo tape in the same package. They sound a lot like SONIC YOUTH back in the days of "Confusion is Sex" and all that. The woman singing even sounds like Kim Gordon (about eighty percent of the time). And, like the Sonic Youth of that era, the songs alternate between staccato pounding rhythms and songs that build dizzily. At times, MMoT also manage to sound eerily like THE EX. You get the picture, and you know if that's up your alley or not. ($2, also from address above)

The third tape that Mr. B. sent us this month was titled "c/o Noah Cannon" and appears to be 60 minutes of experimental music by two guys. We're not too hip on who to compare these guys to, so we'll just say that the music is slow and desperate sounding, not unlike very early SPK (we think). But, like we said, this stuff's out of our league, so take that comparison with whatever size grain of salt you want to. ($2 from address above, or c/o Noah Cannon 38 Mullberry, Asheville, NC 28804)

Somedays, it really does kick ass to be the folks doing the demo tape column, and the day that the "Fuck the Curse!" tape comp arrived in the mail was one of those days. Man, oh, man, a comp that features CHAOS L. R., KREAMY 'LECTRIC SANTA, THE JACK PALANCE BAND, HELLO SHITTY PEOPLE, SUCKERPUNCH, and maybe another dozen bands. If you've never heard these bands or even heard of them, you're probably wondering why we'd be making such a big deal about this tape. But, being lucky enough to have seen a lot of these bands at house shows when they made their ways out here from Tennessee and Florida and all those other weirdo Southeastern states, we knew before this tape hit the deck that it was going to kick ass. There are a lot of variations of punk that appear here, but most of them tend to fall into a catchy, harmony-laden vein. But, don't be misled; this isn't weak ol' pop-punk wimpo stuff. This tape (which is a follow-up to Iggy Scam's "Technical Difficulties from Day One" comp of a couple years ago) is full of punk rock spiritedness and what we can only call "heart" (or passion or something). Fuckin'-A-awesome! Our only regret is that we'll have to forward this to Erin in Chicago when she finds out WE got it for review. Maybe we'll just dupe it for her...($3 from Greg, PO Box 1581, Chatanooga, TN 37401)

Sick and tired of Japanese bands singing in English? Time to check out the "Campaign for Musical Destruction" demo tape from Tokyo's TANTRUM, who sing in...Italian! Now, there's a concept. Musically, Tantrum are power-violence all the way. Absolutely spastic. Absolutely as fast as fucking possible with just enough break-it-down-and-mosh parts to make you want to bang your head against the floor (in a good way). Aaaawesoooome! (Yukihiro Shii, 3-30-14 Hachimanyama, Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo, 156-0056, Japan)

Speaking of Japanese hardcore, Dewa Records sent in a 13-song, six-band cassette comp that hands-down wins the prize for nicest-packaging-with-the-angriest-music (a cozy little padded plastic box with full-color cover of spring flowers). BOLT STEIN are breakneck thrash, screeching crust-vocals, and metal guitars, while DERIDE are a lot like DETESTATION with male lead vox and female backups. AGE are more like Bolt Stein but with some almost youth-crew chugga-chugga guitar rhythms and break-it-downs to lend them some momentum (Did we mention their guitar solos and Amebix cover?). PILE OF TRASH are more straight-forward and traditional in their hardcoreness, with an almost old-school feel to them. PEACEFUL COLLAPSE play power-violence, scream-thrash, bludgeon-and-wail hardcore with a heavy emphasis on anger and screaming. TERRIBLE HEADACHE take this style one step further, turning their contributions into one-two, head-slam thrashings. All around, this is a really well-done comp with great sound and an excellent selection of Japanese hardcore in a few different veins. (Dewa Records, Yuuichi Onodera, 89-11 Ishinada Tonojima, Tsuruoka Yamagata, 997-0815, Japan. dewarecords @hotmail.com)

THE MICRONAUTS put out a demo tape full of that specific type of spastic emo guaranteed to give Jax an insta-slicky and make her run around the house going "gaga-gaga." Fuzzed out vocals hang out in the background. The guitars whine more than they blare. The rhythm section grabs you down low and

then pulls you around as the songs pound and hammer away and then surge forward. Bitchin'. (The Micronauts, PO Box 54, Richboro, PA 18954-0054)

Okay, we usually don't review cassette recordings of "upcoming" vinyl releases, but we're willing to give NAILGUN the benefit of the doubt when they say that they're willing to send a free cassette copy of their "Dissection" EP to anyone who's willing to take the time to write to them and ask for a copy. Musically, Nailgun fall into that group of hardcore bands with plenty of metal and industrial music influences but with vocals whose roots are planted in early eighties punk (very early MDC? CAPITOL PUNISHMENT?). Six songs. Angry, passionate, but with no lyric sheet! Yet another keeper. (Nailgun, 3739 Third Ave., Glendale, CA 91214)

Believe it or not, LUNGBUTTER are still around and have just put out another release, this time a CD-R of ten songs. If you haven't ever heard Lungbutter before, imagine VICTIMS FAMILY or maybe SCHLONG playing East Bay pop-punk singalongs and belting out harmonies with all their hearts, never seeming to mind that they're not quite in key. (Red Elephant Records c/o Adam Goodwin, RR#4, Trenton, Ontario, K8V 5P7, Canada. lungbuttered@hotmail.com.)

THE HOLY GHOST PEOPLE play punk rock with an early rock and roll feel to it that was popular in the late eighties. Overtones of ELVIS HITLER and TH' INBRED are all over their ten-song CD. While the almost-crooned vocals take a little time to get used to, the three-chord guitar hooks grab you early on. One question—how did they get a CD made of black plastic? You've heard of colored vinyl; these guys are the first we've seen to come up with colored CDs. (Preposterous Records, 651 Chestnut, Richland, WA 99352. www.geocities.com/preposterousrecords)

DIDDLY SQUAT (also put out by Preposterous and also on a pretty midnight-black CD) sent in a posthumous collection of various recordings on one CD-R. Their brand of hardcore has a lot of metal and mid-eighties skate punk influences, if you can imagine that combination. Think DR. KNOW, ILL REPUTE, or another of those Mystic Records bands with vocals like early SEVEN SECONDS. There's no lyric sheet, but with song titles like "Innercity Violence," "Crippled for Cash," and "I'm a Rodeo Cowboy with Jesus as My Judge," we can only hope that these guys have their heads screwed on the right direction. (same address as above)

CAUGHT RED HANDED's press release describes them as "pretty straight fucking forward, lick my ass, I don't give a shit punk" and that's as good a description as any. From the very first sound to come off this tape (a shout of "Fuck you all and go to hell!"), these guys play fucking goodgoodgood punk rock with fast as fuck old-school vocals. Immature attitudes with at least three songs about being poor. Finally, a band that rhymes "The IRS can drink my pee" with "hypocrisy." We never realized anything this good could come out of Seattle... (scottro@caughtredhanded.net)

As if the city of Eugene, OR hadn't given this wonderful state enough of a black eye with all those wacky anarchists running around on the news all the time, it's also given rise to LA PESTE, a skinhead band whose demo tape features such classics as "I Hate You (But I Wanna Fuck You)" and "I Need a Drink." You know where this is going, so we'll just pullover and get out of the car before it goes too far. (2520 Onyx St., Eugene, OR 97403)

Last but not least, MUSCLECAH sent us their six-song "Democah" CD-R this month. If the band name didn't clue you in that these guys would play stripped-down, gearhead rock and roll, song titles like "Ugly Harley" and "Diesel" should give you an idea. Musically, you get what you'd expect, a good thing in this case because these guys sound a lot like POISON IDEA playing HUMPERS covers. Even their version of "New Rose" sounds more like a PI rendition than the original. (www.musclecah.com)

That's it for this month.

Keep on sending us your demos and cassette comps; even as we sit here with our eyelids drooping from spending hours at the computer listening to your tapes and CD-Rs, we're already looking forward to next month's batch.

The address is: The Grimes, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97217.

This month we follow the continuing adventures of Code 13 in the Pacific with the final chapter, New Zealand and Los Angeles. Last month we discussed Australia. If you are flying from the US to Australia, definitely look into adding New Zealand to your trip. In our case, by flying Malaysian and New Zealand Airways, we managed to stop in New Zealand for a few days on our way back to the West Coast for only about $50 each more than it would've cost to fly from Australia. Check out my earlier article in this series where I discuss airfares in some detail. For those of you who are interested, missed an issue etc. all my *MRR* column are posted on the Havoc Records web site www.havocrex.com in the "and it was written" section.

I'd have to say that our promoter/tour organizer in New Zealand, Ross Gardiner, was one of the most on the ball and organized guys I've ever met in years of touring. He had everything planned and organized in advance for us and our whole stay in New Zealand was free from the typical disorganization, hectic scrambles, and "hurry up and wait" that accompanies most punk tours. We got in touch with Ross from the guys in Your Mother for whom he'd set up a tour a few years back. Surprisingly, hardly any touring bands come to New Zealand. Recently only All You Can Eat, Varukers, Spitboy and Your Mother had come from Europe or America. And only a few Australian bands had come over. Despite the lack of touring bands or international attention New Zealand has a good scene and our shows went really well. Especially if you are touring Australia it would be foolish not to play New Zealand too. Quite a few people we met there complained that no foreign bands come and play there.

Personally, I 'd always wanted to visit New Zealand. I had sort of a romantic idea of it as a very progressive, laid-back country, less corrupted by industrial capitalism than other first world countries. In fact I think New Zealand lived up to a lot of my romantic idealizations, but not all. More on that later.

One of the most remarkable things was that we actually entered the country legally as a band! This was in fact very easy to arrange. Ross got all the contact info together in New Zealand and I contacted the embassy in Washington. As we have seen before most punk tours are done clandestinely because musicians playing gigs in foreign countries is almost always prohibited without a work visa. These visas are hard to get and usually only apply to big time rock stars and classical musicians. New Zealand, however, is very cool about letting smaller bands and independent musicians enter the country to play a few gigs. In fact, the New Zealand embassy processed our visas and everything in just a few days. This was one of the very few positive experiences I've ever had with an official organization. However, upon entering New Zealand, we were subjected to the most rigorous search for drugs of any country we'd ever visited, including Israel. They even wiped down our wallets, cameras and the handles of our baggage with these little napkin things that they then analyzed in a computer for traces of drugs. None of us really use drugs, but I was getting pretty nervous, I mean what if a drug user had helped carry some baggage for us and left a residue? Just a cautionary note to those visiting New Zealand—if you do use drugs, keep it squeaky clean going through customs. Ross met us at the airport and took us to meet the guys whose gear we'd be playing on then over the house where we stayed in Auckland.

We were only in New Zealand for four days but played five gigs. This was the most efficient use of time on a tour I can remember. Our first gig was in Auckland the day we arrived, an 18 and over gig at a pub, we played an all ages gig in Auckland later. In Wellington we played two sets at the same club, an early all ages show and a later 18 and up gig, followed by an all ages hall show in Hamilton and finally the hall show in Auckland. We left for LA the next morning.

New Zealand was much less Americanized than Australia. New Zealand is made up of numerous islands, but the majority of the population lives on the two main islands, simply the

North and South Islands. We only played the North Island as time was short, and most of the punk scene is on the North Island. Good Clean Fun toured the week after we played, and I heard that the scene on the South Island was better for SE Hardcore.

New Zealand has a very small population—only 3.5 million living in a country slightly larger than the UK (which by comparison has close to 60 million). Of these 3.5 million, only about 3/4 are Europeans, with the native Maori still making up a healthy 14% and the rest a mostly a mix of Asians and Polynesians. Of all the native peoples of the former British Empire, the Maori got about the least raw of a deal from Whitey. That's not saying much, but compared to the social and economic status of native peoples in the USA, Canada, or Australia, the Maori are miles ahead. Compared to many other groups, they have maintained more of their rights and culture. New Zealand's economy is still primarily resource-based. Agriculture, wool, fishing, dairy, and timber are the main exports. I'd have to say New Zealand is the most natural resource and agriculture based first world country I can think of. New Zealand English is very proper and only slightly accented. It is not nearly as slangy as Australian English is. People from all over Asia come to learn English in Auckland.

A number of people asked me if it was hard to get on the dole in Minnesota. It's hard to make people understand that unless you have kids or are disabled there really is no dole in America. A lot of the punks were totally surprised that we had regular jobs and trades. Meanwhile, I'm amazed that people can live for years and years without a full time job sapping their energy and do more with their time. You would expect really great bands, gig spaces, zines, labels, radical political groups, etc. Most of the people I know who are active in the scene are working "real jobs" 40-50 hours a week and doing punk activities on the side. If you took the drain of that "real job" away the punk scene in this town would blow up.

Speaking of the punk scene, in this town at the Auckland gig I noticed lots of people wearing Misery, State of Fear, Assrash and Destroy patches and shirts. Once again the worldwide influence of *Profane Existence* zine and the global popularity of Minneapolis punk scene impressed me. Seeing this made my think back to 1987-88 when we honestly thought punk was dying out and wanted to start a new international zine to try and redirect and tie together the global anarcho punk scene.

Profane Existence helped a growing punk scene expand and reach out to every continent except Antarctica. The fact that a dozen or so dedicated individuals in Minneapolis could have such a global influence still blows my mind. However, as *PE* columnist Yahoo pointed out, in 1988-89 it was hard to see what direction the anarcho punk scene was going to take. Many felt that it became the "threat" *PE* hoped. That is to say, a serious movement for radical social change. Instead, the international DIY scene became a really efficient network for distributing records, patches and T-shirts. Perhaps the significance of the slogans on those patches is lost of many of the wearers. However, isn't the mere existence of a global DIY punk subculture pretty fucking radical in itself? That a network exists to take a band of four normal guys from Minneapolis to play in Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France, Holland, Belgium, Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Czech, Israel, Japan, Philippines, Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, Australia, and New Zealand is pretty fucking revolutionary. Think about all the dedicated people in all those countries who are devoting their time and energy to this form of music and what it stands for.

Good Clean Fun, who I mentioned above, played all these countries and more, add South America to the mix. That young people whose governments want to hate each other can find common ground outside of nationalism and corporate "culture" and come together is, I think, more inherently revolutionary than spraypainting slogans or throwing bricks. I don't think it's time yet to write off punk as a radical social movement. While punk may have failed to bring about a revolution in the streets, it has had a broad effect on a discontented segment of a whole generation. That is hard to measure, but it may go deeper that we have thought. Anyway, back to punk rock in New Zealand.

The first Auckland gig was with Rolling Red Knuckles and Malevolent. The Auckland kids were very punk looking; studded leather, bondage pants, big mohawks etc. It looked like Minneapolis in '92. All the charged hair and leather mini-skirts made me feel old and square in my jeans, T-shirt and crew cut. Auckland is the major city of New Zealand with some one million of the nations 3.5 million people. It is a lively and multi-cultural city that seemed quite livable.

This tour convinced me of the merits of a multi-cultural environment. I vastly prefer a diverse environment like the USA, Australia, or Malaysia to the more monocultural countries like Japan, the Philippines or Poland. I know people from places where different cultures co-exist have a hard time understanding the deeply rooted nationalist hatred of the Balkans, the Middle East or Northern Ireland. Even the US, which has a lot of problems with racism, at least has large groups of tolerant people and whole communities with several ethnic groups living in peace every day. All that xenophobia, racism and nationalism is such a load of bullshit. Every day I read the newspaper and wonder, when are these fucking people going to get along?

The drive from Auckland to Wellington was spectacularly scenic and made me wish we had a lot more time to explore New Zealand. The long drive and lack of a language barrier gave us a great chance to learn about New Zealand's culture and environment with Ross as tour guide. The large quantity of sheep we passed led to endless sheep shagging jokes that would've made any Scotsman proud. The scene in New Zealand has sort of fallen off the radar internationally as there are very few punk recordings made. Despite a strong scene in the late 70s and early 80s (check out the *Hate Your Neighbors* comp LP) that was vinyl documented, no one puts out CDs or records today. There hasn't been a pressing plant in New Zealand for over ten years and the Australian plants are unreliable. Unlike the US there aren't lots of places to do small pressings of CDs cheaply. This is one place where the scene is small enough that I think a band could do an entire release just by burning CDs on a home computer. However, as far as I could see, most of the bands just played live and didn't bother to record at all. In fact, in a country this small you could probably play live for every punk in the country several times a year.

In Wellington, we played two gigs in one night at the same pub. The earlier all ages gig featured an impromptu dance contest where the kids did all sixteen dances and were judged for Style and Form. The later drunk show was pretty packed. Promotional wizard Ross had passed out thousands of handbills, put up hundreds of posters, and gotten us a write-up as "pick of the week" in a local weekly paper. I think a lot of people showed up at this gig just because of the curiosity of a punk band from the USA playing at a local pub. Between the gigs I did an interview and walked around for a while. Walking through downtown made me realize that despite all the work of the people in the punk scene, a punk show with one or 200 people is still a pretty small event, even in a city of only 300,000. The rest of the world goes on with its weekly ritual of getting wasted in bars, watching television and sporting events, unaware of the scene that simmers below the surface.

Back to the gig: Pedal Faster, Backyard Burial and Fatal Error opened. The drunk show was a little strange, as we rarely seem to play in bars at home and never play 21 and over gigs. The shows in Australia and New Zealand were a throwback to the good old days in the US before the 21+ drinking age. Remember 18 and over shows? The next day there was a long drive to Hamilton which is a mid-sized city pretty close to Auckland. I realized here that mid-sized cities look the same all over the world. They posess none of the charm of a rural village or the cultural distinction of a major city. Just the same utilitarian layout and endless repetition of chain stores, fast food franchises, and other services. (Not disrespecting Hamilton in particular, you could say this about most of the Midwest). A town like this isn't geographically or architecturally significant enough to be "someplace," it just becomes "anyplace." I think this is one of the real dangers of global corporate culture; a global homogeneity based around maximum profit. The Hamilton gig was in a very clean youth center. The scene here seemed more influenced by US Hardcore and straight edge. There was a trendy looking boutique here called "havoc;" they were closed though. Hard drugs didn't seem to be as big a problem in New Zealand as in other punk scenes—there was a lot of pot smoking, but from what I gathered, you have to move to Australia to be a serious junkie. There were some pretty serious Mayday

demos here and the anarchist movement in New Zealand seemed pretty organized compared the USA and Australia.

One of the big differences you notice between drunk shows and all ages shows is how little merch you sell at a drunk show. As I've said before, a few records and t-shirts sold each night can mean the difference between a meal and a tank of gas for a band, or total deprivation. At all ages gigs, people usually are there for music and to pick up records and such. At the drunk gigs, people are there more for lifestyle and the loot all goes to the bar. I remember one gig in Switzerland where they didn't charge a cover but charged an extra franc on each drink sold, then gave the extra franc from the drinks to the bands at the end of the night. That was one of the best paying shows we played in Europe!

At most of the gigs we played on this tour, the local bands all played for free and gave all their share of the door money to us as we had come from abroad. I thank everyone, everywhere that helped us out in this fashion. I know here in Minneapolis every band I've ever played in did 90% of their gigs for free and gave all the loot to the out of town bands. I really question places that pay out of town bands the same as local bands—I think it's your duty in the DIY scene to help out the touring band. I saw Good Clean Fun flyers all over here, and I have to wonder how much better a more accessible band like them will do in this country. As I said before, this scene is eager for outside bands to play.

Seeing Maori walking down the street with traditional facial tattoos makes me think: crusty facial tatts are a corny expropriation of indigenous culture, about as cool as wearing a Sioux war bonnet on Franklin Avenue.

The Second Auckland gig was in a really nice, clean community center just a few blocks from where we were staying. After being to similar gigs in Europe, I wonder why more people in the states don't try to do gigs in community centers. I guess other countries have more of recognition of the fact that young people are part of society and actually are willing to spend money on youth centers and activities. This is in opposition to the USA, where no one cares about young people unless they are buying something or doing something that you can put them in jail for. I guess it depends on whether you view youth as a liability or an asset. The opening bands were the Mc Donalds and Toxic Shock Syndrome. The McDonalds were a hilarious "joke band" doing covers of GBH, Disorder and other UK punk favorites. Toxic Shock Syndrome was an all girl punk rock band. These guys were a breath of fresh air as so many "girl bands" in the US play such predictable indie rock post-riot girl stuff. It was cool to see a scene where punk women were involved and on pretty equal footing with men as opposed to splitting off into a somewhat separate riot girl type scene. That said, girls go really crazy when a female fronted band plays. In a music scene dominated so much by men it must be a welcome break. With all the guaranteed attention and enthusiasm it surprises me that more women don't start bands. I mean, you have the almost guaranteed loyalty of half the scene right from the start. Somerset played a more modern melodic HC like Boy Sets Fire or Avail or something like that. It's cool they played because a lot of people from outside the more traditional punk rock scene showed up the see them, and therefore, us.

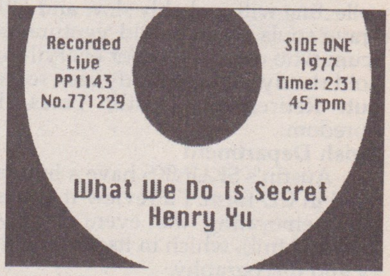
In the final reckoning we made about $900 in New Zealand from gigs and merchandise. This was better than I expected. As I said before, Ross and his mob were totally organized and our New Zealand tour was a model of efficiency and organization while still enjoyable and fun. We had a blast here and the New Zealand punks were all super friendly and fun to hang out with. If your band is touring Australia, it is definitely worth it to play New Zealand as well.

After two months in the Pacific we were more than ready to head back to the USA. After layovers in Samoa and Hawaii we flew into LA. Chris and Alan from Long Beach totally hooked us up and our first stop was Taco Bell for burritos and Mountain Dew, I love this country! Our LA gig was totally packed; easily 200 kids packed into the PCH in Wilmington. Kontra Klasse, FYP, The Count, and Minnesota's own Callused opened. This gig was a ripper except that so many people were standing on the stage. I know it's cool to stand on the stage, but this show was out of hand. Trevor's guitar kept getting knocked out of tune and people kept stepping on the pedals, turning off the distortion. (Code 13 unplugged?) To make it worse, there were these girls leaning on the guitar amp, totally blocking the speakers so it had this really muffled sound. Oh well, I guess I have no right to complain about an over-enthusiastic crowd. And just because you have a camera doesn't mean you have special privileges over the other 50 people on stage.

The next day it was back to LAX and off to Minnesota. After all that mileage I was glad to be home again, although I left just two weeks later to take DS 13 on their tour of the USA. In the end we made back about $8,500 of the $11,000 invested in this tour, which I think is pretty good for a DIY tour going to a lot of out of the way places. But I touched on all this stuff in an earlier column.

Being in a van with the same four guys day in and day out for months can be a strain. Especially if you don't hang out much at home. I'd like to say we debated philosophy and discussed literature. However, the constant travel, sleep and sex deprivation leads inevitably to endless locker room humor, sheep shagging jokes and practical jokes. I wonder about what people think who have to ride for a while with a touring band who they had made out to be some intellectual social commentators, only to suffer through hours of bad jokes and farting. I'm lucky to have gone on such an adventure as this tour, and it's only possible because of the network of dedicated people who really believe in hardcore music. There are those who say hardcore is entering a new golden age as the 21st century dawns. I for one am ready to roll up my sleeves and make that golden age happen.

Filler



It's just past New Year's here and another column is due. And I'm too hung over to oblige. The product of two and a half dozen beers (give or take), a third of a bottle of red, five shots of tequila, four margaritas (all on the rocks), two cosmos, one vodka gimlet (not my choice, a hand-me-over). Oh yeah, and two large sakes, warm. Not a bad holiday season. Now that ya get the liquid backdrop, read on.

So instead of my usual razor sharp insight, this is what ya get: I'm purging the archives and dumping whatever articles-in-progress I happened to be working on last year in their embryonic form right here and now, and start 2001 with a clean slate.

Genres of Cool Music

Punk, new wave, punkwave, spacewave, artwave, bubblewave, popwave, artpunk, buzz-punk, pop-punk, hippie-punk, trashpunk, surf-punk, tradpunk, snotpunk, thug punk, fakepunk, paisley punk, mod punk, melodic punk, glitter punk, punk'n roll, rash rock, prog rock, pop rock, hardcore, popcore, trashcore, punk-core, aggro, snotty, twee, industrial, goth, grinds.

Cool Songs used in TV Commercials

NICK DRAKE's "Pink Moon" (Volkswagon)
IGGY POP's "Lust For Life" (Royal Caribbean Cruise Lines)
BREEDERS' "Cannonball" (I forgot)
BUZZCOCKS' "What Do I Get" (I forgot that one, too)
LUNA (I forget which song and for what product)

Weird Record Trades

An Aussie we love and respect once traded $50 worth of fly-fishing lures for a copy of the DEFEX "Wacker Love". His friend traded a boomerang to the same guy.

A Brit we know traded the SICK THINGS' "Committed To Suicide" 7" for two cans of beer. He also traded the first three MISFITS 7"s for a bag of weed.

Are We Too Late For The Trend?

There are now far more vintage punk records that command three and four digit prices than I would have ever imagined. Too many methinks. And any obscure lame-ass-new-wave-looking 45 circa 1981 which woulda been $3 just a few years ago seems to have jumped a factor of ten on the 'Bay. But while I can bitch all I like, the simple fact remains. For those of

us who sort of want *everything*, this situation makes it prohibitively expensive to get it all. This forces collectors to think much harder about what they want to collect. For some, it means trading away part of their existing collection that no longer matches their focus.

At the same time, the number of collectors seems to be increasing. The internet and eBay and plethora of reissues and good old word of mouth has hooked the interest of more budding collectors. And damn the prices—little Johnny only wants the straight edge classics, which only runs the price of a used Pinto. Niche collecting is pretty much the only way to go for these new collectors.

Some have set their sights on a given state (California and Texas are particularly good), or a region (like New England), or for the more ambitious, a country. Many focus on a format (vinyl only, no CD's; or 45's only). Some may go for a label or two (Dischord, Touch and Go), or a band (MISFITS), or follow a particular musician thru his or her career (Glenn Danzig fr'inst). Of course specializing in a genre is most common (sXe, skinhead, power pop, mod, etc). Ultimately you'd expect that one would focus on what one loves.

As seen in the MISFITS collecting realm, when you have a lot of people focusing all of their attention on the same dozen records, that further feeds the prices of the niche, thereby creating a little vicious cycle.

What does the future portend with these trends? You'll have some niche collectors finish collecting their niche and then quit. You'll have others who kill their intended category and then move on to another category or expand their category. You'll have some that give up and sell out. The fragmentation in collecting will probably slow and ultimately coalesce with fewer brave souls. Yet I would venture to guess that the number of scum who own just about everything will probably decrease or hold steady. We've already seen some of the heaviest hitters cash out. Retirement, Death, Taxes, Babies, Marriage, Greed, Boredom.

Reish Department

Austin's SKUNKS have a live set from back in the day reissued in CD form. I'll review it in the next ish. There's a website commemorating the event (http://www.wgblackmon.com/skunks.html), which in itself has a really cool link to their history and discography.

There's a rumored SHOCK CD (with all the stuff and more, natch). However, I haven't heard hide nor peep about it since the rumor surfaced last October or so. Clue me in if you can.

Expect something meatier next ish. Until next time, email to **specialcharge@yahoo.com** or snail it to *MRR*, Attn: Henry Yu.

Listen up, guys. Women are not equal to men. They say they are, and they could be in most ways, but when it comes down to it, they choose not to be. I don't know why it took me this long to figure it out. I've been frustrated for years, baffled as to the whereabouts of my ideal woman. But recent experience has finally driven the point home that I'm never going to find a woman who I can consider an equal.

A great big reason for this is that women are *different*. Hell, I've always known that. They think differently than men—they're more sensitive, more emotional. They have menstrual cycles and maternal urges. But that doesn't mean they can't be equal to men.

What dooms women to eternal subservience to men is the choices they make. We all know what happens to "nice guys," right? Go ahead, try to treat a woman really good, and watch how quickly you get shit on. And then watch in disbelief as they leave you to hang out with someone who will treat her like shit—and then stay with him.

I could hardly believe my ears, when a woman who I was dating, who claimed to be a feminist, told me she thought I should pay for dinner—every time. I didn't want to go "Dutch," where we paid for our meals separately—that would be lame. No, I was suggesting we do the more, uh, *equal* thing—take turns paying. She was appalled that I would make such a suggestion while I was "courting" her. Huh? I thought she was totally nuts, until she showed me an article from *Bust*, a radical-ish feminist magazine. There was an article, written in oh-so-chic urban lingo, by another so-called feminist, about how she wouldn't "give it up" until her guy showed her he could "take care of her"—by footing the entire bill for a night out on the town.

Women don't want to be equal to men. This is not to say that they're some lower form of life, or that you should treat them as your subordinate. What I'm trying to say, guys, is this: beware. Women want a man who will take charge, "be a man," and take care of them. Any real motions toward real equality and you will be promptly shit upon.

The sad thing is, I am going to totally give into this reality. I've learned my lessons: show no weakness, take no shit, pay for dinner, and be "a man." Because I want a woman—bad. Maybe this proves a sort of superiority women possess: they have us under their control. They have what we want, and most of us will do whatever is necessary to get it. We have to play their game, and it's definitely not fair.

* * *

By the time this sees print, I will be in Naples, Italy, studying Italian, learning how to cook, how to play the drums, and what it's like to live in Europe, in a real city. Stay tuned next month for my reports…

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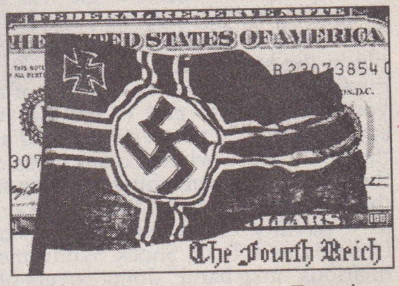

Dave: Hello my name's Dave Emory and it's my pleasure and privledge to present once again Peter Vogel, the author of the article, "The last wave from Port Chicago" from the *Black Scholar*'s issue of spring of 1982, developing a very compelling argument,that the explosion of the EA Bryan, a WWII ammuntion ship in Suisun Bay, in the San Francisco Bay Area, was in fact the explosion and in all likelihood, the deliberate test of an early nuclear weapon. Peter, welcome back once again to our airwaves.

Peter: Thanks Dave, it's good to be back.

Dave: Now, in our last discussion in the previous half hour, we discussed how in August of 1944, or shortly after the Port Chicago explosion in July of '44, Los Alamos labratory shifted its focal point of research to developing the lenses necessary for the plutonium implosion device. Now implosion, I guess, is the watchword here. tell us about how that weapon worked, and what makes that different from the gun weapon that we were talking about earlier.

Peter: The implosion technology, which was used in the Nagasaki weapon, was based on the fact that if you have a sphere of plutonium, and you can compress it significantly—that is—reduce its cross section, it will become a critical mass. You take a sub-critical mass of plutonium and squeeze it, and if you squeeze it enough, it diminishes in size so much that it will become a super critical mass and then explode, like as an atomic bomb. Now, the first implosion concept was not a sphere. It was a cylinder, a tube, and the first test of the cylindrical implosion model was made on the 4th of July, 1943, so that's a year before the Port Chicago explosion. At the testing facility called Anchor Ranch at Los Alamos, Nedermeyer, with Captain Parsons present and observing, detonated the first cylindrical explosion. This was a five-inch interior diameter mild steel pipe that was about five feet long, and it had RDX explosive wrapped around it as a blanket, and then it had multi-point detonators all at different positions along the pipe and on its circumference, and hopefully those would all detonate at once and it would crush this material and crush the pipe and make the whole thing smaller than it had been—that was the objective. Now, the cynlinder actually was developed into a weapon, which was known

as Mark II. The implosion device that was finally perfected for use at Nagasaki was spherical, and the wave of the implosion was reinforced by the fact that the explosives that surrounded the plutonium were molded like lenses and they focused the implosion and really squeezed the plutonium at the interior. That was the Mark IV weapon, the Nagasaki weapon. A predecessor of that was also a spherical plutonium implosion weapon, but it did not use focusing lenses to optimize the shape of the implosion wave. And then the very first implosion device was what's known as Mark II, and this was the cylindrical implosion.

Dave: Now Mark I was the Nagasaki type gun weapon?

Peter: Yes, that's correct. It used the gun mechanism.

Dave: And the other three devices are implosion devices. Mark IV, the Nagasaki device, Mark III, an earlier precurser of that. Tell us about the Mark II, Peter.

Peter: Well, the Mark II...when I started looking at this, there was only one referenece. In fact, there still is only one reference in all the published government history about the Manhattan Project. There's only one reference to the Mark II, and that occurs in a book that was published in 1962, called *The New World*, and he says that it was a low yield device that could use either plutonium or uranium, and I began to look at that. I was pretty sure at that point that any test of an atomic bomb that had been made at Port Chicago could not have been made using either the Mark IV or the Mark III, or the Gun Assembly Weapon, the Mark I. I began looking very, very closely at the Mark II and tried to find out as much information as I could about it. That's the trail that opened up about three years ago.

Dave: And tell us about the Mark II. It has a very complicated name, and if you could first give us the name and explain how this actually worked...

Peter: Well, it is "The Auto Catalytic Uranium Hydride Lateral Implosion Experimental Device." Now, I had gotten to the point of being able to identify it as a cylindrical implosion assembly weapon, but I didn't know very much more than that about it. And I was talking to Vice Admiral Frederick L. Ashworth, who was the bombadier on the Nagasaki flight, and we were talking about Port Chicago, and about Captain Parsons, and I said, "Admiral, you know I believe that an atomic bomb was detonated at Port Chicago, and I think it was this device called Mark II, but I can't figure out what it is," and he wrote back to me, and he said, "Mark II was the auto-catalytic uranium hydride lateral implosion experimental device," so then I knew what the device was. I knew what to call it, but what was uranium hydride? There's no record of it in the literature—at least I hadn't found it then—of any kind of a device that was even contemplated at Los Alamos that used uranium hydride as a fissionable material. Everything was to be either plutonium or 235 enriched uranium, and all of a sudden, here's a hydride bomb, and it was a very interesting device as we've finally been able to figure it out.

It used the same cylinder of mild steel so that it would not fracture, and around this pipe were layers of uranium hydride and then a layer of parafin impregnated with boron 10, which is a neutron absorber, and then another layer of the hydride and then another layer of the boron and parafin and several layers of this were built up until it produced a weapon that when it detonated, created a yield of about 600 tons TNT equivilent, and then all around the circumference of this pipe,there were fuses and detonators, and the idea was that when the weapon was detonated, that the explosion of the RDX material would begin to compress the pipe, and it would get hot and as that happened, the boron and parafin would be expelled from the ends of the weapon and that boron isotope 10 acted to absorb stray neutrons so the weapon wouldn't accidentally explode. Well, when you blow that parafin and the boron 10 out, and you compress those other layers of uranium hydride, you get a supercritical mass at the center of this pipe, and it exploded. Now uranium hydride is a really interesting thing. I had assumed that atmospheric hydrogen had been used as a hydrogen and uranium hydride compound, but it wasn't. Morey Shapiro, Chief Scientist Meritus at the Naval Research laboratory called me up a few weeks ago, and he said, "Peter, it was the doderide and not atmopheric hydrogen that was used in uranium hydride compound. It was the doderide isotope of hydrogen—heavy hydrogen—and that considerably increased the efficiency of the device."

Dave: Excuse me Peter, let me interrupt briefly. Could you explain about the different isotopes of hydrogen for the people who are not familiar with that?

Peter: Well, isotopes are atoms of an element that are chemically identical, but they have a slightly different atomic weight.

Dave: Right.

Peter: The same is true of the uranium isotopes; uranium 235 and 238 are the isotopes of uranium. Hydrogen has two isotopes and those, especially tuterium detain the basis for the nuclear fission bomb—the hydrogen bomb. So the uranium hydride weapon that was apparently detonated at Port Chicago was a precurser of the hydrogen bomb. The fusion bomb.

Dave: So this actually, the Mark II, was pointing toward the development of a hydrogen bomb.

Peter: It was. The hydrogen bomb, of course, was Dr Teller's brainchild, and he was the one who had conceived of it. And he wanted to test it very badly. He pushed the H bomb, and he had been pushing on the super, on the hydrogen bomb from the time he got to Los Alamos early in 1943. And he subsequently developed this into the workable weapon—that was when he left Los Alamos at the end of WWII, and went to the newly created Lawrence Livermore laboratory. He took the Mark II uranium hydride technology with him and subsequently tested that device again twice at the Nevada test site in 1953.

Dave: We also should remember that the plutonium device also had implications for the development of the H bomb.

Peter: Well, it did.

Dave: In terms of the explosive lenses.

Peter: Well, what you said is actually correct too, that it was necessary to develop the weapons that were used against Japan in combat during WWII because those would be trigger for the hydrogen bomb. But in effect, the Mark II device was a hybrid - a fission and fusion bomb and demonstrated the enhanced potential of a deterium bomb.

Dave: Now back to the quest for the truth about port chicago. you came across this mark II, and you also in the course of your research, came across correspondence between some of the principal players in the manhattan project in the summer of 1944, about the Mark II.

Peter: I found, during the time I was at Stanford in the library there, there's a microfilm collection put together by the national archive in 1980 or 82. And I was reading through that and found materials that were recorded by the Harvard University president, Conet. He was General Leslie Grove's scientific advisor and also a member of President Roosevelt's atomic bomb policy committee, so he really knew everything that was going on there. And I first found a document of his which is called historical note written July 27th,1944, so that's a few days after the Port Chicago explosion that it was written. And what it reports is a meeting that was held at the University of Chicago on the 17th of July, 1944, that Monday, the day Port Chicago exploded and he reports in these notes that he had a conversation with Robert Oppenheimer at the University of Chicago, and he said, "I propose that we test Mark II as soon as possible, and if it works we can put it on the shelf as Mark II, and we can proceed with less nervousness on the more powerful weapon."

Dave: And this was in what timeframe?

Peter: That is the record of a conversation that was held the early afternoon of the day of the Port Chicago explosion, 17th of July 1944.

Dave: So it's the very same day as Port Chicago took place. Did Oppenheimer recommend it to Conet or the other way around?

Peter: Conet recommends it to Oppenheimer.

Dave: That this would be a really good time, we should test Mark II, and if it works we can put it on the shelf.

Peter: Right. and it's going to be interesting to find out that this conversation that's recorded here actually occurred a number of hours before the Port Chicago explosion and Oppenheimer's response that's recorded here, is that "it's a little too early," but he agrees that a test should be conducted of Mark II as soon as possible.

Dave: Now one of the things that figures into the story too is that something called the B Radius or B Radius Blast Damage.

Peter: It's the "radius of class b damage."

Dave: Radius of class B damage—could you tell us a little bit

about what that is and how that figures into the investigation.

Peter: Sure, an explosion, according to how far a structure, a person, or any obsticle may be to an explosion, either it will be absolutely destroyed, it will be badly damaged, or it will be slightly damaged. Now class A damage; it's gone. Class B damage; it's still there, but it's unusable and it has to be torn down. class C damage is it's repairable, and can be put back in service. The class B radius of damage is what's important, because that includes total destruction and it includes everything that cannot be rebuilt and has to be torn down and reconstructed, so that's the important factor in an explosion if you're trying to determine what the damage is going to be.

Dave: And the "B radius damage"—class B damage was a central focal point of interest to the people involved in the Manhattan Project.

Peter: One month after the Port Chicago explosion, Harvard president James Conet is back at Los Alamos having a meeting with the same men that he'd met with at the University of Chicago, including Oppenheimer and Captain Parsons and Edward Teller, and he writes a memorandum on the 17th of August, one month after the Port Chicago explosion, and he says to General Groves, "it has been decided to put Mark II on the shelf, knowing that it could be developed for combat use in three or four months time, it represents an almost sure thing which we may have to fall back on for using plutonium."

Dave: And this is a document, as I recall—a two page document and those were the only two sentences that were left in the document.

Peter: Well, that's almost true. The other thing that's left is the "radius of class b damage" for the Port Chicago explosion.

Dave: Do you have the document in front of you, Peter?

Peter: Yes, I do.

Dave: If you would read, now bear in mind since this is radio, we can't show people the document—a picture of it. This is a two page document, the entire document was redacted—it was blacked out, being classified not fit for release, except for these two sentences, and if you would read those verbatim into the record please Peter.

Peter: There are a couple of them here, and this is on the second page of this memorandum to General Groves, dated August 17th, 1944 from James Conet, and he says, "if the explosive lens development that's marked for then looks very bad, it may be necessary to work on improving Mark II to see if at least the upper limit of effectiveness..."—and that's blanked out, whatever that was "one kiloton, cannot be raised somewhat." And then in the following paragraph; number six, entitled: "Note on Explosive Damage," he says, "it was agreed that class B damage was damage beyond repair. For the phrase to be of significance, the type of structure must also be named, it was agreed that for dwelling houses, which is an archetypical design—the area of Class B damage was about as follows; for 1000 tons TNT, class B damage =.5 mile radius =.75 square mile area." Now that is the radius of class B damage for Port Chicago , and that is reported in James Conet's memorandum to General Groves of the 17th of August, 1944. so the rationale for putting Mark II on the shelf, is based on the Port Chicago explosion.

Dave: Point is that the "B damage" for Port Chicago is basically the reference point for the Mark II B damage. It's true, and it's also the rationale for the decision to put Mark II on the shelf, and the acknowledgement that it has the development potential for combat use within three or four months time from August. Not only do I find that fascinating, from a logical/analytical standpoint compelling, but bear in mind that this is a two page document—and the rest of the document was blacked out. It would be really interesting to see... if those were the sentences that they left in, what did they take out?

Peter: I know, it really is. Well, I found out a little bit more about it—a friend of mine was able to get a little bit more information on it, but nothing that adds anything significant to it.

Dave: Where is your investigation pointing to at this point, Peter? What are you in a position to tell us, bearing in mind that this is a sensitive topic?

Peter: The study that I've made, former Secretary of Defense, William Perry calls it an "investigation," which may be the more appropriate word than study. My investigation and the findings that I've made have been now reviewed by a professor of history, Martin Bernstein at Stanford, who's an extremely competent judge of these matters, being as he is the most proficient historian of the subject. They've been reviewed by the naval research laboratory, scientists and historians, and all of the material is on the table now. It looks very much as if we're going to have to concede that there was at least a considerable likelihood that Mark II was tested at Port Chicago. Now, in order to get an accurate estimate of that possibility before the public, one of the large metropolitan daily newspapers in the Bay Area is going to undertake, beginning the first week of February, a review of all the associated materials about Mark II and about the Port Chicago explosion. The newspaper will interview all the people that I've interviewed over the years who can contribute information about Mark II, and they're going to publish the analysis.

Dave: Hopefully the article will not be interdicted. I've seen articles underway interdicted when they dealt with matters that were too sensitive, so hopefully this will come to fruition.

Peter: Well I hope it will, so far I haven't had that kind of a problem. But as you say, interdiction is always a possibility, because there's a lot of information here about the design and technology of the nuclear weapon that has never been published before. It's almost a shame that we now know as much about this weapon as we do, because it has a considerable potential, I believe as a low yield portable nuclear weapon that could be conveyed to a target truck or by railcar.

Dave: Something that a terrorist group or a relatively low tech nation could conceivably develop.

Peter: Quite conceivably, it would be quite easy and now we begin to understand more fully why the US was so insistent on recovering the heavy water producing plans from the Norweigans, . All it takes really is a little bit of slightly enriched uranium and some heavy hydrogen and a little engineering technology, and you've got this thing put together. Now since this is all going to come out, they want to tell you exactly what the amount of fissionable material was that was used in the Mark II, and this was taken again from a report by a trip to Los Alamos made by Conet on the 4th of July, 1944, and we can learn from this document that for Mark II, nine kilograms of isotope 235, uranium 235 was employed and two kilograms of plutonium were anticipated to be employed in the Mark II, it could use either plutonium or slightly enriched uranium. It did use nine kilograms of the isotope 235, and that was in a mixture of natural uranium to an enrichment by my estimate of about 20% 235.

Dave: Another interesting point is that one of your correspondents apparently exhibited some reluctance, I believe this was a retired naval officer, indicated that if the truth were to come out about Port Chicago, it could be deleterious, it could leave the Navy open to lawsuits.

Peter: Ashworth had mentioned that possibility, and I think it's inevitable. People are going to sue, and I don't know how it's going to be settled. Hopefully equitably. These men were subjected to an unnecessary military test in my opinion. In historical imperative nonetheless at this date, people are being compensated for the indignities they were made to suffer during WWII, and I think these men certainly did suffer an indignity.

Dave: We should note that the Port Chicago explosion led to a large scale mutiny by black sailors, and that has been a major focal point of African American history in regard to the history of the last fifty or sixty years.

Peter: This is going to be covered pretty well in two television documentaries. That are forthcoming. CBS News productions last month finished last month a film, a documentary on the Port Chicago explosion that I'm told is to be broadcast on the History Channel in February. Morgan Freeman, the actor most people would know perhaps, from *Driving Miss Daisy,* is a very fine actor and former Air Force officer. He is now executive producer of a miniseries docudrama on the Port Chicago mutiny that's to be broadcast sometime in the next few months by NBC.

Dave: We will be looking for that. And we're speaking, by the way, on January 24 of '99. Peter, let me take a minute, because obviously a lot of the discussion has been highly technical, and review some of the key points for members of the audience. First, you came across a document quite by accident. "the history of the 10,000 ton gadget" about the development of a nuclear weapon, and it referred to the mushroom cloud, mushrooming out at 18,000 feet in "Typical Port Chicago fashion", this was the explosion of an ammunition ship. Why would that reference be made in this history of a nuclear weapon?

Although the official explanation was given that the gun weapon was not tested, I think it was because there was not enough uranium available at that time it turned out to be untrue. The explosion gave off a brilliant white flash. Some witnesses reported the entire area being lit to the brightness of daylight. A white flash is characteristic of a nuclear explosion and is not characteristic of the explosion of TNT and torpex, which gives a yellow or orange flash. Most of the explosives on the EA Bryan, according to explosives experts, would not have gone off high order, and therefore the magnitude of the explosion could not be accounted for by the conventional explosives on board that ship. The EA Bryan, the ammunition ship on which the bomb appears to have been secreted, had had heavier booms put on shortly before that, in order to handle a larger weight than had previously been demanded—that is consistent with the weight of a nuclear weapon. A film you believe to be an actual record of the Port Chicago test, turned out to have been made on a type of film that was not available at the time the film was made. A type of film that was no longer being used when the film was ostensibly put together, indicating basically, deception and coverup. The explosion created what appeared to have been a Wilson Condensation Cloud, characteristic of only of nuclear explosions over water.

Edward Teller exhibited a considerable degree of agitation when you showed him the document, "the History of the 10,000 Ton Gadget", saying he would never admit to having seen that document. One wonders why he would be so uncomfortable about a document talking about Port Chicago. I would also point out that the Army/Navy Explosives Safety Board Technical Paper number 6, the report on the explosion of the EA Bryan was reclassified top secret after your article was published in the spring of 1982. One could only imagine what could be more mundane than a report on the explosion of a WWII ammunition ship almost 40 years later. I would point out that Captain Parsons, the bombing officer on board the Anola Gay and in charge of the Bikini Test, later Operation Crossroads, wrote the report on the Port Chicago explosion for Los Alamos and there was a great deal of interest in that explosion on the part of Los Alamos. the switch to the devlopment of the plutonium implosion device took place about a month after Port Chicago. The records indicate that two railroad cars that were loaded at Los Alamos and shipped to Port Chicago had the records of the contents destroyed, again indicating a coverup. You had a break in, in which your papers were stolen, then you came across the Mark II weapon, which was an implosion device and one of the precursors of the hydrogen bomb. This was the Mark II. The day the Port Chicago explosion took place, correspondance between Robert Oppenheimer and James Conet indicated the desire on the part of some of the participants to test Mark II, and then a month after the explosion in a two page document it was pointed out that the B radius damage was consistent with a 1 kiloton explosion reference, basically the damage radius of Port Chicago as indicating the Mark II worked, and that the Mark II could then be put on the shelf and developed for use for combat within three or four months Again, all of that information taken in concert, I believe very strongly to the correctness to your original hypothesis that that was in all probability a deliberate test. Peter, we are almost out of time. I want to thank you once again for your work., and thank you for spending some time with us.

Peter: Thank you Dave. You've done just a wonderful summary of this history over the years, and the summary that you've made tonight is just flawless. I thank you.

I almost wrote about my most recent seizure. Maybe next month.

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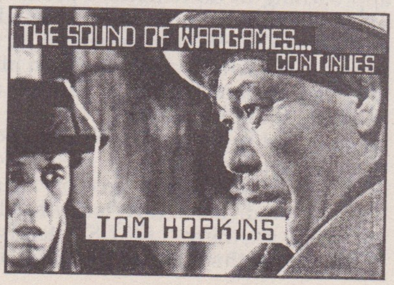

Die-cut packaging and "can you feel my heartbeat" red vinyl on the "Antipodes" comp EP (Level Plane, PO Box 280, NY, NY 10276). While the dictionary definition of antipodes doesn't really fit the bands of this comp (NEIL PERRY, HASSAN I SABBAH, JEROMES DREAM, USURP SYNAPSE, and THE ASSISTANT) as none of them seem diametrically opposed to the others. They're all a few distortion twists and strained vocal chords away from each other and all happen to be the better examples of meth-fueled panic screamo-core. But, I could be pressured to mention that THE ASSISTANT begins to show an antipodal tendency with the length and development in its song, but the urgency of the other bands is still present. I'm fairly certain that there's a split LP from THE ASSISTANT in the crystal ball.

The only band that I would have rounded out the "Antipodes" comp with would be ORCHID. But who needs a one song comp tease when there's a new 10" (Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116)? Still fast, pissed and frantic, but with a bit of expansion on the drama in the guitars. In fact, for all the buzz and twitching on this release, the music has a clarity that sometimes gets lost in the recording mud of similar bands. The cover of the 10" sports the White Panther Party logo which goes well with the title "Dance Tonight! Revolution Tomorrow!"

At this point I think the electronic damaged remixes of BLACK CAT #13 outnumber the fierce UK post-riot grrrl synth-injected tunes that provide the sound waves for the B.P.M. masters to play with. (Electric Human Project, 500 South Union St., Wilmington, DE 19805).

Moganono Records (8 Candlewood Dr., Andove, MA) put out the ETTIL VRYE/TIPPING CANOE split LP that had some well worked MOSS ICON homage. Now, Moganono has another band with a late '80s Annapolis sound: KOLYA. Their "The Story Becomes The Vehicle" EP really reminds me of the "Memorial" EP by MOSS ICON because of the soliloquy style of the vocals and the landscape backup of the music. Another recent Moganono release, the ANTON BOARDMAN EP, is not on the M.I. tip. With quotes from Chinua Acheebe, song lyrics and explanations that reference Arthur Miller and Spalding Gray, and the inclusion of a bookmark, ANTON BOARDMAN is nerd-emo for sure. I have no doubts that their glasses are for function and not fashion. Barked vocals with a bit of a high pitch as well as a thick and strutting bass are the leaders of this hike with the drums and guitars trying their best to push by them. Both EPs are $3 ppd.

!!! tends to get excessive butt pats or harsh clotheslining. Both extremes are unwarranted. Before I discuss their full length on GSL (threeoneg.com) I'll note quickly that I find them difficulty to comment on as all I know about funk I learned from the pile of vinyl METERS reissues that Rhino has been responsible for and comparing any band to the METERS isn't fair. Comparisons to the BIG BOYS are also unfair as !!! has no punk or rock'n'roll elements whatsoever. So, I'll mention that !!! does have a funk sound with horns and a trace of R&B that is tight enough for tempo geeks and loose enough for dancing. Complaint time: the vocals are terrible. The delivery doesn't match the tunes and (this may not make any sense) the length of the lines are too short wordwise and compromise the music's verses. Additional complaint: the lyrics are a handful of 5¢ cliches slapped around a song topic. Without the singer, I'd be the first in line to give an "atta boy" fanny paddle to !!!.

TRAPDOOR FUCKING EXIT's CD on Bridge (Box 1903, 58118, Linkoping, SWEDEN) has picked up a couple of RITES OF SPRING mentions. Must be the melody that runs alongside the rumble and ugly that is giving folks trouble with their reviews. It's a melodic hammer halfway between TRAGEDY and TORCHES TO ROME/BREAD & CIRCUITS. The occasional breakdowns that create several moments of expansion in the songs are guided by a killer bass rattle. The vocals previously ran around in LAST MATCH. Here they're still harsh but up front and (pardon the Swedish band comparison) come across as a less bossy REFUSED, both vocally and lyrically. The spoiled US punkers luck out because Bridge Records has good distro on these shores.

The BOOKS LIE "It A Weapon" LP/CD was reviewed elsewhere a number of months ago. So, what? An egomaniac of my level needs his voice heard! At first I thought the BORN AGAINST comparisons others made about this record were way off and kind of lazy. But when listening to this on headphones I can hear a bit of BORN AGAINST in the scratchy/stomachy vocals. But the vocals, and BOOKS LIE 21st century send up of NY City DIY hardcore, has a catch and pull that tends to be the domain of the pop-punkers. But this ain't sweet at all, just a fast

groove for dancing fast. Booyah! (Bushwick, PO Box 52, NY, NY 10276).

I was amazed by the definition of "heavy metal" in the Webster's dictionary and eager to plagiarize one of the phrases as soon as possible. I'll do just that with this review of the PARTY OF HELICOPTERS two song, one sided 12" (Progeria, PO Box 2198, Church Street Station, NY, NY 10008-2198). The aerospace vocals and guitar licks of the songs of PARTY OF HELICOPTERS all have an *air of the fantastic*. Really, the dudes putting together the music to the *Lord Of The Rings* movie adaptation need to get a PARTY OF HELICOPTERS song for any scenes where folks are running really fast through some sort of a mystical field. This 12" is limited, but the "Mount Forever" and "Abracadaver" LPs aren't.

What to expect on the CONVOCATION OF... CD (GSL, threeoneg.com)? The steady progression that I've mentioned previously from UOA to GREAT UNRAVELING to this CONVOCATION OF... Song to song the bass and drums create a thick, low laying and downtuned fog that a sharp guitar pierces through with brassy noodling. The reservation and repetitive focus lacks the energy that would pull me in for repeat listens. The packaging has the space age black light art for our 21st century.

The BEAUTIFUL SKIN "Revolve" CD (GSL, thre eoneg.com) is ten tracks of electronic sex that left me with no post-coital regrets. I'll boldly state that this isn't some half-assed "hey look, we're open minded punks" product. Even more boldly (an likely displaying mass ignorance on my part): it can go in the KRAFTWERK and POLE section of my useless record collection with its head held high. Two fellas, a synth, guitar, and smooth fucking vocals.

A majority of the bands on the "We Are Your Favorite Bands" CD (Spine Punch, rokkgod@hotmail.com) are upbeat in a pop, pogo, or melodic punk style: NO XSCAPE, HERETICS, COMMON ENEMY, STRUGGLERS. But there are a few heavy-hardcore bands (INHUMANE and HATE BURNS COLD) plus a bizarro rock-a-billy act (ROADHOGS).

Subjugation (PO Box 191, Darlington, DL3 8YN, UK) goes pop! The sugar of the PYLON CD isn't something found on past Subjugation but the sharpness is. Fans of the Texas emo-pop (SORE LOSER), bands on Rebound/Arms Reach, and even PROMISE RING will enjoy the backbone of PYLON. Those who like the harmony and lyrics of SQUEEZE and the bridges of ELVIS COSTELLO will enjoy how they are reflected by these ex-CHOPPER boys. This is as fun to listen to as the THREE MINUTE MOVIE CD on Snuffy Smile.

Mentioning the Rebound/Arms Reach label gives me just the lead in I need to discuss the "Friends Of Ours" CD with PINEWOOD DERBY and FIGHTSHY. The pop melodies and vocal harmonizing of both these bands make them great candidates for the distro roster of the above mentioned label. ($10, Line Red, PO Box 31408, Mesa, AZ 85275-1408).

Remember all the nice things I said about the I HATE MYSELF 12"s? Me neither, the specifics at least. The review was probably full of a lot of my typical "they're masters of the emo of the early/mid 90's" and "boo hoo hoo, I don't like the indie rockers from the Midwest." As I wrote on I probably noted that the soft to loud and the meandering buildups were urgent and compelling and not at all rehash. I might have even mentioned that fans of Reprecussion bands like EMBASSY and INDIAN SUMMER would enjoy the twists and turns of I HATE MYSELF. I'm positive that I tied the review up with a positive endorsement. Listen to this CD of their 12"s (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604) and tell me if I'm still right. I think so, but I'd add that I really hate the song about wanting to be in a motorcycle gang. Play that too loud and it could easily become a song about getting beat up by a motorcycle gang!

The POISON ARROWS CD on Sound On Sound (PO Box 687, Berkeley, CA 94704) doesn't have the post-punk angularity I tend to associate with that label. This ex-THUMBNAIL band is of the atmosphere/mood music variety. Extremely light on the distortion, generous with the string picking, and vocals that blend the alt-country sound of SCUD MOUNTAIN BOYS and recent construction at the NUZZLE site. Simple and stark (though the tones are rich).

The horror! Volume 2 of Ape Records', now And Here My Troubles Began...(PO Box 421, Mooresville, IN 46158), "Songs of the Dead." Just so you know, Volume I was a 7" EP with a handful of bands, Volume 2 is a CD with a shitload of bands. The loose theme of horror movies continues which is twisted, sampled, and screeched by such champs as I, ROBOT, RACEBANNON, THE LOCUST, and DEVOLA. The best track comes from SPIRIT OF VERSAILLES who totally destroy with their anthemic guitar wall and minced throat vocals. Imagine my desire to hear the upcoming LP that And Here My Troubles Began will be involved in.

I've been listening to the CLOCKS CD on Trackstar a lot lately. I fucking love the wisdom of the lines "Don't you ever get sick of yourselves? Don't you ever get sick on yourselves?"

Bay Area locals THE SHIVERING have a CD (No! PO Box 14088, Berkeley, CA 94712) with songs that has me thinking of what the second MONSULA LP could have been. Especially the way the guitar melody will bang right up against the vocals before and during a breakdown. Totally communicates being frustrated but not being beat. Speaking the name RITES OF SPRING is appropriate because of THE SHIVERING's refusal to hold any emotions back.

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After an unacceptably pathetic delay on my part, I present a mini-interview with GSL head honcho Sonny Kay about GSL's LAB Remix series. This series has seen a number of column favorites tweaked and diddled on 12" vinyl. Here's the discography that Sonny provided:

LAB 1: SUNSHINE "Astral Love" Remixes (including BIT BOB and TOXICKY BOOM) 12"
LAB 2: OUTHUD & !!! split 12"
LAB 3: THE CONVOCATION OF... 12"
LAB 4: THE LOCUST "Well, I'll be a Monkey's Uncle" double 12" (including I AM SPOONBENDER, BASTARD NOISE, KID 606, WIZARDS OF WAR aka PHYSICS' John Goff, CHRISTOF DA BABALON and SINKING BODY.

Even though I took forever to get this completed this interview was the most fun I've had so far with an email interview. Sonny obviously thought through all of his responses but was able to type in a conversational tone. He also didn't blink when I used the interview as a means to learn more about BAUHAUS, a band I had heard he is a big fan of. Before I began with the questions, Sonny gave his own intro:

Ok, I guess I want to preface this with my little spiel" the whole purpose of this informal series is to provide a medium whereby "punk" bands can release material that would not work within their "traditional" formats (mainly due to the accepted notion of what is and is not acceptable within any given genre). Having said that, I would also want to point out that this is by no means geared towards "dance" music, drum n bass, electronica, yadda yadda yadda. Some of them obviously fall into that category, but others (namely THE CONVOCATION OF...) really kind of challenge (I think) the idea even of what a remix itself is. Most of "the kids" I've heard from were disappointed cause that record was not "remix" enough for them, but I have no idea what that means. I mean I DO, but I don't, you know? I digress.

Is a LAB Remix something that is available to all GSL bands?
Yes, all bands on the label are welcome to approach me about remixes and I am open to just about anything that sounds interesting and worthwhile. Since everyone is sort of at a different "stage" or whatever, I don't think they are necessarily the most useful or appropriate thing for EVERYONE, but I haven't really been disappointed with any of them yet.

How have the remixers been chosen? Does GSL handle that or do the bands send the remixed tracks in?
Basically, the bands have been responsible for the remixes chosen/used, and in most cases for seeking out the remix-er in question. Although there are certainly people I feel comfortable about approaching to do remixes, I prefer to let the bands do and go where they wish. I don't want to wind up with a bunch of remixes by, say, KID 606—there would be no point, right? He in particular is immensely generous with his time and work and I love what he has done for THE LOCUST and RAPTURE, but variety is indeed the spice of life.

Has interest in each release been about the same or have some been more popular?
THE LOCUST remixes have by far sold the most, but I guess that was predictable. It certainly has the most "big" names on it, and really anything "LOCUST" tends to move pretty rapidly.

What are the three must have BAUHAUS releases?

Three must have BAUHAUS releases? Alright!
1) "Mask" LP—Hands down their single best album and, in my opinion, their creative peak and really what they are "about" to me.
2) "Bela Lugosi's Dead" 12"—Far superior than the live version that wound up on the singles compilations, not to mention the glorious, unneccesary lengthiness of a debut single. And it was 12" only-yes!
3) "Burning From The Inside" LP—The last one and even though 1/2 of it is essentially LOVE & ROCKETS (as Peter Murphy was in the hospital recovering from drug addiction—I read the book!) it proves to me how versatile they were and that even at the very end they were thoroughly innovative and challenging.
What a geek.

Can you give any insight in to the difficulty (physical/mental/emotional) of remixing a track? Some might think it's just a few minutes of knob twisting and fairly easy to do.
Honestly, I don't know all that much about the process of remixing a song. I have often thought of trying to involve myself more but haven't, mainly due to the persistent time constraints everything else imposes. I think it is, in fact, pretty easy to do one—but much more difficult to do one well. Same thing as being a band, I suppose.

Have you gotten any responses about the releases from outside of the bands usual audiences?
The remixes haven't yet really broken through to any "scene" beyond each band's respective audience, at least not to any large degree. THE LOCUST, I think, has the most potential to do so, and I think the upcoming CD version will contribute to that. There is definitely an international appeal to that one more than the others.

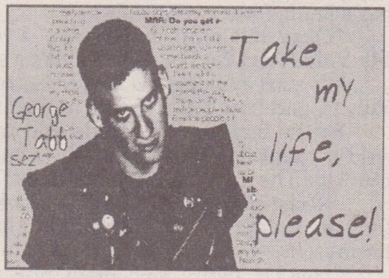
Are there any remix releases that you had wanted to do that fell through?
Nothing has fallen through, per se, though there are a handful of remix records that have been discussed, planned, scheduled and delayed repeatedly...the GOGOGO AIRHEART/RAPTURE was one of them and now the CRIMSON CURSE/LE SHOK is another. Eventually...

I'm not really sure about the best way to get in touch with GSL or Sonny at the moment, so I'd suggest going to either threeoneg.com or imusicd.com to answer any questions you have about the LAB series or other GSL creations.

Buying guide: BEAUTIFUL SKIN CD, PARTY OF HELICOPTERS 12", SHIVERING CD, BOOKS LIE LP, TRAPDOOR FUCKING EXIT CD, ORCHID 10", ANTON BOARDMAN.

Records I listened to while typing my handwritten reviews into the computer: MC5 "Back In The USA" LP, BEATLES "Revolver" LP, and REAL KIDS "s/t" LP.

I remain, Tom Hopkins, your emo columnist and may be reached at: PO Box 11661, Berkeley, CA 94712. Shut up and skate.



So this is a few years back.

"Hello? Is this George, from Iron Prostate?" asked the female voice on the phone.

Iron Prostate was my current band at the time.

"Who's this?" I ask. Her voice is kinda sexy.

"George?" she asks again.

I tell her I'm George.

"Hi," she says to me, then goes on to explain her name is Suzy and she is with the *New York Planet*. Or *New York Orbit*. Or *New York Mirror*. Or something. Some paper I never heard of.

"How'd you get my number?" I ask her. I'm unlisted. I don't like strangers calling. Actually, I don't like anyone calling. It interrupts my heavy wrist activity.

"I got it from someone over at the RCP, I think," she says.

I drop my Gameboy. "The commies have my phone number?" I yell at her.

"I think so," she says. She then goes on to explain that maybe it wasn't The Revolutionary Communist Party, maybe it was just the Yippies. Doh.

"So, what can I do for you, Suzy?" I ask her. She sounds cute and I figure her for a blonde. All Suzys are blonde.

"I was wondering if Iron Prostate would be interested in playing the park. We are having a big celebration for Earth Day and I was just thinking...."

"Wow!" I exclaim. "The Park! We'd love to play!"

"Really?" she says, "Wow, that'd be awesome."

I imagine myself and the band on that big stage over-looking Manhattan. Thousands and thousands of people watching us. Getting to play with Sting, The Talking Heads, Bob Dylan, or who ever played those damn things in Central Park. We'd be stars. Pretty upper-west side chicks would blow us just to get Sting's autograph.

"We'd love to play," I say to Suzy again, "Just tell us what time, and what kind of equipment we need."

"Well, we just got a new sound system working", Suzy explains, "and the police have agreed not to hassle us since we have a permit. I figure you guys will go on in between some other local East Village acts. We may even get a big star like Thurston Moore."

"Ummmm," I stutter. Something was wrong. Thurston Moore, a big star? What about Sting? What about Bob Dylan? Hell, I'd settle for fucking Michael Bolton.

"Suzy," I say, "I'm a bit confused. Where in Central Park is this taking place?"

Suzy laughs her little blonde Suzy laugh, then explains to me that the show is not in "that park, silly," it's in Tompkins Square Park.

Things change. Very quickly. I don't care how cute or blonde she is. I'm not playing that hellhole. Even if Thurston Moore is gonna be there.

"Ummm, Suzy," I say, "I think we are kind of busy Earth Day, sorry, I forgot."

"Oh, really? That's too bad," she says, "We'd really have loved to have you guys. We were gonna do a big write up on you and your band. That's too bad."

I tell her I'm really sorry, but that I forgot, our singer, is gonna be out of town. Most likely he'd just be out of it. Drunk.

"Okay George," she says, with disappointment in her voice, "if you can think of any other bands, let me know, okay?"

I tell her I will, am about to hang up the phone, then get a great idea.

"Suzy," I say, "Listen, just 'cause Iron Prostate can't play that show doesn't mean that my other band can't play. We are totally available, and probably more of the kind of band you are looking for for Earth Day, anyway."

"What's your other band, George?" she asks.

I tell her. The Gynecologists. The best band to ever exist on the island of Manhattan. I explain to her that we all dress as doctors, Gynecologists, with white coats, masks, and everything. We even wear rubber gloves. I tell her that we are very pro-choice, and that is our message. The message of a woman's right to choose. I also explain to her that we have played many rallies for many causes, including headlining the opening celebration of a Planned Parenthood in Washington, D.C. She is very impressed. She should be. I made up everything except the part about what we wear.

"And you guys will play our Earth Day show?" She asks, excited.

"Well, Suzy," I say, "What exactly is the show for?" All of a sudden I'm all high and mighty. Blondes.

She tells me it's for Earth Day. To save the planet. Keep it clean. Stop the corporations from destroying the ozone. What ever. I'd have played it if it was a KKK or Nazi Rally. With The Gynecologists.

"We'll play," I tell her. "We'd be honored to. We love our Mother Earth."

She tells me she is honored to have us play. A band that helped open a Planned Parenthood in Washington, D.C. She tells us there will be plenty of Riot Grrrls there, and they'll love us. As well as squatters and East Village hipsters. That we should go over very well. I tell her I know we will.

"We'll need equipment," I tell her.

"Like what?" she asks.

"Well, everything, I tell her. Except for guitars. I tell her that

The Gynecologists are so famous that we usually have to leave right after a show so that we don't get mobbed by autograph seeking fans. It's a half truth. We do get mobbed. But for other reasons.

"Okay," she agrees. I'll see you there.

*

The Gynecologists arrive to Tompkins Square Park on a bright and sunny Earth Day. Good day for a riot, I figure. In a bag, over my stepdad's shoulder, are our costumes. White coats, masks, gloves, everything.

"Ready George?" asks Nick, my stepfather.

"Ha," I say to him.

We make our way toward the stage, where a hippie woman is singing and playing folk guitar. There are a bunch of dancers behind her, all dressed African or something. As we walk through the crowd, I have to step sideways not to step on seated squatters, hippies, and dirtbags out for the free "entertainment."

"Hey Dr. Tabb," exclaims Evan, my then guitar player. Evan couldn't really play guitar. That's why I hired him.

"Hey Dr. Cohen," I say back to him. He nods his head.

"Dr. Tabb," says Dr. Cohen, "have you seen Dr. Dornfeld, or Dr. Linn lately?"

I tell Evan that I have not seen our bass player or drummer yet. Dr. Dornfeld, Glen, was another musician, who couldn't play. Although, unlike Evan, he didn't know this, and thought he could. We liked to humor him. But it got old pretty quick.

Dr. Linn, our drummer, was the only real musician in the band. That's why we eventually had to ask that he resign.

"George?" asks this blonde chick as we get near the stage.

"Suzy?" I say. It's her. I know it. Blonde hair. Hippie dress.

"I'm Suzy," she says, and goes on again to tell me the name of her newspaper. *The New York Planet*. Or *The New York Orbit*, Or *The New York Press*. Whatever.

"I'm so glad you could make it," she says in a perky voice.

I thank her, and introduce her to Nick and Evan. As I am doing so, Mike and Glen come walking up. Our drummer and bass player.

"I thought you guys wore costumes," she said to me.

"We do, they are in Nick's bag." Nick points to the bag over his shoulder.

"Well, why don't you come backstage. You can get dressed there. You are on next, you know."

We follow Suzy "backstage." It's the space between the back of the trailer that is the stage, and a fence.

"This is Christina and Kathleen," explains Suzy to all of us, "they are riot grrrls!" I think that's what she said.

"Pleased to meet you," I say as I shake their hands. They both have good grips. Like real men.

Suzy explains to the girls that we are The Gynecologists, a great P.C. band, and that we are gonna play next. She tells them about the D.C. Planned Parenthood show.

"I'm from D.C.," says Kathleen, "and I don't remember you guys ever playing down there."

"Maybe it was a day you weren't around," says Evan, quickly, saving my ass.

"Maybe," she says, skeptically. We listen to the woman on stage finish her song, then hear some speaker guy get up to the mic, and start to go on about Mother Earth, and how we, as human beings, oppress her. Nick makes some bad jokes, and we all laugh.

"Perhaps you guys should get dressed now," says Suzy, "You are on in five minutes." Nick takes our costumes out of his bag, and we suit up for surgery. Or the show. Whatever. Evan looks great in his white doctor coat and white mask. And green rubber gloves. The rest of the band looks swell also. Even Glen. With his dumb beard that we begged him to shave off. Thank God his mask covered it. Kathleen and Christina or whatever their names are look at us funny as we dress, and I smile politely to them. They have no idea what they are in for. Although our average set length is only five minutes, that should be long enough for them to want to kill us. I look around the park and scope it out in my mind. For a quick escape.

From the stage we hear the guy now going on about the evil police presence in the East Village, and how it is horrible and bad to the neighborhood, and the earth, and it's overall vibe. These hippies are gonna love us. Finally the guy stops talking and we hear Suzy's voice.

"Okay, everyone, now, please, let's have a round of applause for The Gynecologists!" she yells.

We hear a few claps.

"Ready doctors?" asks Evan from behind his mask.

"Scrubbed in" says Dr. Linn.

"Me too," I say.

"Can I play a solo?" asks Dr. Dornfeld. We ignore him.

We all run up on stage in our outfits, and find the amps we are supposed to plug into. I plug into a shitty no-name guitar amp, as does Evan. Glen plugs into a pretty nice bass rig, and Mike sits on a drum stool behind one snare and one cymbal.

"We are The Gynecologists, from Washington D.C." I say to the crowd of hundreds of squatters and hippies, and also commies. I didn't see them before, but they had their big red flags on proud display. Jerks.

"This is our ultra-sound check," I yell, and with that, the whole band makes noise for about seven seconds. Then stops. Tightly. Everyone claps.

"Thank you," says Evan, errr, Dr. Cohen. "And now for our next number, we'll do Labia of Love. One-two-three-four!" and the band kicks into the song. Ten seconds long. All I yell is Labia of Love, over and over again. In a voice that sounds almost like Satan. Only tougher. The crowd applauds. Dopes.

"Hey Dr. Cohen," I say after the song ends, "How do you make a woman have an Orgasm?"

"I don't know, Dr. Tabb, how do you make a woman have an Orgasm?" says Evan back to me.

"Who cares!" I yell, then count off, and we go into Vulva Volcano. I yell "Eruption, eruption, eruption, yeah!", and the song ends. People have begun to boo us. For our joke. And our music. Actually, they are both the same.

"Hey Dr. Tabb," says Evan.

"Yes Dr. Cohen?" I say.

"How many riot grrrls does it take to screw in a light bulb?" he asks.

"I don't know Dr. Cohen, how many riot grrrls does it take to screw in a light bulb?" By this time, bottles and trash starts flying in our direction.

"Riot Grrrls don't screw!" Evan yells back to me. I yell "At Your Cervix", and we kick into the song. All nine seconds of it. Glen goes crazy on the bass, going up and down the neck. Mike hits the drum like crazy. I repeat the words "At Your Cervix" about a dozen times. Then we stop. The crowd now starts to throw more bottles at us and boo us even more.

"Fuck you, you dirty squatter fucks," I say into the mic. "And fuck your stupid faggy Earth Day, pussies," I add.

"Yeah, fuck you," says Evan.There is a lot more booing, and I look to the side of the stage to see Suzy standing next to Christina and Kathleen or whatever their names are. Suzy looks genuinely scared, and keeps putting her finger across her throat. As if to say, "Stop." I ignore her.

"Why don't you filthy fuckers take showers," I yell to the audience. A lot of people, who were seated, are now standing, and yelling at us. Good reaction, I figure. I look over to Nick. He has a smile from ear to ear.

"Okay, this one's a new one," I yell, "and it's called Hop In My Vulva And Go For A Ride." It's a song Glen wrote.

We start playing the eleven second song, and I sing about Vulvas, and how I like to ride in them. Duh.

By the time the song ends, it is raining garbage and bottles. And a chant has started too. By a bunch of squatters and communists. The guys with the big flags.

"Racist-Sexist-Anti Gay, Gynecologists Go Away!" is what they are saying. It's great. I couldn't have written something better myself.

"Hey Dr. Tabb?" says Evan, now covered in old newspapers and spit.

"Yes Dr. Cohen?" I say.

"Why did the Riot Grrrl cross the street?"

"Why did the Riot Grrrl cross the street?" I ask Dr. Cohen.

"To suck my dick," he replies.

That did it.

"Racist-Sexist-Anti Gay, Gynecologists Go Away!" gets louder than ever, and now they start to throw entire garbage cans at us. Some of them on fire. I know we have to end the set before we die.

"We only got a couple more songs," I say, as I look at Suzy,

who looks like she is gonna faint.

"But before we play, we'd just like to thank the Ninth preicent, for being there when we need them. God bless the police." Some people in the crowd run up to the stage and try to hit me. I kick them. "Anyway," I say, "This one's by Dr. Cohen. And is sung by him. It's called, Counselor Troi, Boy Toy!" We kick into the song, and Evan belts out the lyrics. I won't repeat them because I know we are gonna use them on a Furious George record. It's that good of a song. By the time we finish it, we can't hear our own instruments over the jeering and chants. One more, I figure.

"Hey Dr. Dornfeld," I say, for a change of pace.

"Yes Dr. Tabb?" he says, happy to be included in the shtick.

"What do you call the excess flesh around the vagina?" I say.

"What Dr. Tabb?"

I sneer at him. He was supposed to repeat the whole line. Whatever. He then catches on.

"I dunno, Dr. Tabb, what do you call the excess flesh around the vagina?"

"A woman," I say, and then yell, "Okay, this is our last one, It's called Hasta Vagina Baby!"

We do the song, which lasts thirteen seconds. An epic by Gynecologist's standards. Then we get the hell off stage. I am only cut in a few places, and soaked with spit, and what I think is urine. Someone must have pissed in a bottle and threw it at me. Punk rock.

Backstage we take off our masks, gloves, and coats, and look normal again. Christina and Kathleen or whatever their names are walk up to us, call us assholes, and inform us that Riot Grrrls do indeed screw. Evan tells them that he knows they do, but with each other. They tell us to fuck off and walk away.

Suzy then comes up to us and I feel my heart sink. She is gonna either start crying or kill me.

"George," she begins. Everyone looks at me.

"I just want to tell you that was the funniest thing I ever saw. The paper is gonna hate me, but you guys were great."

I thank her and we hug. She's really nice.

Somehow, Dr. Dornfeld and Dr. Linn take off, and that leaves me and Dr. Cohen, and Nick, my stepdad. We exit from backstage and no one says anything to us. Then I realize we are not in costume, and we are not recognized.

We make our way through the crowd, and we see some of the commies still chanting "Racist-Sexist Anti Gay, Gynecologists, Go Away!" I kind of have to laugh.

"You think it's funny," says one them A really fat bearded guy with a beret and bad body odor.

"I thought the band was great," I say, "they were really clever. I'd see them again!" The fat guy tells me I disgust him and to get out of his sight. Nick starts to argue with the guy about a sense of humor, but it is obvious he has none. I have to drag Nick away before he beats up the fat guy. As we exit the park I run into Thurston Moore from Sonic Youth, and some of his pals. He tells me his guitar is broken, and can he borrow mine. He also tells me he liked our set. I thank him, but tell him he can't borrow my guitar. I've heard him play. He doesn't know how to. In hindsight, I should have given him the guitar and asked him to join The Gynecologists. He'd have fit in just fine.

Endnotes:
1. teninchesofjoy@georgetabb.com
2. By the time you read this, hopefully, Furious George will be working on our next record.
3. Saw some cool bands here including X-Possibles, Piss Ants, & Tang - who fucking rule my world!
4. Punk Rock!

SEE YOU AROUND

The friggin' COMIC PSYCHOS have a double LP "Greatest Hits" retrospective out on the racks now. This shit is the rawest bunch of no-good rock and roll released in the year 2000. This is blood-curdling Aussie pub-rock at its nastiest.

The COSMIC PSYCHOS plow through hit after hit including some of their originals like "Down On The Farm", "Lost Cause", "Dead Roo", "Custom Credit", "No Money", "Can't Come In", "Thank Your Mother for the Rabbits", and "Chainsaw", plus some ripping covers such as "Garbage Rock"—originally performed by HALO OF FLIES, "There She Goes Again," from Mr. Lou Reed's VELVET UNDERGROUND, and a fine version of "Shove" by L-7. For you motherfuckers who haven't been paying attention, this is *the* bar band for consuming mass quantities of beer! You college-boy panty-waists that think the HELLACOPTERS or the DEMONICS know about rock n' roll better listen to the COSMIC PSYCHOS immediately. These men mercilessly trash all your safe little Estrus/Rip Off label bands. The new double LP is called *15 Years—A Million Beers* and it's available from Dropkick Records, PO Box 192, East Melbourne, Victoria, 3002, Australia.

Jake and Charged Records have an excellent LP available for you right now by the tough hardcore chaos punk band THE VIRUS. THE VIRUS' new LP, *Still Fighting for a Future,* brings you inspired spikes and leather punk with a respectable nod to old UK punk influences, like 1983 era RIOT SQUAD. THE VIRUS is absolutely relentless with the musical assault as well as the lyrical incisions. Read the words to "Who's Gonna Pay": "Can you feel the tension on the rise?/Do you hear the people's silent cries?/Kids trying to grab the American dream/The one they see on the TV screen/Spend half your life behind a fucking desk/Strain your mind to learn the fucking text/Do what you're told and learn these fucking rules/Cause you'll be nothing if you don't go to school/Lies presented and taught as a fact/Taught how to think and how to act/Be responsible and obey/Next thing you know you're a slave/*Who's gonna pay for their lies?/Who's gonna pay for their lies?/Not me*/The mission is clear it is to control/They'll sell your body, mind and then your soul/You better act or you will be a slave/You better think or you will be a slave/So before you believe what you are told/Make sure these facts aren't part of the mold/Make up your mind to truly be free/Create your world and your own destiny/Lies presented and taught as a fact/Taught how to think and how to act/Be responsible and obey/Next thing you know you're a slave". These guys know how to play melodic punk rock with hooks and still deliver the crushing hardcore blow to the cranium. Listen to "Battles", a really well written song with lots of great punk music for you. Order *Still Fighting For a Future* from Charged Records, PO Box 157, High Bridge, New Jersey 08829, USA; www.chargedrecords.com.

U.F.C. from Fort Lauderdale, Florida had an EP out on Charged Records last year. Now U.F.C. follow up that strong debut EP with a self-released four song gem called *All that I Despise.* This fucker blisters through "Still Here", "Second State", "Politics", and "La Resaca"—all fast, furious and overtly political. Good shit! Write to U.F.C. at PO Box 813, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316; www.ufcdrunx.homestead.com.

You hardcore fans are in luck! TOTALITAR and DISCLOSE have a split LP available for you! This is one of the most brutal dual-pronged attack you will ever witness! TOTALITAR continue the mayhem they have been perpetuating for all these years. The Prank Records output by TOTALITAR has only partially prepared you for this mind- boggling punk assault. Brutal! Flip this LP over and you get more of the filth and the fury that is DISCLOSE. This is fast speed-punk with shouted vocals and metal drenched guitar. Yes! This is absolutely killer frantic punk angst! The ferocious double bomb blast of DISCLOSE and TOTALITAR will reduce your petty world to rubble. The Swedish lyrics of TOTALITAR are interpreted for English speakers thusly: "Our society is increasingly adjusting to the neo-liberal Gospel. This benefits the few and leaves the rest of us to struggle against each other in a law of the jungle. Brutality spreads and we're all affected as solidarity is crumbled and there seems to be no end to how far human exploitation can go in the name of commercialization. Another aspect of the how the Swedish society has become more brutal in recent years is the official policies toward criminality. Longer sentences and a generally less human attitude to criminals have been imported from primarily the US and firmly implemented. These policies have no affect in decreasing criminality—but the lack of progress in scientific terms is replaced with old-fashioned revenge. It's disgusting." Great political punk with the ruthless hardcore in-

your-face approach! Get this shit from: Y.O.J. Records, Marmorv. 14B, 752 44 Uppsala, Sweden; musick rumm.mail.te:a.com.

Also available from DISCLOSE this month is *The Nuclear Victims* EP with an alcohol-soaked, guitars-cranked up-really-high grind to it. The garbled vocals are the tortured cries of a desperate man. This band is fucked up hard and they're taking you down with them! Listen to the despair in the songs on this DISCLOSE EP! This world we live in is one hundred percent tragic! Order from Whisper in Darkness Records, PO Box 40113,, Portland, OR 97240-0113.

Yes! There's more hardcore insanity for you knuckleheads! The legendary KAAOS from Finland has a blistering split EP with SVART AGGRESSION. This fucker kicks ass! KAAOS start off with "Alternative", originally recorded in 1984 and then they rip into "Who dies for who? Read this you fucks: have you ever played a game of war/the only aim is to destroy/generals proving their power/only destroy means something//that's the only thing they know/murdering, raping, and slaughtering/they've been waiting for their chance all their lives/I'll be dead tomorrow/I'll get a cross full of beautiful words/I was sacrificed for my fatherland/and now the parade is standing around of my grave." KAAOS plow through "Riot" and "Nazis and Commies" all fast, all good, all hard!

On the "B" side you have SVART AGGRESSION dropping major hardcore bombage on your hapless headbone. This is "Save the Animals" "Spare the Earth" hardcore at its best! Rough shit! Write to Fight Records, Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, Finland.

Whoa! One of the most sought after Japanese thrash compilations, *Eye of the Thrash Guerrilla*, has been re-released. This fucker has some of the most legendary hardcore maniacs Japan ever produced in the eighties. You are treated to aural overkill supplied by DEATHSIDE, RAISE CAIN, the amazing S.O.B., NIGHTMARE, CROW and more. This LP will take the paint right of your walls, not to mention killing your last two remaining brain cells. Get it!

Fucking NATIONAL RAZOR from Baltimore, Maryland have a fine LP available for you called *Finally Death is Coming*. This melodic guitar-oriented punk-for-the-youth is some of the freshest, most encouraging punk material to emerge from the states bordering the Mason-Dixon line in many a moon. This kind of punk band gives you the optimism to keep fighting in a battle that is surely futile. This is punk rock with the banners of good and evil unfurled on the same playing field. You must make the most of a truly unworkable situation. Listen to "Riot", "Self-Defenseless" and "Dress for Success". Good shit! Write to NATIONAL RAZOR at: Morphius Records, PO Box 13474, Baltimore, MD 21203, morphius@erols.com. Get the *Finally Death is Coming* EP as soon as possible!

TKO is poised to release new LPs by two of the most well respected rock and roll bands in the entire world! Shortly you will be hearing new songs by New Jersey's Oi! Masters NIBLICK HENBANE as well as scorch-the-earth Carolina American Scum Punk from the infamous ANTiSEEN. Keep your eyes peeled for these barn burners.

Until we meet again—
I'll see you in Hell!

I survived my first quarter of graduate school at UC Riverside fairly unscathed. The fourteen units whooped my ass, but I was able to come out of it all with three As and one B+. Not only that, but one of my professors (the one who has a son and a wife with a Ph.D. and told us all in the beginning of the quarter to express our opinion as much as possible to prove our ignorance so that he could shed the light of wisdom upon us) asked me if I was planning on entering the Ph.D. program and that he would be happy to write me a letter of recommendation. AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!! All I wanted was my master's degree so that I would be empowered with knowledge and money. Now somehow they think I'm worthy enough to enter the ivory tower of academia. My head is spinning, I better stop thinking about it.

I am torn for topics this month, so forgive me if I seem to be switching gears quite a bit in this column. For the holidays I came out of dungeon retirement to earn a few extra Xmas dollars. I always comment that nothing can shock me anymore, but I am continuously proven wrong by the dominion. I hadn't worked for possibly nine months. I worked one Saturday night and had a blast. I forgot how much fun it was to tie people up and get paid for it. Well, I returned the next weekend to find a present waiting for me. Oh, my, Hickory Farms! Mary tells me that this character JS, from Bakersfield, came in earlier to give Lady Hillary (the owner) and myself each a cheese, cracker and sausage gift set. Okay! I asked the obvious, "Is he returning?" Oh, yes, he was coming back. Now, I couldn't quite remember, at first, who JS was. Then I spotted his extremely meticulous, very recognizable handwriting. Oh, shit! It was this guy who had written me a year ago asking to become my personal slave and informing me that he was "an extremely wealthy man," blagh, blagh, blagh. Well, I promptly wrote back and informed him, nicely, that I had retired from the business to go to school full-time and teach and that I knew there were plenty of other beautiful women at the dominion who might be interested. I was courteous and, I thought, quite kind.

So, almost a year later here he tracked me down, trying to court me with Hickory Farms. He walked into the dominion a hour after I arrived. He walked in and he kind of looked like Henry Rollins, really intense with chiseled features. Then he spoke. (The experience was like that Vandals song where the chorus sings, "then she spoke and everything went bad" or something like that.) Anyway, he wound up being a cross between Henry Rollins (good) and Billy Bob Thorton's character in Slingblade (bad). Mary introduced him to me. He at once, in his thick Southern accent, stated that I was not Mistress Diana and that Lady Hillary was Mistress Diana. Okay! Whatever you say buddy. Thinking that I was off the hook I sat down in the sitting room and finished watching the Power Puff Girls. Then he approached me and asked if we could talk. I took him back to interview. He informed me that his fantasy was that I was his mother, I caught him stealing, and I was going to "spank his grits black and blue." I told him that sounded great. I'd be glad to spank his ass black and blue. He then asked if I was sure I could make it black and blue with my bare hand. I told him not to worry, I could do the job. So he paid his money up front and we immediately got into scenario. I took him by the ear and marched him back to the room and yelled at him in my best Southern, white trash, Ms. Crabtree voice, "How dare you embarrass our family like this. You get into your room and get down to your skivvies, I am going to spank your grits black and blue for stealing."

One half-hour later his grits were black and blue. He promptly asked, "I would like to take you to dinner." WHAT! Oh, no. I informed him that I do not date clients, that's the policy. He then asked me if I had a friend that I could set him up with because, he "is a 35 year old man looking to settle down." Oh, my, this is getting worse and worse. I told him, "I am sure there is someone special waiting for you in Bakersfield." He then informed me that he was soon relocating himself to Long Beach. Oh, my, more bad news. I told him I'd have to sit down and think about which of my girlfriends are single, blagh, blagh, lie, lie. (I'm sorry, I have an honesty is the best policy policy but I make an exception when dealing with psychopaths.) Then he asked if I knew of anywhere he could sleep for the night so that he doesn't have to travel all the way back to Bakersfield that night. I advised him to get some coffee and then, perhaps, sleep at a rest stop somewhere on the 5 fwy. Then (no, it doesn't end yet) he asked if he could shave his face in the bathroom. "Sure, just clean up after yourself" I replied. He then went out to his truck and returned with the dirtiest duffel bag I've ever seen. Oh, my! He then proceeded to shut the door to the bathroom and shaved himself.

After about 20 minutes I became I little alarmed. So, I knocked on the door and asked if everything was okay. He open the door and his face was bleeding from his not so smooth shave. I told him he needed to be careful but also needed to

hurry up. Then I saw him open the door. He was listening to a session happening next door to the bathroom. I asked him what he was doing and all he could say was, "Mistress Diana, somebody is getting their grits spanked in there." I smiled politely and retorted, "Yes, JS, someone is getting their grits spanked in there. Are you just about ready to go? Let me walk you to the door." It took me 20 more minutes to get him out the door. The whole time he told me what a special friend I was to him and how he really wanted me to call him as soon as possible. SURE, psycho-Bob, I'll be doing that right away to that you can become even more obsessed, follow me everywhere, jack off under my window, send me letters, probably try to kill me when I reject you even more, and then our story will wind up being told by Brian Denohey on "Arrest and Trial." Sure, I'll be calling you right away, as soon as I sprout a dick between my legs, as soon as I become a practicing Southern Baptist, as soon as I start watching Dr. Laura, as soon as I join the NRA, as soon as I sing back-ups on a Britney Spears album, as soon as hell freezes over and pigs fly. He walked out the door and all the ladies chimed in a sing song manner, "Psycho."

A couple weeks pass and I returned to the dominion. Mary informs me that my "boyfriend" has left me a letter. It seems that he drove all the way from Bakersfield to write me a letter informing me of his feelings for me and that he "doesn't want to marry" me but thinks I'm a very special person. Fuck me. Consider this column evidence.

Anyway, onto happier topics. The Diseptikons are returning to Southern California to play five dates and crash at my pad in early March. You can email them for more info. at diseptikons@hotmail.com. Lungbutter, from Canada, will also be visiting in early March. Check my website for dates on both bands. The last time the Diseptikons played Los Angeles they truly tore it up, so much so that even the hip hop crowd (it was, believe it or not, a underground hip hop and hardcore punk show) loved them. This is funny: B-Real of Cyprus Hill was there acting like a true rock star but digging the boys. He gave them advice on their merchandise. OKAY!!!!

I wanted to share with the MRR readers that just recently I received an email from a MRR reader who had read my racial identity column and concluded that I was "a nigger-lovin' ho, who should keep my fat, ugly, aids ridden ass in the monkey community so that [he and his friends] could kill two rats with one stone." I wanted to let you readers have the opportunity to respond to this asshole at dom1@1webave.com. I guess his racist code name is rockmusic1.

Lastly, because of the time in which it is taking me to put out my four-way split and some miscommunication, Media Blitz will not be appearing on this compilation. It is going to be delayed further by the necessity of finding a fourth band. "More Pussy for Your Punk" is still accepting one song contributions from all-female or female fronted bands. Send your music, if that describes your band. I am lagging on my zine, as usual, but hope to get it wrapped up this month while I'm off track from teaching. Keep in touch with me: webmistress@ontherag.net or PO Box 251 Norco, CA 92860-0251 and www.ontherag.net.

GUEST COLUMN

by Erika J.

"I just want to live with dignity. I'm not a part of your corporate nation."
—One in Eight
or "No thanks, Dow, I like my breasts just fine"

I am jumping out of my skin—the anger fills my veins to breaking—and I scream into the microphone as the music rips the air. Inside the distortion and the roar of the guitars I sing, "Not just fuel we're burning our trash, plastic molecules are here to last, I don't want to breathe dioxin, cancer-causing inhalations...black death." Standing on the floor, the circle pit is inches from the end of my guitar and the room is all noise, sweat and energy. My whole being is pissed off and I feel like a beacon of rage letting off toxic steam, going direct from a small basement in Boston to the world. The black death is real, and it breathes down the back of my neck, cold. I scream heat and think of the already dead, and the fight for the living.

The dead are hundreds of thousands of women. My blood boils with the tears of my friends, too young to have to mourn a mother. The black death is the tumor that started off as a small pea, and slowly grew to consume their breasts, their bodies and their lives. And the black death is catching on.

Cancer of all forms seem to lurk around the corner like a horror show monster, waiting to grow inside of us. Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to the Twenty First Century where monsters are real. And I don't think a corporate-sponsored "Walk to Fight Breast Cancer" even approaches the solution.

About one in eight women in the United States today will have breast cancer. Breast cancer rates have jumped threefold in the last fifty years, and there are approximately 200,000 new cases a year. 1 to 8, a figure most of us have heard with disbelief and dread, is not particularly good odds and looking around the room, who will be next? There is no doubt that breast cancer is more common in the heavily industrialized countries (US, Canada, France, Denmark, Sweden and England have the highest rates in the world) and in the US breast cancer rates are higher on the East Coast, from the Mid-Atlantic up to New England.

I feel that I am close to ground zero, watching the black clouds hovering on the horizon, inhaling them on the breeze. Where is our Sigourney Weaver, toting a gun larger than her head, cursing and running around the spaceship looking for the beast, playing tag with a monster that has gorged on all the crew? The cellular monster is out among us and is growing everyday, appearing in women's bodies like the Alien brood.

I am suspicious of where this death is coming from. Millions of dollars have been poured into developing radiation, chemical and surgical methods of treatment, and more women are surviving breast cancer (and the brutal procedures) than before, which is no doubt for the better. But what has been done to prevent more women from getting breast cancer? To get to that dark basement where the disease comes from, and firebomb the whole evil nest? Not much. As the rates of breast cancer continue to escalate, I see a hospital logo advertising, "Early Detection is the Best Prevention." Protection from what, death? By that point a woman already has breast cancer. No one is adverting, "Chemical Toxins Mean Our Death" on the side of city buses—it is too close to the brutal truth.

In the last two decades, research has linked a woman's breast cancer risk to her lifetime exposure to estrogen, linking more estrogen exposure with a greater risk. Factors such as early menstruation, using birth control pills and hormone-replacement therapy increase a woman's lifetime risk of breast cancer. Risk factors other than estrogen have been identified as well, including obesity, radiation, alcohol consumption and family history. Family history, once considered a leading risk factor, is now thought to be responsible for less than 10 percent of all breast cancer cases. In total, about half of all breast cancer cases can be explained by known risk factors. But the majority of breast cancer cases remain unexplained.

So why do most women get breast cancer? No one can definitely answer that yet, but many scientists and feminists suspect common chemicals and what is dubbed as "environmental factors," the very conditions we live in.

Knowing that there is a link between increased estrogen in the body and breast cancer, there is a host of suspicious chemicals that urgently need more research. During the early '90s, scientists learned there are many chemicals that mimic estrogen in the body, commonly called "estrogen mimics" or "xenoestrogens" (foreign estrogen). Xenoestrogens can be found in every house in the United States—they are ingredients in household cleaning products, disinfectants, laundry detergents, floor tiles, hair spray and even food packaging. Xenoestrogens are also commonly found in plastics and pesticides. These chemicals are everywhere—in our food, air, water, clothes and homes. As several environmentalists and public health advocates point out, we are unwilling test rats in a deadly game of chemical roulette. Every time a piece of PVC plastic is burned, dioxin—one of the most toxic substances on earth, and a powerful cancer causing agent—is released into the air. Dioxin doesn't just go away either, it stays in the environment and accumulates in animal tissues, causing havoc on animals' and people's bodies.

It is no wonder at all why I'm so pissed off. Why in my band the Profits I would rather gag than sing a love song, why

everything that comes out of my mouth is bile. People are so fucking evil sometimes.

Chemicals that are recognized as mammary carcinogens in animals are also found in common forms like benzene, auto exhaust, dry cleaning fluids and paint removers. While there is no conclusive proof that these compounds cause cancer in humans, the connection is not hard to miss. A chemical used in dry cleaning has been linked to bladder cancer and leukemia, and contaminates the surrounding air and sometimes drinking water. I find it sad and ironic that a study in Newton, MA, a largely upscale and yuppie town near Boston, showed that 45 percent of women in areas of high incidence of breast cancer used dry cleaning at least once a month. Women are dying to look good on the job.

Unfortunately, it comes as no surprise to this girl that chemical companies are screwing us over, selling us toxic brews and laughing all the way to the bank. They have been doing it for decades. For example, IG Farben, a conglomerate of German chemical companies that operated from 1925 to 1944, made a huge profit selling Zyklon-B to the Nazis. IG Farben tested drugs through S.S. Dr. Mengele's "experiments," and the company used slave labor to build an industrial complex at Auschwitz while killing people who could not work fast enough. After the war, IG Farben lives on and is still doing business under the names of BASF, Bayer and other firms. The attitudes of IG Farben's executives and office workers also lives on-evil is relegated to the daily small tasks of the corporate world, but in the end creating a vast machinery of brutality and death.(1)

Of course companies deny links between their chemicals and the skyrocketing rates of breast cancer. To admit that roach killer is also a people killer and Bounce could give you breast cancer would be a cramp on business. "Try Bounce—it'll give you that fresh smell and a lump" just doesn't ring.

Yet the vast number of chemicals in commerce today—sold in stores, sitting under your sink and used in homes all of the country—have never been tested for their effects on hormones or if the substance is carcinogenic. The chemical industry and the FDA's stance is that hazardous chemicals are "safe if used as directed" and that if there is no direct, absolute, scientific proof available of a relationship between cancers and certain, specific chemicals, than companies are free to willy-nilly spread the compounds across the face of the earth.

It was only earlier this year that the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) reported that Atraznine, the most commonly used herbicide in the US, was upgraded from a "possible" to a "likely" carcinogen. Atrazine, after sprayed on plants, seeps easily into streams and eventually into drinking water. Not reassuring, to say the least.

It is true there is little proof. Because it is so damn hard to prove it's almost impossible. So there's all this stuff just made and packaged and dumped and inhaled, used and ingested by Ms. Q. Public without any proof of its safety. And, by the way, who made the rules?

Women today are exposed to so many chemicals (70,000 chemicals are now in the market) that it has been almost impossible to peg the blame on just one or two chemicals and little research has been done to correlate women's breast cancer rates and their lifetime chemical exposures. Research is expensive, and the awful truth is that pharmaceutical companies and medical equipment manufacturers are pouring millions of dollars into research that will yield marketable treatments and drugs, not in preventative measures. There are no profits to be made investigating environmental risks for breast cancer.

Just the other day I heard a plastic surgeon on the radio talking about how his business was booming from all the reconstructive breast surgeries. He was working overtime every week just to keep up with demand. Breast cancer will probably pay for his and many other professionals' early retirement.

Luckily, we have a few good women and men on the job researching the links between breast cancer and chemicals. When the Massachusetts Department of Public Health published a study that Cape Cod is site of some of the highest breast cancer rates in the state (Massachusetts Bay Area has the second highest rate of breast cancer in the world. The best thing I could do to lower my risk would be to move the hell out of here.) activists demanded environmental research be done. The Massachusetts Breast Cancer Coalition (MBCC) started as a group of women who came together while protesting at Beacon Hill, the state capital building in Boston, in 1991 pissed off and concerned about the current breast cancer epidemic. They founded the Silent Spring Institute with help from funds petitioned from the Massachusetts State Legislature. Working together, scientists, community activists, physicians and public health advocates at the Institute are making progress developing research techniques to examine the links between chemicals and breast cancer. It is an inspiring example of how activists are fighting for real answers.

In Long Island activists also demanded answers to increased rates of breast cancer. Two years after MBCC was formed, the Long Island Breast Cancer Study Project was established to examine why breast cancer rates on Long Island are up to 20 percent higher than the general population. The study not only looked at suspected chemicals, but is examining the links between breast cancer and contaminated drinking water, indoor and outdoor air pollution, electromagnetic fields, pesticides and hazardous waste. A report is due in 2002.

In looking at the causes of breast cancer, it is important to remember that breast cancer is only one symptom of a larger problem of chemical and industrial abuse happening at unprecedented levels to people around the world right now. And the people who are suffering the most are poor and most likely people of color. Agent Orange, DDT, the Bhopal Disaster, Love Canal, East St. Louis, the list goes on and on. The writing is on the wall, blood is on the capitalist's hands, but there is too much money to be made selling poison. It is ironic that here in the United States where both poor and rich women are dying of breast cancer that money is being made not only at the roots of the disease, but in its medical treatment. Like AIDS, it is a growing market. But in many countries, like the women in Massachusetts and New York, people are organizing and demanding answers and corporate responsibility.

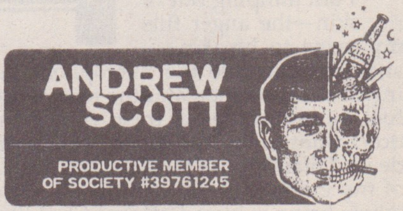
So what can we do to hunt the beast? Raze DOW, Monsanto, DuPont, Wall Street and the White House to the ground. After the revolution, demand all farms be organic and the production of PVC plastic stopped except for dire needs. Hazardous waste will become a thing of the past. That is the ultimate solution.

Until then, we should make corporations responsible for the toxins they create. As we wait for research to show concrete connections, the Precautionary Principle should be put into law. The Precautionary Principle would shift the burden of proof to where it belongs. A substance would need to be proved not toxic before it is let out of the lab. Chemicals likely to cause injury will not be allowed.

We need to fight to put in public policy what Rachel Carson explained back in 1962, in her work Silent Spring, that no dose of a toxic, suspected cancer causing chemical is safe. Low doses of a chemical ("use as directed") may not kill cells outright, but leave the cells injured and mutated—at high risk for becoming cancerous and starting a tumor. And that means death for more women and men every year.

So watch out for all the junk that's out there. Legal does not mean safe. As my song ends, "You better get it before it gets you..."

Thanks to the March 1999 issue of *Sojourner: The Women's Forum*, the November 2000 issue of *Marie Claire* (as strange as that may seem), and *Beyond the Chemical Century* (1) for information used in this article. To my friends who have watched their mothers suffer, I love you. To all women, Stay Strong! Erika.



In the midst of living the chaos I've slacked on writing this column. And the zine goes to the printer tomorrow. I keep trying to convince the other coordinators that deadlines aren't punk, but they just don't seem to buy it.

Well on to other things, In my last column, some of you may recall a little obnoxious drunken tale I told of being at a hipster

Mission bar and yelling *"Fuck You Rod Stewart"* to a group of Ian Svenonious replicants. I just couldn't take it anymore, especially after The White Stripes show, so I blew. And it seems that I really touched upon a subject that really hit home to a few of *MRR*'s readers. Boy, oh boy, the letters were pouring in like winter in Seattle (that's a joke, people don't really write letters). For example, this email I received on the topic (which of course, I was too late to stick in the letters section):

Hello Andrew,

I read your article in the Feb. MRR about the plague of Rod Stewart clones. I assume that the dump in the Mission that you elbowed with the up-and-coming androgynous music-sluts is at the Uptown, where they may be independent without risk of judgment. (I recently had my 86ed status lifted from there, but no victory parade.)

I suggest that the next time you see a few of these rockers (don't pick on one by himself) you go up to one and say, "you've got such beautiful hair. My girlfriend really likes it. Can I get a lock of your hair?" And then just cut it off. Maybe be a little tipsy first, too.

Another thing that I've noticed, not necessarily a trait unique to Rod Stewart clones, is people requiring familiarity prior to altercation. Once at the Uptown, what my friend called a Mick Jagger clone, a guy kept going around the place doing a grotesque dance to whatever music, sometimes going not quite up to girls but in front of them, shaking his groove thing as if part of a traditional mating ritual that a courtee should recognize it as such. After a couple hours, in the corner of my eye I can see this stoner slob who was sitting on the couch get up and then I looked away toward friend, who said, "whoa, look at Mick," so of course I missed seeing him get punched. The stoner goes outside, and then Mick, and then me, and by then the stoner's on the other side of the street and Mick is still in front of the bar door yelling, "You don't even know me!"

Since then I keep coming across people saying that same phrase. WHY?!

Re-Guard, Phil

In response to Phil's letter, it wasn't the Uptown. I actually find that place amongst the least offensive of the Mission area bars. It was in fact THEE most vile of the mess, it was the fucking piece of shit Beauty Bar. I'm ashamed to have even entered the joint, but give me a break, I'm new in town. I don't know the decent establishments from the yuppie flavor of the month bars. The Beauty Bar is the kind of place that Jonathon Richman and The Modern Lovers had in mind when he sang "I don't want no cocaine sniffing tramp in a bar." That girl hangs out at the Beauty Bar. Female friends of mine have told of how the place has actually caused them to break down crying...fuck that place, it represents everything that disgusts me.

As far as fighting the Rod Stewarts, I don't care that much. I'd rather make fun of them from a distance. Besides, I'm civilized (even though Bruce Roehrs doesn't think so). Rod Stewarts are just one unfortunate part of going to see a show at a bar. Honestly, I like bar shows—at least you can have a beer with Tom Hopkins while the shitty new-wave bands play. I guess I'll just try to coexist till next month when I talk about telling a bunch of Rockabilly guys, *"Fuck You, Brian Setzer!"*

Incessant self-promotion

I still have tons of the photo-zine that I put together with Mark Murrman and Canderson and THE DONTCARES *Keep em' Rollin* EP. Both available for $4/$5 world.

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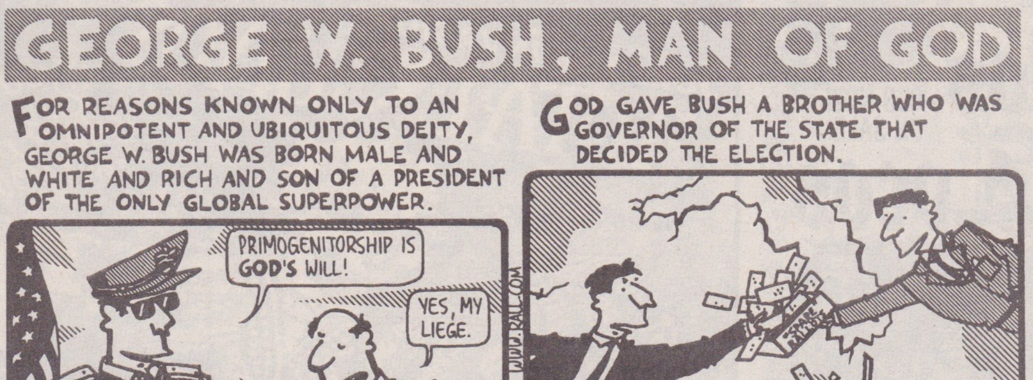

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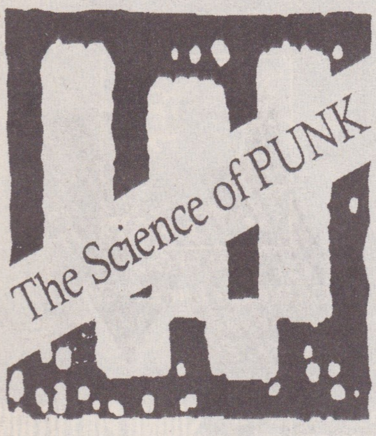

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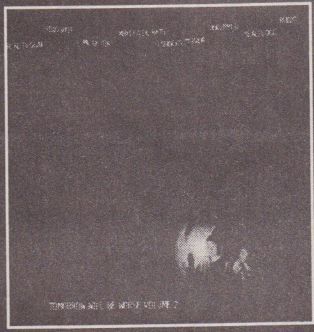

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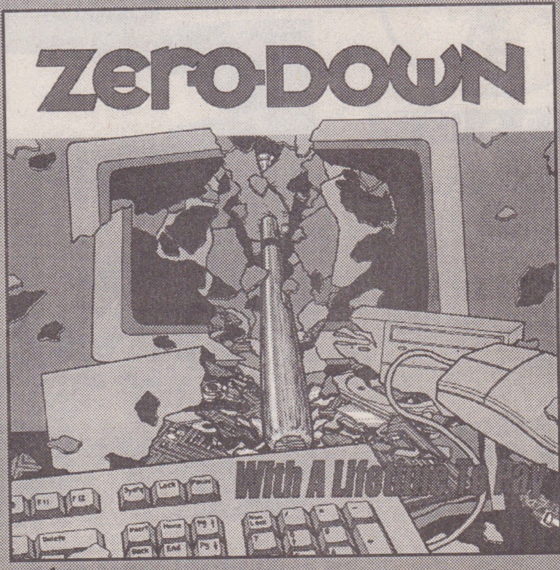

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MRR NEWS

No. 214
Mar. 2001
compiled by:
Mimi Nguyen

Estrada Booted Same Day Bush Inaugurated

Millions of Protesters Gather to Oust Corrupt President

The new Philippine president, Gloria Macapagal-Arroyo, who was sworn in on Saturday, January 20, after mass protests forced the resignation of Joseph Estrada, spent her first day in office yesterday building a new cabinet.

Arroyo began the delicate process of building a coalition government to satisfy the disparate elements that combined to put her in office. Demonstrating that her top priority will be the economy, her first act was to name the experienced Alberto Romulo as her finance secretary.

Once the full administration has been appointed, its immediate test will be what to do with Arroyo's predecessor, the former film star Joseph Estrada. He was forced from power on Saturday after three days of massive street protests sparked by the collapse of his impeachment trial for corruption and abuse of office.

Even though life returned to normal yesterday, with streets once again packed with cars rather than demonstrators, it is clear that most Filipinos will only be satisfied with a criminal trial for the man who allegedly used his two and a half years as president to steal hundreds of millions of pounds.

"Mrs. Arroyo must dispel people's fears that this will not be the same as people power one [the mass uprising that drove the dictator Ferdinand Marcos from power in 1986] by continuing with judicial proceedings against Estrada," the political analyst Conrado de Quiros said. "Otherwise she will just make the same mistakes as the past."

Marcos and his family were allowed to flee to Hawaii and the Philippines has since recouped only a tiny proportion of the billions of pounds he was accused of taking.

The national ombudsman and several civil society groups have already said that they will file charges against Estrada, who allegedly took payoffs from illegal gambling syndicates, tobacco taxes and numerous business deals.

In a sign that she means to root out the executive-level corruption that blighted the Philippines dur

ESTRADA, CON'T P. 4

The Global Gag Rule: A Violation of Democratic Principles and International Human Rights

Reinstated by Bush on His First Day, Bodes Ill

What is the Global Gag Rule?

In the fall of 1999, Congress attached restrictions on fiscal year (FY) 2000 funding for international family planning provided through the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID) population program. These new provisions (known as the "new global gag rule") restrict most overseas non-governmental organizations (NGOs) that receive USAID family planning funds from using their own, non-U.S. funds to provide legal abortion services or to lobby their own governments for changes in abortion laws. The 1973 Helms Amendment already restricts U.S. funds from being used for these activities.

Through a complicated waiver provision, the President was permitted to waive the new global gag rule restrictions for approximately 4% of USAID international family planning funds, but the remaining 96% is still subject to the restrictions. Furthermore, exercising the waiver resulted in a $12.5 million reduction in the total amount of these funds, which would have been used to provide contraception and other reproductive health services that would reduce abortions. The penalty reveals the real motivation behind the new global gag rule-to reduce access to family planning. This funding reduction continues a downward trend in USAID international family planning funding since 1995-from $541.6 million in FY 1995, to $385 million in FY 1997-FY 1999, and now to $372.5 million in FY 2000 due to the penalty.

Background

The U.S. has been a supporter of international family planning and population assistance since the 1960s. However, in 1984, the Reagan Administration imposed restrictions on U.S. funding for international family planning. The so-called "Mexico City Policy" prohibited overseas NGOs from receiving U.S. funds if, with their own funds and in accordance with the laws of their own countries, they "performed" or "actively promoted" "abortion as a method of family planning." Further, the Reagan Administration issued extremely restrictive regulations that interpreted the phrase "abortion as a method of family planning" to mean all abortions, except when performed in cases of rape, incest, or when the life (but not health) of the woman would be endangered if the fetus was carried to term. The Clinton Administration ended the Mexico City Policy in 1993 by executive order..

Since 1995, Congressional foes of family planning and abortion rights have sought to enact funding restrictions similar to, but more onerous than, the Mexico City Policy. These extremist Members inappropriately and unconscionably held payment of U.S. arrears

Global Gag Rule, con't. News p. 2.

Jello Biafra Fights Trashing of Dead Kennedys in Trial Aftermath

Jello Biafra, of the now defunct punk band Dead Kennedys, takes issue with the press releases and actions of the other former band members in the aftermath of a property rights trial. The following is a press release by Biafra:

I have now had to ask them to please remove my name and likeness from all their releases and promotional material. Don't get me wrong, I'm as proud as ever of Dead Kennedys and grateful for how much we mean to people. But I'm totally embarrassed by what they're trying to do.

I will not support anyone who condones greed and vicious lawsuits to scam on someone else's art against the wishes of all the artists involved. Alternative Tentacles will not endorse or carry unauthorized Dead Kennedys albums in our mail order. I will not sign them. I don't even want them in my collection.

What the ex-Kennedy's are neglecting to tell you is that the jury's verdict is outrageous and both legally and factually incorrect. I have filed a motion for a new trial and will file an appeal.... The Court has found that the underlying intellectual property, including the compositions and recordings were in fact owned by the individual members of the band, a point continuously asserted by myself and denied by the rest of the band.

Most importantly, however, the court ordered the Decay Music partnership wound up and dissolved. While Ray continues to attempt to market the band's music, any license will be subject to legal challenge as control in reality rests with the individual members.

Alternative Tentacles responds to the trial and accusations with the following:

"So what is this really about? For over two years we have bent over backwards to compromise and settle this case. They reneged and refused.The plaintiffs' press release also fails to mention that their legal action came right after Biafra opposed using the song, "Holiday in Cambodia," in a Levi's Dockers TV commercial. Biafra states,"I was shocked they would even consider the idea, let alone pressure me to do it. Talk about being on the wrong side of an issue. So many people are upset with growing corporate branding and intrusion into our daily lives, from the WTO to the Buzzcocks' song in an SUV commercial. I could think of no worse way to stab Dead Kennedys fans in the back than to turn around and trash everything we ever stood for and allow one of our best (and my favorite) songs to be used to sell products by a global corporation with controversial labor practices.

"I am not the only person who loves Dead Kennedys enough not to let this stand. We have formed the Alternative Tentacles Legal Defense Fund to help with the enormous costs of the appeal."

Settler Fined for Clubbing Arab Boy to Death

Suzanne Goldenberg in Jerusalem

January 22, 2001

A Jewish settler who clubbed a Palestinian child to death with a rifle butt was sentenced to six months' community service yesterday in a decision denounced as an outrage by human rights organizations.

The Jerusalem district court said it decided not to jail Nachum Korman for the killing of 11-year-old Hilmi Shusha four years ago because he had only been convicted of manslaughter by negligence, and had served eight months in prison. It fined him 70,000 shekels (about £11,600).

The sentence handed down by the Jerusalem district court yesterday is especially suspect because it was determined by the same judge, Ruth Or, who acquitted Korman at his original trial after rejecting evidence from witnesses and the state pathologist.

That verdict was overturned by the supreme court, which convicted him of manslaughter and sent him back to the district court for sentencing.

Korman, the chief of security at the Hadar Beitar settlement, descended on the Shushas' West Bank village in October 1996 to hunt down a group of children who had been pelting Jewish cars with stones.

Cousins of the dead boy, who saw the assault, said he pinned Hilmi down with his foot before delivering the fatal blow. Korman claimed he never intended to kill the child, and said he tried to revive him.

The boy's father, Said Shusha, told Israel radio the sentence amounted to "giving people a licence to kill."

The B'Tselem human rights organisation said the sentence was part of a pattern of institutions turning a blind eye to abuses of Palestinians by Israelis while showing no mercy to Arabs accused of causing injury to Jews. It said such leniency prevailed long before the intifada, and mobs of Jewish settlers have often been accused of attacking Palestinian villagers in the West Bank.

"At a time when violence by Israeli civilians against Palestinians is increasing, the court's decision sends the message that Palestinian life is cheap, and that Israeli civilians in the occupied territories can continue to abuse Palestinians with impunity," B'Tselem said in a statement.

The decision is bound to deepen criticism of systematic racial prejudice in Israel's law enforcement system.

Also yesterday, the governing body of Israel's 1m Palestinian citizens submitted an investigative report to the supreme court, accusing the government of sanctioning a shoot-to-kill policy against Arab protesters inside Israel in October, when 13 demonstrators were shot dead.

Meanwhile, the supreme court is considering the release of another Jewish settler, Yoram Skolnik, who was convicted in 1993 of shooting dead a Palestinian who lay on the ground with his hands and legs bound.

Israel's former president, Ezer Weizman, granted Skolnik two reductions on his life term, and the parole board has recommended his early release for good behaviour.

Meanwhile, Israeli troops shot dead a 15-year-old Palestinian stonethrower in the Gaza Strip yesterday, hours before the start of talks in the Egyptian resort of Taba. The talks, expected to last at least a week, are seen as a last-ditch effort by Mr Barak and the Palestinian leader, Yasser Arafat, to map out a course for future negotiations before Israel goes to the polls on February 6.

But even Mr Barak, who opinion polls predict will suffer a resounding defeat unless he can convince Israelis he is the only man who can negotiate with the Palestinians, was not holding out much hope.

"In the short time left, with the gaps that exist, the chances of bridging them is not great," he told Israel army radio.

(*Originally published at* The Guardian UK (http://www.guardianunlimited.co.uk)

Global Gag Rule, con't.

on its U.N. dues hostage to earlier versions of the new global gag rule by attaching riders to bills authorizing payment of U.N. arrears.

President Clinton vetoed such legislation in 1998, but in 1999 felt compelled to strike a bitter "deal." He accepted the new global gag rule to ensure payment of U.N. arrears because of the looming foreign policy crisis caused by non-payment of U.N. arrears, including loss of the U.S.'s General Assembly vote. These restrictions were added to the FY 2000 foreign operations appropriations bill within the consolidated appropriations act. This is the first time that Congress has acted to make such restrictions law (as opposed to the Mexico City Policy, which was an executive branch policy applied by USAID). The Administration vowed that the new global gag rule will only remain in effect for one year and would be eliminated in the FY 2001 legislation.

In 2000 the "Global Gag Rule," imposed by the U.S. Congress on foreign recipients of federal funding, forced approximately 430 organizations in more than fifty nations to "agree" not to use their own non-U.S. funds to speak about abortion law reform or perform legal abortions except in cases of rape, incest or if the woman's life is endangered - activities that are constitutionally protected in the United States. Congress later passed the FY 2001 foreign operations appropriations bill without gag restrictions.

But on 22 January 2001, the 28th anniversary of Roe v. Wade, President George Bush cemented his anti-abortion credentials with the religious right by announcing his intention to issue an executive order to withhold U.S. family planning funding to overseas organizations that support legal abortion. The chilling effect of the order will burden abortion rights advocates in the U.S. as well, whose rights to speak freely about abortion and to support democratic reform efforts to change restrictive abortion laws will be severely limited by the reinstatement of the Gag Rule.

"Thousands of women will die each year from illegal abortion because President Bush, who lost the popular vote, needs to curry favor with the religious right. It is a malicious affront to women to gag advocates for their health on the anniversary of Roe v. Wade," said Janet Benshoof, president of the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy, a legal advocacy organization that works to support women's reproductive rights around the world.

Women's rights advocates in nearly every country are working to prevent the significant human suffering resulting from unsafe abortion. Over 80,000 women around the world die from unsafe, illegal abortions every year. Hundreds of thousands more suffer injuries or complications from unsafe abortions. Twenty-six percent of the world's people live in the 74 nations that either prohibit abortion altogether or permit abortion only to save a woman's life. In countries such as Nepal and Chile, women are in prison for obtaining illegal abortions.

Under the Global Gag Rule, foreign organizations that receive U.S. family planning funds cannot use their own, non-U.S. funds to provide legal abortion services or to lobby their own governments for changes in abortion laws without jeopardizing U.S. aid.

(*The Center For Reproductive Law and Policy is a legal advocacy organization involved in preserving reproductive rights the world over. This special report was published at http://www.crlp.org.Please also see http://plannedparenthood.org for more information.*)

Puerto Rico Case is Reminder of Need for Protection from Clinic Violence--Case Demonstrates Power of Anti-Abortion Attorney General Nominee Ashcroft

Protestors invaded the Ladies Medical Clinic in Puerto Rico and pushed Clinic Administrator Ana González from the entrance of the clinic all the way through the waiting room and then to the back office, where she remained trapped for a number of hours. Once inside the clinic, the invaders intimidated the patients, harassed them until they left, and prevented others from entering.

These are the bad old days that could come back under a federal justice system governed by Attorney General-nominee John Ashcroft, a staunch opponent of abortion. This Friday, continuing legal action against protesters in Puerto Rico is a reminder of the need to vigorously enforce federal legislation, including the Freedom of Access to Clinic Entrances Act (FACE), to protect reproductive health care clinics.

"Abortion providers in Puerto Rico formerly faced regular threats of violence and other intimidation tactics. Justice has only been achieved through active enforcement of the legal system," says Bonnie Scott Jones, staff attorney for the Center Reproductive Law and Policy, a legal advocacy organization. "It is our concern for our clients that make us opposed to John Ashcroft. We do not believe he is going to vigorously enforce laws that protect women and clinics."

Congress passed FACE in 1993, which made it a federal offense to engage in violent or obstructive conduct intended to interfere with people seeking or providing reproductive health services. The act gave the federal government a new tool for investigating and prosecuting abortion-related violence and disruptions.

No abortion rights advocacy organization has any confidence that John Ashcroft would allocate adequate resources to defend FACE and protect clinics from violence. The Attorney General has the authority to classify a violent action against a clinic as a different type of federal crime (i.e. one that falls outside the scope of FACE) and he can choose not to bring a civil action for a FACE-type violation. He can also recommend new regulations on how FACE should be enforced.

American elections: System or farce?

By Edward Said / Z Magazine

For over a month, the entire world has been transfixed by the spectacle of an unresolved US presidential election, as George Bush and Al Gore employed battalions of lawyers to fight out a very close election in the Florida and US Supreme courts. What first emerged from the sound and fury of the struggle (awarded finally to Bush by a very right-wing Supreme Court) is that the US is less a society of laws than it is a society of lawyers. This is the most litigious country on earth, where if you have enough money and power you can do virtually anything, even win an election when it is clear that you have lost it. Over $3 billion were spent on the campaign, enough to rebuild and run an entire school system in a medium sized American town.

What was at stake, as Ralph Nader pointed out in his finally disappointing campaign, was a system of spoils and patronage. For each of the two candidates, one the son of a former president, the other the son of a former senator, the prospect of the presidency was mainly about power, power that could keep literally thousands, perhaps even millions of people, prosperous as appointees, employees, lobbyists, as well as millions more in industry, the military, the bureaucracy, and the universities, all of whom would benefit in one case, lose out relatively speaking in the other. Thus with the change to a Republican administration in Washington there will be a return to the city of the old Reagan and Bush crowd, led by Dick Cheney and James Baker, who seem as if they have only been biding the time and playing golf while Bill Clinton and his crowd were running the world. The transfer in sheer wealth and prestige should not be underestimated. But to return to the law and lawyers: after years of sending US observers to supervise Third World elections on the assumption that America leads the world in democratic process, I am surprised that the Congo's Kabila and Uganda's Mugabe didn't make the suggestion that some of their people be sent to the US to survey and help to manipulate our elections here. What was revealed in the unendingly broadcast news from Florida was that US elections are a frighteningly antiquated, inequitable and undemocratic hodge-podge of rules and regulations designed to keep out the poor and disadvantaged in maximum numbers. More important, the American ideological system -- which came dangerously close to breaking down completely -- once again saved the day, papering over and then removing from awareness the fundamentally jungle-like struggle of all against all that is the underlying reality when it comes to the power and money of the ultimate prize.

And Florida's inequities were only Florida's. Had the recounts begun in Iowa, New Mexico, Wisconsin and Maryland, the whole edifice might indeed have crumbled, revealing it to be a very poorly held together paper castle designed, in the final analysis, to keep people from thinking too deeply and too critically. What does it mean, therefore, for one candidate to have won the popular vote, and the other to have won the election as the result of a decision by a nine-member Supreme Court staffed by five right-wing republicans voting in favour of their party, with the other four of them mounting a lustreless defence of principle and equity? That certainly cannot be called democracy. Nor is this all. What I had never known concretely before was that there is no uniform federal election code that guarantees the same rights and the same voting apparatus to each citizen. In Florida, for instance, the state has ruled that no one who was ever charged with a felony is allowed to vote. This means that about half a million people, most of them poor and black, were denied the right to vote for the president. In addition, each county in the state has its own kind of voting machine and style of voting: this runs the gamut from sophisticated machines to primitive, hand-manipulated pieces of paper. Discrepancies of every kind are therefore certain.

Plus one more thing. Particularly in southern states, where the federal civil rights and voting statutes are not well-enforced, there were many reports of blacks (families or individuals) who were prevented from voting by white policemen. All sorts of trumped-up charges were manufactured against them, from driving without a valid licence to failure to register. Since the Democratic party attracts the vote of indigent and/or minority voters who are under the impression that the Democrats are more progressive than Republicans, this meant that Gore lost large numbers of prospective voters to Bush. This in addition to the 90,000 people in Florida who had voted for Ralph Nader.

As if this isn't enough to make clear that George Bush had absolutely no real chance of becoming president except as a result of the physical and political irregularities of the election as administered in one very unprogressive state, Florida, whose governor is Jeb Bush, George's brother, there is also the undemocratic electoral system which is a legacy of oligarchy and slavery. How it has endured for so long is inexplicable. The system was originally designed in the 18th century to protect property and race, so that a popular election might take place, only to be reratified (or not) by a small group of designated electors who would be seen as confirming (or not) the election results. It is this group that Bush gained to his advantage, even though the popular vote (one person-one vote) had gone against him.

Is this unusual? Yes and no. It is true that only one other election in American history made it possible for someone to lose the popular vote and another to become president, but it is also true that the whole system functions essentially as a system of control rather than of democratic participation. We shall never know how many abuses took place in the past. Two per cent of the US population owns 80 per cent of the wealth, and to continue maintaining this disproportionality, the majority has either to be kept under control ideologically or kept out of the system, preferably both. No more than about 35-40 per cent of eligible citizens vote, because the remainder sense, correctly, that their vote does not mean what it should.

Edward Said, con't. p. 4.

One Year Later, East Timor Still Needs Justice and Security

The East Timor Action Network/U.S. (ETAN) today said that one year after last year's historic independence vote, East Timor still lacks justice and security.

"East Timor has begun to rebuild from last year's destruction, but much still needs to be done to assure justice and security for the world's newest country," said John M. Miller, spokesperson for the ETAN/U.S.

ETAN called on the U.S. and other nations to support an international tribunal to prosecute those responsible East Timor's destruction and to strengthen East Timor's security by refusing to reestablish any military assistance to the Indonesian military and police until certain conditions are met, including an end to their human rights abuses, disarming militias and arresting their leaders, and respect for East Timor's territorial integrity.

"One year after the Indonesian military and its militias leveled East Timor, the government of Indonesia either can't or won't stop military support for militias violating East Timor's borders, attacking peacekeepers and UN relief personnel, and blocking the repatriation of more than 100,000 East Timorese refugees. Any form of U.S. assistance to the Indonesian military contributes to the unraveling of Indonesia's fragile democratization, betrays our commitment to genuine self-determination in East Timor, and violates the intent of Congress in withholding aid to human rights abusers," said Lynn Fredriksson, Washington Representative for ETAN.

"An international tribunal is the only way to be sure that the victims of military and militia violence in East Timor have their day in court," said Miller. A tribunal would also discourage continued rights violations throughout Indonesia and promoting reconciliation in East Timor.

"The U.S., until recent years a major backer of Indonesia's invasion and occupation of East Timor, must provide substantial support for East Timor's development. The United States has a responsibility after arming and training East Timor's tormentors for so long."

On August 30, 1999, the people of East Timor defying threats and violence turned out in record numbers to vote overwhelmingly for independence. Following the vote, Indonesian troops and their militia proxies destroyed some 70% of the country's infrastructure, killed more than one thousand people, .and forced hundreds of thousands across the border into Indonesia. On September 9, the U.S. suspended military ties and threatened World Bank and IMF assistance to Indonesia. Soon after, the Indonesian military began to withdraw from East Timor and an international peacekeeping force entered.In November, the U.S. Congress restricted most military assistance to Indonesia until East Timorese refugees are returned, there is effective prosecution of military and militia members responsible for atrocities in East Timor and Indonesia and other conditions regarding East Timor's security are met.

In July, the U.S. military began to re-engage with its Indonesian counterparts by conducting a joint exercise with Indonesian troops. In recent months, Indonesian military-backed militias have stepped up their activities in East Timor, killing two U.N. peacekeepers and several East Timorese. Militia attacks on aid workers over the past week forced UNHCR to suspend its activities in refugee camps in West Timor where some 100,000 East Timorese remain virtual hostages.

(For additional background, see ETAN's web-site www.etan.org.)

Navy Wants Protection at Vieques

The U.S. Navy on Monday asked Puerto Rico's governor for increased police protection after protesters allegedly threw cinderblocks and lead weights at a base near the Navy's Vieques bombing range.

During the inaugural weekend, protesters cut fencing, threw the broken cinderblocks and launched weights by slingshot at the Camp Garcia base, Rear Admiral Kevin Green alleged in a letter to Gov. Sila Calderon on Monday, January 22. On Sunday night, someone allegedly threw a homemade bomb at a building, Green said. There were no reports of injuries or arrests.

Roberto Rabin, one of the leaders of the Vieques protest movement, said protesters were playing dominoes when the navy started firing pepper spray at them. He denied that demonstrators threw flammable devices at the navy. "The navy and the police are harassing protesters," he said. "It's all part of their public relations campaign."

Nonetheless, Calderon ordered Police Superintendent Pierre Vivoni to investigate the alleged incident and take necessary action, according to a statement from the governor's office Monday.

Protests grew after a local civilian guard was killed by off-target bombs on the range in April 1999. In November of this year, Vieques residents will vote on whether they want the Navy to leave in 2003 or allow it to stay. If the Navy stays, it may resume using live ammunition, which it stopped doing after the 1999 accident.

ESTRADA, CON'T

ing Estrada's tenure in power, Arroyo's first executive order as president was to ban any of her immediate relatives from having business links with the bureaucracy.

Estrada is to face a judicial investigation for economic plunder, an offence punishable by death.

Left isolated in his palace and surrounded by tens of thousands of angry demonstrators, Estrada accepted a Supreme Court decree stripping him of his title and left office Saturday, Janaury 20.

Unable to travel by road because of the huge crowds outside, the former movie actor left ignominiously by barge. He did not flee the country, however, but returned to one of his private homes in suburban Manila.

This was the focus of the first "people power" movement in 1986 that toppled the dictator Ferdinand Marcos.

Most of the Cabinet, the armed forces and police withdrew their support for him in the face of massive street protests sparked by public outrage at the President's sabotage of his own impeachment trial on Tuesday, when senators voted narrowly to suppress key evidence against him.

Defiant to the end, Estrada did not actually resign, but the Supreme Court took action when tens of thousands of people marched to the palace after he refused to accept an opposition deadline to quit by 6 a.m. local time yesterday, despite his isolation."

He issued a statement saying that he had "strong and serious doubts about the legality and constitutionality of her proclamation as President," but that he would give up his office to avoid being an obstacle to the nation's healing process.

The Maximumrocknroll news staff would like to suggest we take a lesson here and start our own "healing process." Ahem.

Edward Said, con't.

What counts is that wealthy candidates can manipulate both the mechanisms of voting and/or the media (preferably both) and guarantee the absence of change that has kept the US a country of the very rich supported by a middle class that aspires, or believes that it can aspire, to the American "dream." And it is the survival of this dream with its underlying belief in the need to perpetuate the system that has kept this country so extraordinarily anachronistic by comparison with other industrial democracies. No wonder then that the US has effectively dismantled most of the attributes of the welfare state (absence of health insurance, social security and labour unions under constant attack, badly funded educational system, unceasing complaints about "government spending" on welfare even as the defence budget has exceeded $350 billion, the largest ever in history, extraordinarily punitive prison and police systems). The market rules over everything without regard for the justice and security to which each citizen should be entitled.

I do not want to be misunderstood as saying that everyone in the US is brainwashed. Far from it. What I do want to point out is that a) the system favours the rich and powerful (one of the reasons why Bush won was that he spent far more money than anyone), and in effect works to preserve their ascendancy through a multiplicity of means, including the electoral and ideological systems, at the same time that the whole world is filled with the rhetoric of American democracy and freedom, most of it misleadingly propagandistic; and b) that in reality there is a constant struggle in America which the disadvantaged, including women, racial minorities, and underpaid workers like teachers and nurses, try to wage against the system, with varying degrees of success, but which at present is mostly a discouraging struggle as the effects of the "free" market undermine labour in favour of the largest employers who are coddled by the government through favourable tax laws, loopholes in social security payments, and unfair labour practices.

To me, the ideological system is the most interesting case of all. Not having come to this country until most of my secondary schooling was over I was first struck and have continued to be fascinated by how the powerful presence of violence and conflict in this society is routinely masked and covered up with a more overwhelming rhetoric and unending stream of pacifying thought, stressing the country's unity, the perfection in it of democratic practice and theory, the animating and always benign influence of the Constitution (which although a secular document reflecting the wealthy, white, slaveholding, Anglophilic men who wrote it, is treated with the reverence accorded to scripture by any good fundamentalist anywhere), the completed fulfillment of public idealism, and the utter benignity of everything about America, always the most exceptional country that ever existed. I suspect that all this is ingrained in school children, so that by the age of 12 or 13 -- barring the birth of a critical sense in the individual -- most mature Americans tend to believe all this, or at least have little opportunity in the public domain to voice different sentiments.

Certainly it is absolutely true that in the mainstream, discourse is heavily policed: alternative or radical or dissenting voices are either kept out completely or sent to the margins where they have no chance at all of gaining acceptance. So it was with the elections during the past month. No sooner did the Supreme Court make its scandalous decision than the commentators began to put the spin out that American democracy has been restored, national unity established, and so on and on ad nauseam. As if the flaws in the system were forgettable accidents, and therefore not worth dwelling on.

And this brings me to my final point, which is the contempt for history and for rational understanding that underlies the ideological chorus in everyone of its individual manifestations. The subtle question is whether the willing manufacture of consent is worse or better than censorship by coercion. Back of the purification of reality that ideological consent requires is the idea that knowledge of history, the critical history that articulates the whole truth and violence of American politics, is to be opposed at all costs as basically disrupting what Foucault and others have called governability. The moment a large number of people challenge not just aspects of the system like the presidential elections but the whole thing, a red light goes on in the board rooms of America where the real decisions are made.

Remember that CNN, Time Warner, Disney, NBC, Sky News and the rest are part of the same ideological system, serve the same clientele, and are owned by the same relatively tiny group of people whose interest is to keep things as they are. Memory is an inhibition, a possible threat to their hegemony, just as it is very dangerous for a critic to keep making connections between supposedly un- or non-political institutions like the Supreme Court and the Constitution, and on the other hand, base commercial interests. It can't have been a mere accident that the main Supreme Court judge, Justice Antonin Scalia, is a well-known right-wing Republican who wrote the majority opinion in favour of George Bush (and hence against a complete recount) and who also has two sons working as lawyers in the very same law firm that represented Bush. Or that Justice Clarence Thomas, also part of the conservative majority for Bush on the Court, has a wife who worked for the right-wing Washington think-tank doing studies of people who were being considered for the Bush cabinet. Or to go from there to Chief Justice Rehnquist, also a Bush supporter, who was once a well-known election officer blocking possible antagonists from voting during the election of 1964 in Arizona, one can immediately see that the system is to be kept functioning no matter how difficult the task or numerous the obstacles. Whether Gore would have been a better president than Bush is a question to be answered with these constants in mind. For those who voted for Nader, they believe that only an outsider to the system, a candidate who spoke about making real democracy the issue, would have made a genuine difference. (*Originally published on http://www.lbbs.org.*)

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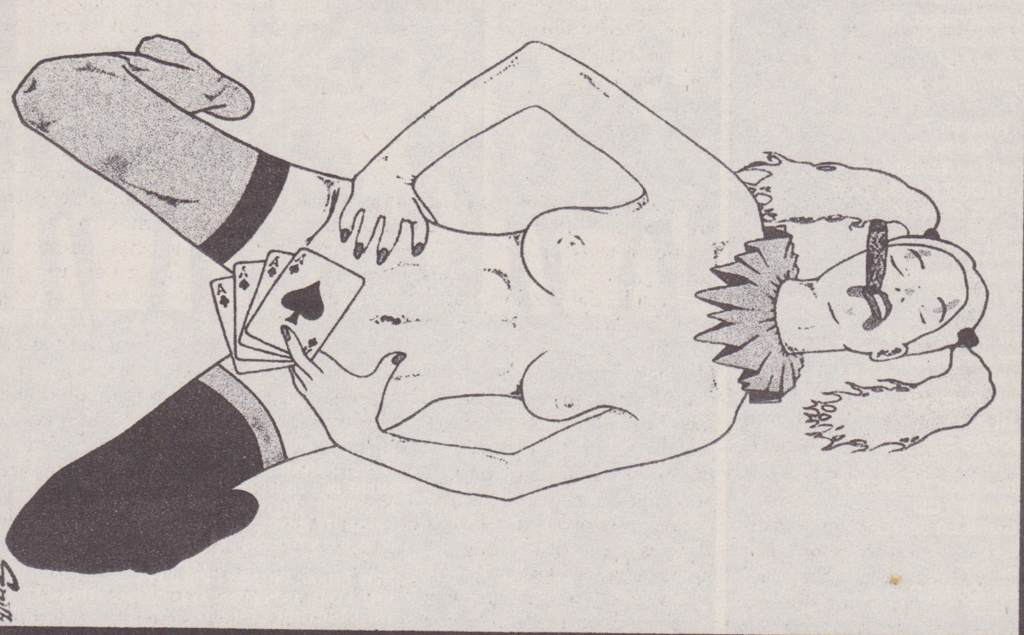

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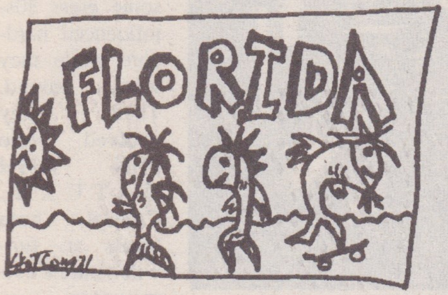


DATELINE: JAN 6, 2001, Brandon, FL

I'll start off this scene report with some "classic" Florida band news and then jump back to the present. ROACH MOTEL is crawling out of the woodwork, so to speak. I've been speaking to a few of the past members and they are finally going to re-issue their material on CD. I was given a CD-R of what the finished project might be and it includes all of the songs from their two 7"s, their comp songs, unreleased studio songs and a live show from 1982. The exact track sequence and artwork has not been decided yet, but the ball is rolling. Maybe we'll see this one on the streets sometime in 2001. THE EAT has produced a discography CD-R that is available in south Florida record stores. I have not scored a copy yet, but several people have told me that it exists.

Back in the early 80s, HATED YOUTH was Florida's answer to D.R.I. The HATED YOUTH "Hardcore Rules" 7" came out in Dec 2000 on my label, Burrito Records, featuring twelve songs recording in 1983. Nine of these songs are previously unreleased.

Enough of the Reagan-era stuff. If you wanna read the history of Florida punk and hardcore, go to the news and special events section of my web site: www.soundideadistribution.com. The article has been updated a couple of times since it was printed in the Nov 2000 MRR and I will continue to update it as new information comes to me.

Back in the present, one of the coolest bands I have seen lately is NEWPORT GESTAPO from Miami. A couple of these guys are old time vets of the Ohio punk scene. (The drummer and singer/guitarist played in a band called The Edge, who released a few records in the 80s.) Rounding out the band is a strapping youngster on bass — young enough to be the guitarist's son. Ha, ha. Anyhow, NEWPORT GESTAPO play authentic late 1970s-style punk. Great songwriting and top notch musicianship. They have a CD-R available and are playing all over the state. Contact them the modern way at Roquero@aol.com

One of my favorite local bands is THE STIFFS from Plant City. Plant City is a total hick town, so THE STIFFS get bonus points just for existing there. THE STIFFS wear their influences on their sleeves —literally. These guys are usually decked out in Misfits garb and can actually play any vintage Misfits tune better than the current line up of those New Jersey ghouls. No shit. And THE STIFFS' original material would have fit in perfectly on "Walk Among Us." The Misfits should take THE STIFFS on tour but they might get blown off the stage. The band has been trying to get into a studio for a while but are having a hard time coordinating their schedules. A ghastly 13-song CD is their goal.

Over in Brandon, just east of Plant City and adjacent to Tampa, we have a cool little scene going on, made up mostly of high school and college-aged kids, although a few older folks have been turning up for shows lately.

The only place for shows in this area is the storage room of the Sound Idea record store. There are a few regular volunteers who keep things running smooth. We push everything to the sides and cover it up with sheets. We have a decent PA and rudimentary lighting. It takes us about fifteen minutes to set up for a show. There are free shows every Sunday at 3:00 and shows for touring bands a couple of times a month. It's a fun scene. No fights, everyone knows each other and best of all, the kids respond to the bands. Yeah, there's lots of crazy dancing and sing alongs.

HANK EARL CARR AND THE EXPLODING STATE TROOPERS

Because most of the people at the Brandon shows are underage, we have a very strict "No Alcohol" policy, which some older folks scoff at, but it is absolutely necessary to keep us out of trouble with police, neighbors and the landlord. Most people understand this, but a few people just don't fucking get it. People who bring alcohol to Sound Idea shows have to pour it out or leave. A big part of the Brandon-area scene is our zine, Burn Brandon. Six issues have come out so far and number seven should be out shortly. The zine is run collectively. Anybody can write anything he wants and get it printed. The zine is financed by donations nd benefit shows. Usually one five-dollar show will draw enough income to put out an entire issue. Issues are typically around 40 pages and have press runs of 100 to 150 copies. Burn Brandon is a free zine and we don't accept advertising. And that's the way we want to keep it. You can pick up a copy at the Sound Idea store or you can ask for the latest issue when you order from Sound Idea and if we have any left, you got it?

An offshoot project of Burn Brandon zine is Burn Brandon Records. BBR is run on the same principles as the zine. Anybody can be involved. The label is financed by donations and benefit shows. And like the zine, BBR releases are free.

Our first release came out in Dec 2000. "Hillsborough County Noise Ordinance" is a 14-band CD that comes with a 16-page newsprint zine. Each band gets a page for lyrics, photos, etc. It took

MONUMENTS TO RUINS

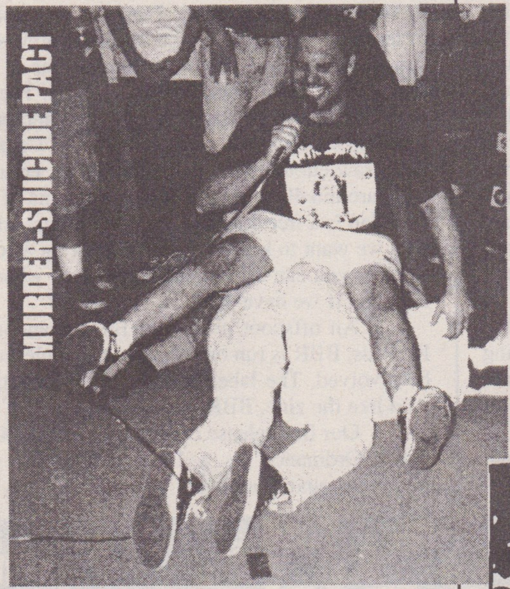
about nine months of meetings and benefit shows to get it out, but it is out and everyone involved is pleased with the results. One thousand copies were made and divided equally among the 14 bands. If you want a copy, get in touch with the bands. I'm sure they'll be happy to hear from you. You may have to send some stamps or something in trade. Here are the bands:

MONUMENTS TO RUINS is the only group on the comp with female members — two, count 'em, two. Regina and Lauren are a big inspiration to some of the younger females in what is basically a male-dominated scene. MTR just released a 7" on Tribal War Records, too. Russell/5507 N. Miami Ave/Tampa, FL 33604 or Mon2Ruins@aol.com

LIVING PROOF is a bunch of nice high school kids from Tampa. One of the most polished bands on the comp, both in musicianship and in recording quality. Of course, Living Proof is best known for making hundreds of stickers and plastering them all over my record store. Thanks, guys. I know where you live... Contact: Livingproof4@aol.com

WAR WITH SOCIETY At the core of WWS are the Kelly brothers, Will and Steve. These two are punk rock's answer to Laurel and Hardy, constantly bickering and slapping each other to the amusement of all. They're an industrious pair, as well, forming at least a dozen bands in the past ten months — some lasting just an hour or two. Vocals are handled by a guy named Matt who was break dancing the first time I saw him. Rounding out the band is Brad on bass, the sober John Enthwistle to Will's wild Pete Townsend. WWS is broken up now, but the Kelly brothers heritage carries on in THE TOILET COPS and probably several other bands. Contact: The Kelly Brothers/612 Stone Drive/Brandon, FL 33510 or Warwithsociety45@aol.com

SO FAR NO GOOD are prolific punkers with ska in their blood. Bassist Tony and drummer John are probably the tightest rhythm section in the county, if not the state. www.geocities.com/sofarnogood



M.F.R. mutated into LIVING PROOF but managed to get at least one of their songs recorded for the sake of posterity. Contact them through LIVING-PROOF.

THE CURSED was the first of this new generation of local bands, starting in 1997 as a two piece. Their sound is influenced by The Germs, The Damned and The Pagans. Cool influences for such youngsters, I think. THE CURSED broke up in the spring of 2000. You can try getting a hold of them at negativeyouth@hotmail.com

RISKY BUSINESS take their cues from Sick Of It All and Snapcase. RB is really tight live, stringing together three or four songs effortlessly. Contact them at:14240 North 42nd St #3101/Tampa, FL 33613 or at Riskybusiness789@hotmail.com

THOUGHT CORRUPTION was a foursome of high school thrashers from Tampa. They played two shows and broke up. That is too bad. Contact: masskontroll34@aol.com

THE RECKLESS DEERHUNTERS have kept it going for more than five years without a fraction of the accolades they deserve. Take some Ramones, Dayglo Abortions and Black Flag and that's RDH. The band is taking a break from gigs to record their astounding repertoire of more than 50 songs. Contact: Frank Vagnozzi/6303

Newtown Circle #A3/Tampa, FL 33615or recklessdeerhunters@hotmail.com

T.B.A. broke up in the summer of 2000 but they did some great 80s-influenced hardcore while they were around. Then they evolved into FUN WITH NATURE. Contact both bands at: funwithnature@hotmail.com

HANK EARL CARR AND THE EXPLODING STATE TROOPERS is probably one of the punkest bands this area has seen in more than a decade, both in attitude and in playing style. If you're wondering who Hank Carr is, he was Florida's most famous cop killer and a big hero to these lads, who dare not dentify themselves. A couple of demos have been recorded and there is talk of doing a record.

MURDER-SUICIDE PACT is my band. We have an LP/CD and an 7" out and have been on a few other comps. Yes, we are still going and are working on new songs. I still have a few copies of "Hillsborough County Noise Ordinance" left from our share. Contact me if you want a copy.

VEGAN WISCONSIN was somewhat of a jokethrash band with members of H.E.C.A.T.E.S.T., THE CURSED and WAR WITH SOCIETY. The Vegans are gone now, but their legacy of crappiness lives on with their last-minute inclusion this comp. Contact VEGAN WISCONSIN through WAR WITH SOCIETY.

And that concludes our comp, "Hillsborough County Noise Ordinance." This disc has been a real morale boost for our young scene. Ideas for the next Burn Brandon Records release are being tossed around now, but nothing is definite. See you next scene report.

Bob Suren
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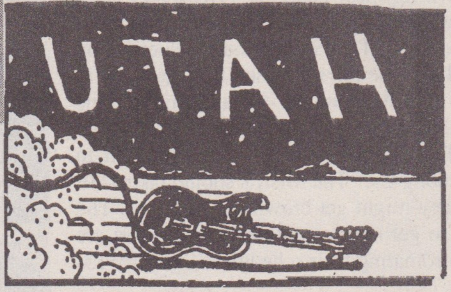


SALT LAKE CITY/all UTAH Scene Report 2001

UTAH 2001: It was mentioned to me by someone that I should do a scene report for Utah since it seemed like I had a lot of informatlon, and my initial reaction was 'No way!" Because I had done scene reports in other states over the past decade or more I knew how those mentioned would cry about being described incorrectly and how those not mentioned would just plain cry. But, I decided to go ahead and do one when someone told me how awful he thought the Salt Lake area punk scene was. Actually SLC and Utah is overflowing with punk bands; good bands or not-so-good bands - still there are a lot of them. Cne local guy told me he could think of over 50 punk

music-based bands from Utah that had released a record or a CD (including comps, etc...) in the last year or two. Which seems hard bo believe when you're not reading about them in any of the major punk zines at all. However, those who live here and know the scene probably don't find that too hard to believe. So, if anyone wants to complain you are free to oontact me (Bob Thompson) and make an appointment for me to kick the crap out of you. I'm sure to leave some bands out and that's just the way it goes.

FORM OF ROCKET

I would venture a guess and say that there is a pop-punk band for every square mile of urban/suburban land in Utah. With the only redeeming factor being that Utah's pop-punk bands are, for the most part, far better than pop-punk bands from almost anywhere else. I guess compitetion breeds quality. My favorite Utah band from the pop-punk genre is m e UNINFORMED. Already known locally for their live set of driving pop-punk, they're planning on releas~ng a split CD to be out in the Spring of 2001. The UNINFORMED remind me of Strung Out and Pennywise somewhat, from the cassette I heard of them. The other band planned for that split CD is a lighter Utah punk band called KODAK AVE. (The UMINFORMED: 172 E., 500 So. Basement Apartment, Bountiful, UT 84010).

MAGSTATIC, most known for their Sub-Pop release a few years back, have a new CD out titled *Wristrockets & Rollercoasters* on Guapo Records. This new CD is said to pack a bit more punch than their previous release, and you can listen for yourself on the band website (www.magstatic.com).

The "Suburban Zoo" CD by HOSPITAL FOOD is a good place to start if you want to check out quality Utah pop-punk. They've been compared to Lagwagon and Fifteen, amoung others, and their live show gives you a great example of how tight they are. You can also check 'em out on a number of CD compilations that are out there, but $5.00ppd. is a great price on their full-length CD (HOSPITAL FOOD: 5076 Glendon St., SLC, UT 84123).

A new band, FRIGID GIDGET, are four women who play punky alternative music with a smart-assed attitude. They may be one of the only bands in town with a light-hearted approach to their music. They should have some form of recording done by the time you read this, so write to them and find out (frigidgidget@hotmail.com).

FORM OF ROCKET are an indie-rock band that mixes in angular high energy punk rock (àla Drive Like Jehu and their ilk). Amazing guitars highlight their sound. If you missed them on their recent tour you can get a T-shirt or their self-titled CD EP for $5.00ppd. (FORM OF ROCKET: 860 E., 1700 So., SLC, UT 84105).

E.C.O. is another pop-punk band with a CD out. They play out pretty often and have a good local fanbase. When I recently went to a local record shop a salesman told me that E.C.O.'s CD,*Life...Unfair*, was a hot selling item and to tell them to bring some in because they had sold out. And keep selling out quickly. I believe $10 00 is what they're charging if you'd like to get a oopy through the mail (E.C.O.: PO Fox 57522, Murray, UT 84115).

THE C0RLEONES are a lighter punk band with a CD coming out on the local Sickboy Records. I've heard that they plan on doing some out-of-state dates before too- long, so watch for them coming to your town (contact Sickboy Records; address below).

Another band with a CD ooming out (by the time this is printed) are The TEEN TRAGEDIES. The CD is titled *For Those Who Never Cared* and features their throwback punk style which some people describe as being an AVENGERS influenced sound. Guitarist/vocalist Kelly Green also does the "punkbeat.com" web-zine that is a good place to get info on the band. But you can reach 'em through the mail also (THE TEEN TRAGEDIES: PO Bρx 520052, SLC, UT 84152-0052).

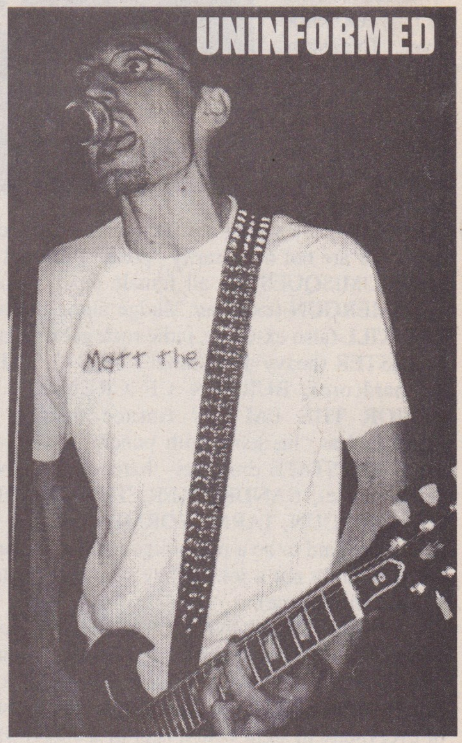
From Bountiful, Utah oomes THE CRASHERS, and man are they young! They probably are not as young as they look, but they are fairly young. When I was talking to Kelly Green regarding them she said "Is that the band of like 12 year old kids?" They have a raw punk sound and you can catch them live every so often if you're in this area. They're likely to be around for a while.

ENDLESS STRUGGLE is a G.B.H. meets Rancid-style punk band which includes an ex-member of Total Chaos. They have a 7" out called *Leather, Studs & Punks* on New Jersey's Charged Records, and a CD on that same label. The interesting fact about ENDLESS STRUGGLE is how often people offer to tell me horror stories about how rude or "rockstar" they seemed when they were come in oontact with. But, they do have a strong local following and rumors will always fly, I guess. (Charged Records: PO Eox 157, High Bridge, NJ 08829).

ICEBURN, one of Utah's best known bands, is now playing around town as the jazz-based ICEBURN TRIO. I believe that they have a CD out, but I'm not sure about that info. I thought some people would be interested in knowing what's up with them.

The *Find Your Own Way Home* CD put out by Salt Lake's INTERSTATE is still available, but new recordings are on the way. Their new bassist Is the ex-vocalist Vermont's Seven Years War. They sound a lot like Silent Majority and bit like Lifetime (INTERSTATE: PO Box 65453, SLC, UT 84165-5453).

The new drummer for INTERSTATE also plays in the metallic hardcore band THORNSIDE, who recently release a CD. THORNSIDE opens up for most of the metallic hardcore bands that come through town on tour. Good band.



UNINFORMED

I believe their CD is $8.00ppd., but not sure (contact THORNSIDE through the INTERSTATE address above).

DRIVE are tlhe type of band that you might hear on Initial or Revelation Records - chugga chugga metal with a strong frayed emo mixed in. Moody music with clean vocals. Not sure if they have any releases, but they play out quite a lot.

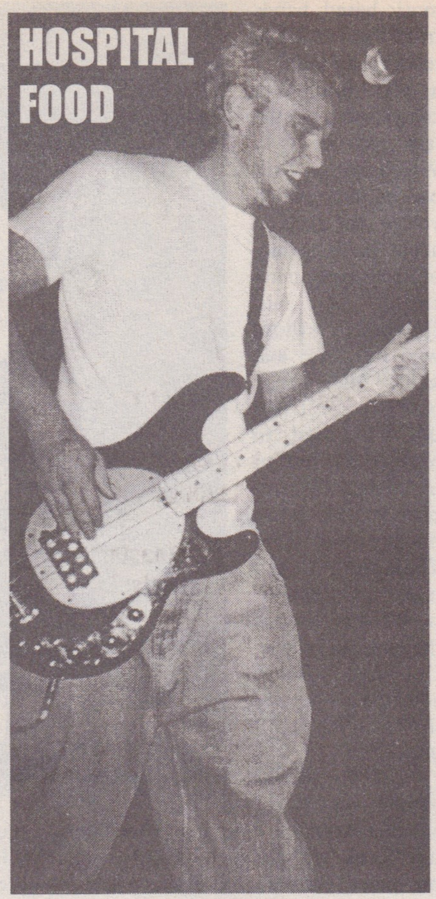
POLITICALLY ERECT is another hardcore band whose self-released CD, *Free Salt Lake*, can be bought from the band for $5.00ppd. It is also another good way to get introduced to what's going on in Salt Lake/Utah area. And guys from POLITICALLY ERECT are planning to release more CD's on their label. FRANKEN-SYSTEM (what a great name!) from Farmington, Utah is likely to be the next band they'll release a CD from (POLITICALLY ERECT: 1505 So., 1300 E., SLC, UT 84105).

S.O.R. are a raw blistering American crust band irom Evanston, Wyoming. I'm including them in the Utah scene report since there's no actual "city" in Wyoming and their "local" gigs actually happen in Salt Lake. S.O.R. has an insane vocalist (sounds like the guy from Red Roses For A Blue Lady)– worth checking out. They have a 4-track quality cassette you can write for (S.O.R.: 117 Oblonial Ave., Evanston, WY 82930).

There are a number of other bands that might be of interest to readers, but because they are young and have no releases, couldn't easily be contacted, or are not necessarily "punk" I did not describe above. They are PROMISQUES (an all female death metal band from Ogden), HAMMERGUN (ex-Clear, sludge along the lines of Iron Monkey), THE KILL (also ex-Clear, indie rock goes metal), HER BLACKLIST DISASTER (heavy and strange), 78 DAYS AFTER DEATH (metallic hardcore), BURDEN CF CREATICN (metallic hardcore), ABHOR THE FALLEN (insane metal), LIFT THE CURSE (described as "hardcore with punch the floor-breakdowns"), I.O.D. (ex-INTERSTATE drummer– hardcore), KUNG FU GRIP (wall of stoner noise), SANDKICKER, THUNDERFIST, FECAL BOMB, HAMMERGUN, TARN, WORMDRIVE and DEAD SEXY. DEAD SEXY are said to be a pro-poligamist band from Southern Utah, who are apparsntly not a joke (They would definately be worth seeing if you got the chance).

The ZILLIONAIRES have moved to Seattle. Get their CD of kickass old style punk through Pelado Records. Great stuff.

Salt Lake City (Utah in general) is known as being a town full of vegan straight-edge gangs roaming the streets kicking the butts of everybody in sight with a beer or a burger. But really there are few straight-edgers and straight-edge bands (78 DAYS AFTER DEATH are one, but they're very friendly). There's less violence here than in any other town I've lived in when it oomes to shows (although I grew up in San Diego during the '80s, so any show where there's not a riot or stabbing or band having their hair removed with a knife is a show without violence as far as I'm concerned).



There are a few zines in Utah worth mentioning. Brandon from Sickboy Records puts a catalog out, though it's really more like a zine (interviews, reviews, columns, etc...). Ihe newest issue has a Tiltwheel interview, amoung other things. Stamps (or a dollar) should cover postage (Brandon Dalton/Sickboy: P.O. Box 2464, SLC, UT 84110).

Godsend is a zine out of Logan, Utah which is offset on newsprint. Lots of big photos of the bands they interview in each issue. Around 20 to 30 pages and free in Utah record stores. lhey don't list a mailing address, so I can't tell you how to get a hold of 'em. But worth checking out if you can.

"punkbeat.com" is an e-zine that deals with SLC and Utah related punk happenings. Usually pretty up to date (www.punkbeat.com).

Some places around town where punk rock related music can be seen and heard include Kilby Court Gallery, Bricks, Da Phat Squirrel, DV8, Burt's Tiki Lounge, Ya' Buts, and a number of off and on spots. Burt's has no door fee (ever!) and has punk bands play there fairly often (Burt's: 726 State St., SLC, UT 84111). Kilby Court Gallery has regular all ages shows and is run by people involved with the underground music scene. Very grassroots place - low entry prices(Kilby Court: 741 So., 330 W., SLC, UT 84101).

I was going to mention how the grid address system works to help touring bands (and the thousands of snowboarders who show up each winter) get to venues, but instead I'll just advise everyone coming here to spend $3.00 and buy a map. Thanks to those who helped me with this (pictures, info,etc...).

HEY THERE PUNK ROCKER

EVER WONDER WHY IT SEEMS LIKE NO ONE EVER COMES TO YOUR TOWN ON TOUR AND NO ONE SEEMS TO GIVE TWO SHITS ABOUT YOUR BAND? MAYBE IT'S CAUSE NO ONE KNOWS ANYTHING EVEN EXISTS WHERE YOU LIVE! SO COME ON SEND IN SOME SCENE REPORTS TO LET PEOPLE KNOW WHATS UP!!!

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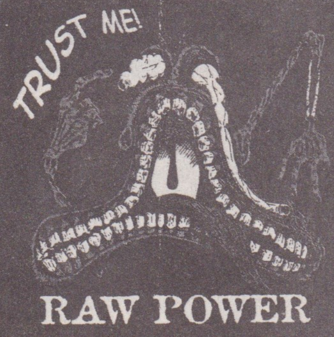

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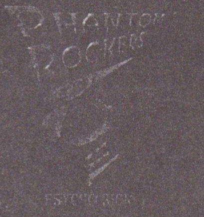

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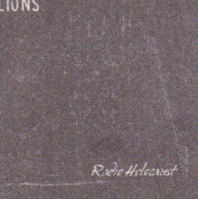

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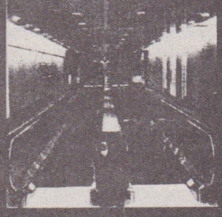

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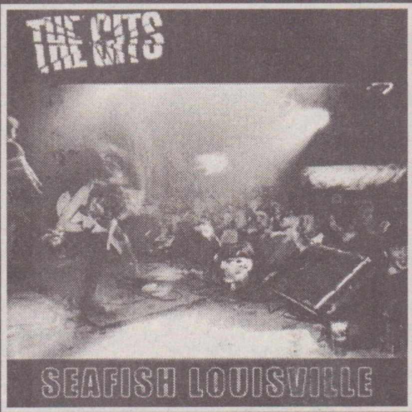

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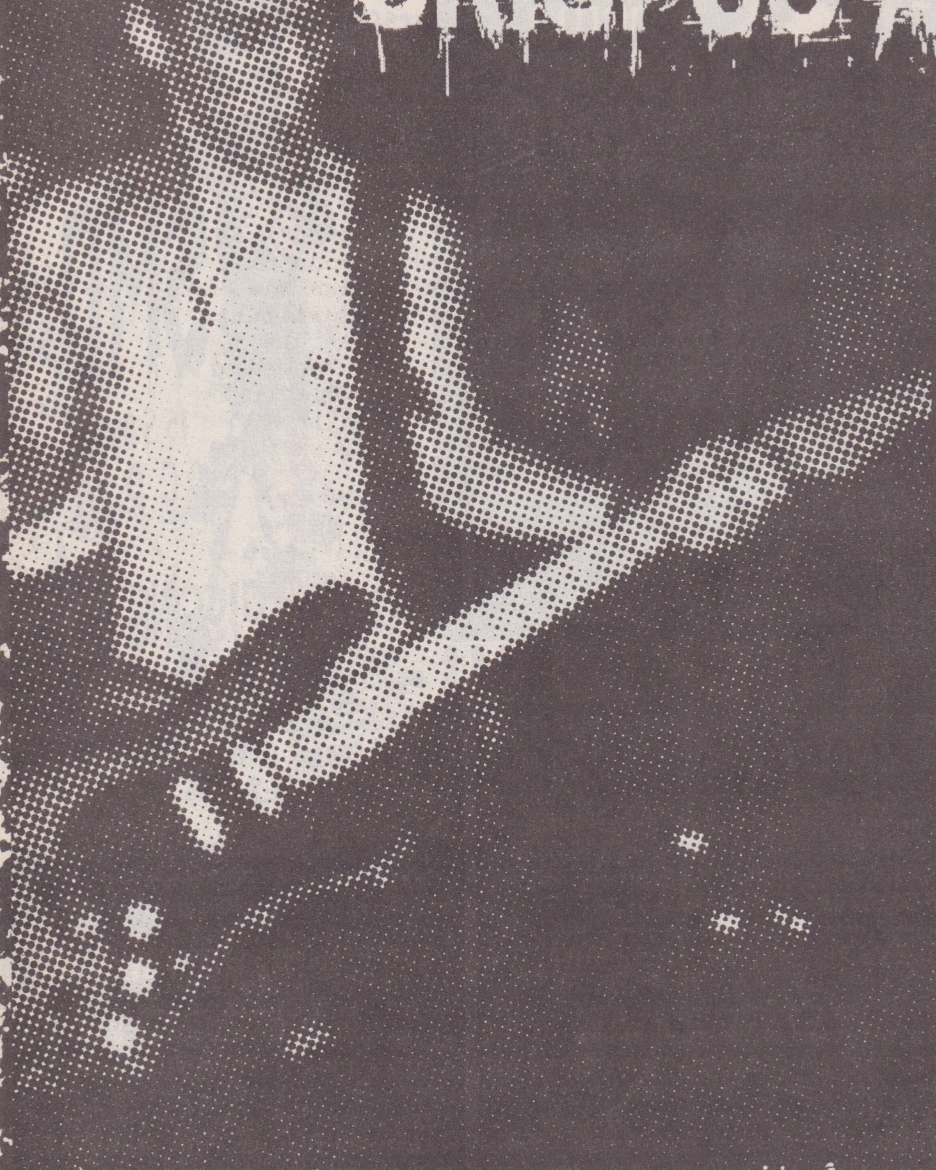
CRISPUS ATTUCKS



CRISPUS ATTUCKS, TAKING THEIR NAME FROM AN INDIVIDUAL KILLED DURING THE BOSTON MASSACRE, ARE AN ASS-KICKING, OLD SCHOOL HARDCORE BAND FROM MARYLAND. TWO ALBUMS UNDER THEIR BELTS, WITH THE MOST-RECENT BEING "DESTROY THE TEACHER," ON SODA JERK RECORDS. I INTERVIEWED GUITARIST MATT "MATTUCKS" MOFFATT AT THE EVER-WONDERFUL BURRITO MAX IN BOSTON'S KENMORE SQUARE, WHEN HE WAS UP FOR A WEEKEND VISIT. FOR MORE INFO, CHECK OUT THEIR WEBSITE AT HTTP://CRISPUSATTUCKS.MARYLANDHARDCORE.COM OR WRITE TO 3912 LIVINGSTON ST., HYATTSVILLE, MD 20781. INTERVIEW BY AL QUINT OF SUBURBAN VOICE 'ZINE.

MRR: Give me the history of the band. How you got together, long you've been together and you said you have a new bass-player now.

Yeah... let's see. We formed in high school in '95. Our sole goal was to play the "Battle Of The Bands" (laughs). Then we all separated a year and came back in the summer of '96. We decided we wanted to keep on doing it. We absolutely sucked and then managed to get better at what we do. That leads us to today. There's been various lineup changes. Me and the singer Jamie are the only original members. Pat, our drummer, joined in March of '98. Pat, our other guitar player, joined in December of '99 and we just got a new bass-player, Steve, from No Justice and Longshot. He just joined us.

MRR: Before "Destroy The Teacher," you had a 7" and a first CD?

Yes... we put those out on Bullet Records (laughs)...

MRR: We were just talking about how lame it was that the Washington Bullets changed their name to the Wizards, too. Let's talk some hoops here!

Well we thought if they weren't using their logo anymore, we could lift it.

MRR: They didn't threaten to sue you or anything?

It never got into their hands. (laughs) Surprisingly. The 7" came out in '97 and then we put out the CD in the summer of '98. "Destroy The Teacher" came out March 14th [2000].

MRR: Any plans to repress the older stuff?

Yeah. Soda Jerk is slated to repress it. It was supposed to come out by Halloween [last year] but we kind of broke up. We did that break up thing.

MRR: What happened there?

The reason we have a new bass-player was because our old bass-player said he couldn't tour and one of our guidelines as a band is, if we're not moving forward, if we're not doing something new, then we shouldn't be a band. We should break up. So we had a meeting and he said he couldn't do a particular tour and there was already some personal tension involved. So it was like, we're not moving forward... let's break up. Then, after you break up, you look

back and go, fuck...

MRR: You miss it...

Yeah, so I talked to the other members and said we have some options here. We could tour and go to Europe and see things we've never seen before and still do a lot of things. Are you guys still down? We decided we were going to do it and we called Steve.

MRR: What made you decide to name your band after a historical figure from the Revolutionary War era?

We formed in high school, in an American History class. I think it was black history month and Crispus Attucks was always in the standard textbooks. This was the same time we were getting into punk rock and our original guitarist Hilary... we just looked at each other and—I don't know why—said that's the name of our band. It was kind of an obscure reference and it sounded real tough (laughter). That was the impetus behind that. Since then, it's gathered a little more meaning for us.

MRR: You wrote a song about him too. It was on the first album.

Every show, we open with that song. That's just a little history. All punk bands write songs named after themselves. So Hilary wrote those lyrics. If I recall, correctly, the lyrics are a little bit patriotic.

MRR: They are? Uh-oh! On the other hand, "America's War" is something you could hardly call a patriotic song.

Yeah. We've never had any governing guidelines about what we talk about. It was never four or five people who got together and said "we're going to talk about this. These are going to be the issues of the band." It's always been we're all going to bring our own beliefs and politics to the band. Granted the singer, by and large, gets heard the most so Jamie writes the bulk of the lyrics. But over the course of the last few years, we've been introduced to more anarchist politics and there was a pretty good anarchist punk scene in Baltimore for a number of years. We learned a lot. We've been going to school, too. The more you can get educated, the more reason you have to be pissed off at things.

MRR: You were saying some of you guys went to University of Maryland?

In some way, shape or form, we all have been associated with the University of Maryland, be it student, drop-out or graduate.

MRR: What did you study there?

Liberal arts... American studies. I work in a beer store. (laughter)

MRR: That's what that degree prepared you for! Let's get into some of your other lyrics. Tell me about "The Articles Of Libertaria." Was it some kind of idyllic paradise you conjured up?

Jamie scripted it. He's fascinated with pirate culture. A lot of bands have made analogies between punk culture and pirate culture.

MRR: True. San Francisco has the whole "pirate punx" thing.

Right. All the flyers in Mission Records mention "pirate punx." But I know What Happens Next? has an essay on one of their records where they compare the two cultures. Pirates felt no governing nationality, so they were without these allegiances, so they kind of went out and did their own thing. Jamie, in particular, associated with that idea.

MRR: "King Death" comes up in both "Articles Of Libertaria" and "Under The Banner Of King Death."

MRR: Why don't you tell me about that...

That's more pirate imagery. If you

listen to the song, the only thing you might understand without looking at the lyric sheet is "freedom, freedom." The idea is not to be controlled by a status-quo environment. That's what it boils down to.

MRR: Tell me about the acoustic song at the end, "Suburban Pride." First of all, does anyone still play tetherball out there, as gets mentioned in the song? I haven't played that since I was like 13, which was quite awhile ago.

That was Hilary's last project for us and he's always been an extreme jokester, ever since I've known him. He writes some of the wittiest, funniest lyrics and that song was actually on one of our demo tapes. Anytime we go in the studio,we're not too serious. So we just belted that out and put it as a secret track. Sometimes when we go from city to city, people might think that we're really serious dudes, but we're just regular people and that kind of brings out the more light-hearted part of us.

MRR: You can't be serious all the time. But, getting back to that song, I assume you're from the 'burbs?

Yeah. We all grew up in the DC suburbs.

MRR: I've driven through Rockville and, to me, that's the prototypical example of suburban sprawl. One long road and every fast food franchise repeated every couple of miles.

I grew up in Rockville and that's right. I've been told Rockville Pike is the longest shopping strip in the world. It might be second to the Pacific Coastal highway but it's just mall after mall.

MRR: One of the coolest record stores I've ever been to is on that stretch... Yesterday & Today.

Overpriced!

MRR: I haven't been there in over 10 years, I have to admit.

A lot of the independent record stores are closing down, actually. Vinyl Ink in Silver Springs is gone. Record Convergence in Fairfax (VA) is gone. It's pretty lean.

MRR: Why do you figure that is? Because of the internet or chain stores?

It just seems there's a lack of support around them. Joe's Record Paradise had to move to a more distant location. It might be locale, too. In the city, you have Smash, which I guess is more of an old-fashioned store. Reptilian, in Baltimore, seems to be doing incredible. That's the best record store, I think, on the east coast. Some are going strong, but others are just dropping off, which kind of sucks. Because when bands come through town, they're like 'where can you go record shopping' and there's not too much around.

MRR: The Rockville Pike, it just seems to be a mecca or temple to consumption. That's what people are into... consumption. That's what leads to their contentment and it might also lead to their complacency, as well.

Yeah... at one intersection, they actually have these humungous, gaudy statues of "Happy Businessman" or "Happy Consumer." Occasionally, I do just sit myself down and watch consumption happen. Watch how people act and interact. Sometimes I feel really angry at people and then, other times, I'm more sympathetic. They don't know any other way. But, ultimately, when you go to college and the first thing people ask you is "what do you do?" You're going to go

to school to get a job.
MRR: Yeah, to get a job to get a degree. It becomes vocational training. You get identified by that and that's a trap that a lot of people fall into. And I didn't go to school for that. I'm going to go to my high school reunion in a couple of weeks and the first thing people will ask is "what are you doing?"
MRR: That's the first thing people always ask when they meet someone or see someone for the first time in awhile. It becomes people's identity, what they do for a living.
See, that's weird, because when people ask me what I do, I say I skateboard and I pay my bills however I can.
MRR: It's like some people's perception might be 'he doesn't hold down a full-time job. There must be something wrong with him.' But they get caught up in the identification with their work instead of the type of person they are. Their interests or passions.
Yeah. People's primary identity in most circles is going to be your job. I'll bring up this high school reunion thing. When I go to that, it always takes a second when you're trying to explain how you're not financially secure, you kind of live day by day and how that's OK with you. Because a lot of people, they've never, ever...
MRR: They're 23 years old, still relatively young, and already caught up in that day to day rat-race.
Yeah... scary stuff.
MRR: Getting back to the lyrics, on the song "Convenience Kills," you talk about "entertainment held over action." Why don't you explain that.
Basically that boils down to collecting records (laughter). It's not going to start a revolution. It's very easy to go "this is an awesome record" but, beyond that, that's not the ends. That should be a means to inspire you to create action. It's not just limited to records, either. It's kind of an attack on complacency and that's as much of a personal attack on ourselves, too, because it's something we were guilty of.
MRR: You always feel like you can do more.
Yeah. There's always plenty of times when you think what you're doing is right and then you have to think "what is the right way?" I try to, personally, always think I've never reached my goal. Every day, I've got to keep on trying.
MRR: It also tied into another song, "Deny Youth Culture." I see a parallel between those two songs.
Those were the two songs Bill [ex-bass player] wrote on that album. "Deny Youth Culture" was one of the songs we would explain on our last tour. Especially now, the year 2000, where youth culture is totally commodified. So you have to make the decision of what differentiates the package, the commodification, from what's real. All too often, punk rockers still associate with—I mean, I have a pair of Vans shoes on there. And they're [manufactured] overseas...
MRR: I know. That's one problem I have with their sponsorship of the Warped tour, in addition to a lot of other things with that tour. It's all the corporate sponsors it has. Is this just a rock 'n roll festival or is it a punk rock festival? Then you try to define punk rock and that's such an individual definition.
MRR: The age-old question that's been beaten to death.
Like, I went to Rancid two nights ago and thought, "is this a punk show or is it just a band?" A whole slew of ideological questions. If you see younger kids, this is a humungous show for them. They're singing along.
MRR: It depends on what you get out of it.
I mean, you see a kid having the greatest time of his life. Am I one to criticize that? There seems to be little one-upmanship, but I'm still there.
MRR: Well, you do what's right for yourself and, at the same time, reach out to them and share some of your knowledge, as well. That's what you're trying to do with the band, I'd guess. Pointing out that the world is messed up that we maybe need to do something about, whether it's in ourselves or on a wider spectrum.
When I think of punk rock, I'm thinking of more than chords, chanting and moshing. I'm not trying to bash those things, but there's an added element. Sometimes when I go to a show like that, it doesn't seem like that.
No. It's a rock concert with funnier hair.
That's not that new, either. It's no different than Lollapalooza or any of those other rock trends that have happened...

CRISPUS ATTUCKS

fetish

FETISH has been kicking sonic ass since the mid-'90s around the Bay Area and have just released a full-length CD/LP called "Silver" on Adeline Records outta Oakland, California. I sat down with them in late November 2000. Singer/guitarist Matt sets the scene: "This interview took place in an undisclosed location that has tons of energy and nostalgia. Platinum records were made here, drugs have been done here, women have been spanked here, men have cum here. We are here with Jesse Luscious, who played us for the first time ever on the radio, on KALX 90.7 Berkeley (Somebody had to do it!). Outside is Lexy G., her husband John, and little Johnny. They own this particular building, a.k.a. 'The Power Strip.' On our record we have a song about this place." Check 'em out! Interview by Jesse Luscious.

FETISH is Matt Olipahnt - lead vox/git, Mark Moreno - drums, Chris Doints - bass, and Brian Galli - git.

Billie Joe asked us for a song for a compilation..., which led to a conversation about a record, which led to a phone call in the middle of the day, "Wanna make a record?" "Okay, when?" "Now." "Okay."

MRR: What's with your name? Are you the male INSAINTS?

Matt: FETISH is from a Native American medicine class at Berkeley.

MRR: Bullshit, what's the real story? (laughter)

Matt: Yeah it's all about pussy, whips, and cocaine. It was sitting in the backyard of the house, 5647 Miles in Oakland, that the band started. We had to come up with a name because some guy saw us play our first show ever and wanted to put out a seven inch, so we had to come up with a name and we had a list of, what, a million of them? FETISH was the one that got picked. It came from taking a class and I thought that this was interesting.

MRR: Okay, I believe you. How'd FETISH start?

Matt: I moved here from Modesto in 1990 and went to college. I was convinced by some amazing musicians in an amazing, very successful East Bay punk rock band to start my own band, so they introduced me to a drummer named Mark Moreno. They got equipment, including a drum set, so that enhanced Mark's willingness to join the band. I said "Hey dude, I've got a drum kit so you don't even need to bring one!" Started singing from nowhere, I never dreamed for two seconds that I would be in a band, I just sort of did it. Which is part of the reason why I'm still doing it - it feels really good to just DO something. The four of us started playing when I turned 25, April of '97, prior to that FETISH was born in Oakland at 5647 Miles in Summer - I want to say July - of '94. August of '94, that's when Tre introduced me to Mark. I already had a guitarist. We got Chris through an ad in BAM (rest in peace). We got more phone calls than you can imagine, everything from 15-year-old girls to 44-year-old men. Chris called and we had a two hour phone discussion which led to him coming over and playing the FALSE SACRAMENT record.

MRR: Tell me about some of the great gigs FETISH has rocked at?

Brian: July 13th August '98, I don't really remember where we were playing. There weren't very many people in the crowd except for this one girl with really big titties. She actually was getting turned on by Matt's voice and she came up on stage, took her shirt off and put her two boobs between Matt's big ol' nose. She continued to take off her panties and that's when I got the idea to go out and buy one of those Big Muff pedals.

Matt: We were at Jay's Bar Upstairs in

Missoula, Montana. There was this crazy guy there who was on the run from the Hell's Angels. Anyway, he beat the head of the California chapter to the ground with a pool stick, which you gotta admire, and he was on the run in Montana. He was really cool and knew a ton about East Bay rock 'n' roll. Great guy.

Chris: Hello, Cleveland! I think the most memorable show was at the Civic Center with TRULIO DISGRACIAS, the Hemp Festival in '97 or '98, because it was really cool hanging out with those guys. TRULIO DISGRACIAS is members of FISHBONE. The cool thing about it is that while we played they were on the side of the stage hanging out listening to us and gave us some advice that I'll never forget, "Don't give up, no matter what."

Mark: Shows? A good one was San Francisco. We played with a few of the East Bay bands at the Cocodrie. A lot of people, pretty good time, good show and more to come.

Matt: That show ended up getting us on a compilation on Adeline with a bunch of other great bands and then a record, which is the only reason MRR is talking to us in the first place!

MRR: Speaking of your new record...

Matt: The record's called "Silver," it came out on Halloween. 13 song record, Jesse Luscious is very fond of the cover - it's a very metallic blue and silver photograph of a microphone that says more than a thousand words - and could probably do a lot more things if you thought about it that way too, but we'll leave that to the imagination. We recorded it really quickly with Willie Samuels. Props to Adeline and the fun people working there. Basically, Billie Joe asked us for a song for a compilation after he saw us at the record release party for THE FRUSTRATORS (at the Cocodrie), which led to a conversation about a record, which led to a phone call in the middle of the day, "Wanna make a record?" "Okay, when?" "Now." "Okay." And we ended up at a studio, and that's where all the pussy, whips, and cocaine came into play! It's our first real release, we've done things on our own on Fatisha Records, but we had to leave her behind because a 6-pound cat couldn't handle the load anymore. We moved on to a human being record label. We were managed, booked, produced, and distributed by a cat named Fatisha. Fatisha's from the heart of the ghetto in East Oakland - she's still around.

Mark: I felt real comfortable with Willie Samuels, who's a drummer himself who knows a lot about good drum tones and making people feel comfortable. I think he made everyone feel comfortable during that session. There's some kick-ass tunes that people shouldn't pass up.

Brian: This is my first band that I've been in this long, I don't have a lot of production experience when it comes to this level. I think it sounds really good and I'm thankful for all the people who were in there helping me out because I didn't know what the fuck was going on!

Matt: I'm particularly fond of the lyrics to "Lipstick," because it means a million different things to people who come up to me, and to me it means something extremely specific. To tell you the truth, it's a song about a conspiracy to a kid who committed suicide and I think I know why he did it. I don't know if anyone does, but it's all true.

Chris: I'm particularly fond of "Baby, It Will Be Alright," as far as the bass line is concerned. I really dig this record, I'm proud of what we did in there, and I'm looking forward to doing our next record as soon as possible.

MRR: Musically, what are your different backgrounds?

Mark: I've been a local hometown boy from the East Bay for as long as I've lived, so I've been in the East-Bay-scene-type of bands, but the cheesy ones - you know, like NO PEACE, EAST BAY MUD, 17 Minus 2 - that's 16 minus one, that's me! (Laughter) 'Sup, suckers? Goddamn sonnuva - I'm referring to the bad words. That's my background, grew up with all the bands, CRIMPSHRINE, ISOCRACY, a lot of good people around here.

Chris: I've been in a handful of bands, I moved here from Virginia about 10 years ago with a band called FALSE SACRAMENT, I was in a band called BUZZARD before that and a band called GROG before that.

Brian: Musical background, in terms of bands I've been in? Zero. I was my own band! I just graduated from SF State and I got a call saying that they needed a guitar player, and I said okay because Biology wasn't going to take me anywhere. Before that it was the library and books, and before that it was my bedroom and YNGWIE and JOE SATRIANI and DIO and all the '80s metal bands, but that was it. Except for the little jingle-jangle with my buddy from Modesto but we weren't really a band.

Matt: Musical background, zero. Band background, zero. I was in a speed-metal band with Brian in Modesto!

MRR: What's the FETISH/Polish connection?

Matt: We're huge in Poland! (laughter) No, we charted number 8! Polish people are great, I'm in love with a Polish woman, honest to God!

MRR: What final message do you have for the fine readers of *MaximumRocknRoll?*

Matt: Don't forget the pussy, whips, and cocaine. Or cookies and cocaine, how about that? How about cookies and instead of sugar on top, it's cocaine? There's a chance that we might go on the road with THE INFLUENTS in February. Check out the Adeline Records website, and look for FETISH maybe at SXSW, as well as Modesto and around the Bay Area. Check out http//www.adelinerecords.net , or check out our website, it's a dinosaur, at http//www.fetish.addr.com .

Chris: When I was about 15 or 16 I started subscribing to MRR with a buddy of mine, Jonas, and we would write to all the bands that had $4 demo tapes and they were really cool and would write us back. Some of those bands were ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT, FINAL CONFLICT, C.O.C., a bunch more that I can't remember because it was 15 years ago. But if you want to write us at the address below, I will certainly write you back.

When I was about 15 or 16 I started subscribing to MRR with a buddy of mine, Jonas, and we would write to all the bands that had $4 demo tapes and they were really cool and would write us back. Some of those bands were ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT, FINAL CONFLICT, C.O.C., a bunch more that I can't remember because it was 15 years ago.

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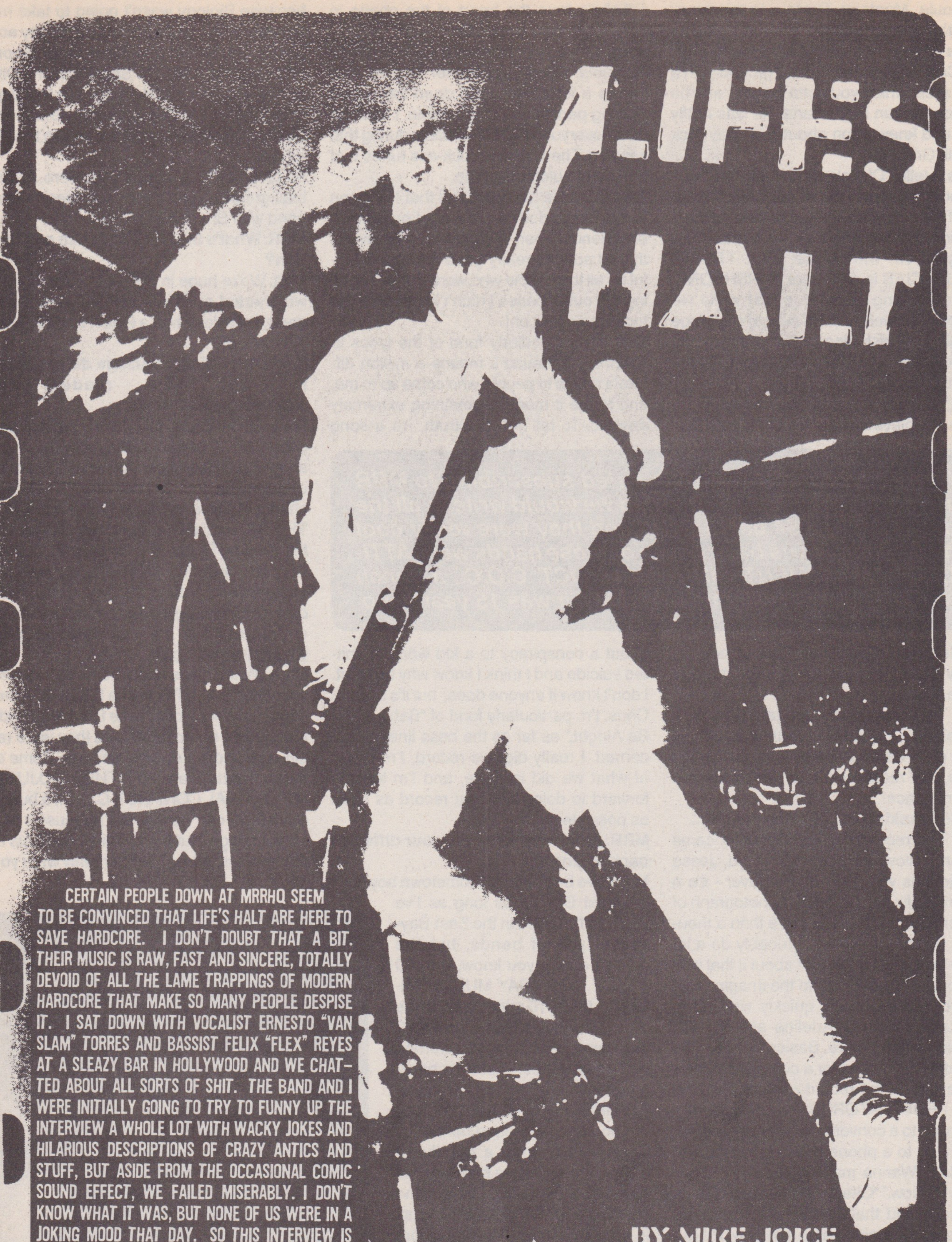


LIFES HALT

CERTAIN PEOPLE DOWN AT MRRHQ SEEM TO BE CONVINCED THAT LIFE'S HALT ARE HERE TO SAVE HARDCORE. I DON'T DOUBT THAT A BIT. THEIR MUSIC IS RAW, FAST AND SINCERE, TOTALLY DEVOID OF ALL THE LAME TRAPPINGS OF MODERN HARDCORE THAT MAKE SO MANY PEOPLE DESPISE IT. I SAT DOWN WITH VOCALIST ERNESTO "VAN SLAM" TORRES AND BASSIST FELIX "FLEX" REYES AT A SLEAZY BAR IN HOLLYWOOD AND WE CHATTED ABOUT ALL SORTS OF SHIT. THE BAND AND I WERE INITIALLY GOING TO TRY TO FUNNY UP THE INTERVIEW A WHOLE LOT WITH WACKY JOKES AND HILARIOUS DESCRIPTIONS OF CRAZY ANTICS AND STUFF, BUT ASIDE FROM THE OCCASIONAL COMIC SOUND EFFECT, WE FAILED MISERABLY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS, BUT NONE OF US WERE IN A JOKING MOOD THAT DAY. SO THIS INTERVIEW IS NOT NEARLY AS FUNNY AS ANY OF US WANTED. HOWEVER, I DID GET THEM TO PROMISE TO HAVE A WHOLE STAND UP COMEDY ROUTINE READY FOR THE NEXT TIME THEY GO ON TOUR. ANYWAY, WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, I PRESENT TO YOU LIFE'S HALT:

BY MIKE JOICE

PHOTOS BY JOSUA PEACH

MRR: WHY ARE YOU OBSESSED WITH BAR-B-Q SUNFLOWER SEEDS?

Felix: Oh man, Ernie you tell the story.

Ernesto: It first started out this summer on tour, when we would have to drive overnight. We found out that these seeds would keep us awake, and now we can't put them down.

Felix: For one, since Ernie is sort of mentally challenged, he has to concentrate so much on cracking the seeds, that's what kept him awake. For me it was mainly just something to do.

MRR: DO YOU EAT THE SHELLS OR IS THE FLOOR OF YOUR VAN COVERED IN THEM?

Ernesto: We just throw them out the window. But the thing is when you throw them out the window going 35 miles per hour they fly back in. I usually had a cup.

Felix: We had empty water bottles filled with shells. It was gross

MRR: AT LEAST YOU DON'T CHEW TOBACCO.

Felix: [Looking at shoes] I got bleach stains on my new shoes.

MRR: DID YOU JUST GET THOSE?

Felix: I got them yesterday. I'm cleaning my dog's shit, and I'm putting bleach on the floor because that helps.

Ernesto: Maybe we should censor this part?

MRR: WELL I THINK IT'S APPROPRIATE BECAUSE FELIX WAS LOOKING FOR SHOES THAT WERE MADE IN AMERICA.

Felix: They need to be vegan and cheap.

MRR: WHERE WERE THOSE MADE?

Felix: China. [boiyoiyoiyoiyoing! –ed.]

Ernesto: Sellout.

MRR: WHAT ABOUT THOSE FRITO LAY SUNFLOWER SEEDS YOU'RE EATING? ISN'T FRITO LAY AFFILIATED WITH THE COCA-COLA COMPANY IN SOME WAY?

Ernesto: I don't know, you tell me.

MRR: CHRIST, I DON'T KNOW.

Felix: So you're going to make me feel guilty for eating sunflower seeds? Fuck you!

MRR: UMM MOVING ON. . LIFE'S HALT TOOK THEIR NAME FROM AN INFEST SONG, AND INFEST IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE BANDS, BUT YOUR BAND IS NOT NEARLY AS STRAIGHT FORWARDLY BRUTAL AS INFEST WAS. IS THAT SOMETHING YOU PLANNED FROM THE BEGINNING?

Felix: When we first started the band we just wanted to play old style hardcore, just really fast. The reason we picked Life's Halt as a name is because we couldn't think of anything else, and Ernie at the time was listening to that Infest record a lot and he looked at the song title and thought that would be a good name for a band. We didn't necessarily set out to name ourselves after a brutal ass band and be melodic. I don't think we're even that melodic, are we?

MRR: WELL NOT REALLY, BUT I CAN HEAR IT AT TIMES, MELODIC IN THE SAME WAY THAT THE Q-FACTOR WAS MELODIC, REALLY FAST AND PISSED OFF BUT YOU CAN SING ALONG TO IT AT THE SAME TIME.

Felix: Well, that just kind of happened.

MRR: A LOT OF PUNK AND HARDCORE KIDS SEEM TO HAVE A LOVE/HATE RELATIONSHIP WITH LABELS. EVERYBODY SAYS, "I'M STRAIGHTEDGE BUT I DON'T CLAIM TO BE STRAIGHTEDGE BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE LABELS

Ernesto: Or hardcore kids claiming not be punk

MRR: HOW WOULD YOU RESPOND IF SOMEONE CALLED YOU A STRAIGHTEDGE BAND?

Felix: I don't know, because what really makes a band straightedge? Three of us in the band are what you would consider straightedge, but if our drummer wasn't straightedge, would we still be a straightedge band? The definition of a straightedge band is really vague. We've never called ourselves that, we don't necessarily sing about straightedge.

MRR: WHAT DO YOU SING ABOUT?

Ernesto: The answer is no, we're not a straightedge band. I don't know, we sing about a lot of things. At first, I sang about friends, unity, real typical stuff, but now I'm getting more into social issues and problems and that kind of stuff. I try not to write about that; I try to write about everything basically. I still write about friends because they are important to me.

MRR: WOULD YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A POLITICAL BAND?

Felix: We've become a whole lot more politicized now, but I'm not sure if our only agenda now is to be strictly political, we're still into having fun, this band is fun, we love playing shows and hanging out with people, that's fun.

MRR: WOULD BEING POLITICAL KEEP YOU FROM BEING A FUN BAND?

Felix: No. Not at all. But I'd say yeah, we talk about what we feel is important . .

Ernesto: I don't know, I don't consider us to be too much of a political band. .

Felix: Every band is political if you think about it, the things that we talk about now is what most people consider political, foreign policy, US policy, political action, so I would say yeah, to a point.

MRR: WOULD YOU CONSIDER YOURSELVES A LATINO BAND?

Felix: I mean if that means that the members that make up the band are Latino, then yeah. I mean, we are.

MRR: WHAT ABOUT A SOUTH CENTRAL BAND?

Felix: Ha ha yeah.

Ernesto: South Central, yeah. We're like 3/4ths of a South Central band. We're all from LA, we're all raised here.

MRR: SO YOU ALL GREW UP HERE?

Ernesto: I live in Los Angeles right now, but I was born in Mexico. I was over there for two years, then moved over here, then moved back there, then moved back here when I was 9, and I've been here ever since.

MRR: WHERE IS CARLOS FROM?

Ernesto: He's from Costa Rica, that's in Central America [*I know where the fuck Costa Rica is! –ed.*] but he grew up in Bell Gardens, which is still in LA County but it's more of a suburb of Los Angeles.

MRR: WOULD YOU CONSIDER YOURSELVES A SHITTY BAND?

Felix: Of course

MRR: WHAT ABOUT A BAND OF WRESTLING ENTHUSIASTS?

Felix: No

Ernesto: Just me, but I'm kind of losing interest.

MRR: YOU SEEMED TO BE PRETTY INTO IT DURING SUMMER SLAM, OR WHATEVER IT WAS. *[ERNIE AND I ATTENDED A WRESTING PARTY THIS PAST SUMMER, AND HE SEEMED PRETTY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT IT AT THE TIME. IN ADDITION TO THIS, THE LIFE'S HALT WEBSITE IS FULL OF WRESTLING REFERENCES–ED.]*

Felix: Oh, Royal Rumble? That was my first wrestling event, so I was pretty excited, but now I look at it, the WWF and get kind of disgusted by it a little bit, its like the stuff they try to sell us, I mean yeah it is entertainment but its pretty ridiculous, the stuff they can pull off in there, and that's why I don't watch it that much.

MRR: WHAT ABOUT THE MORE DIY WRESTING LEAGUES, FOR EXAMPLE THERE'S ONE IN CALIFORNIA CALLED. .

Ernesto: The XPW? I actually have a friend at work that is going to school to wrestle for XPW, but I'm not really into that either, too much.

MRR: BLOODY HOBOS WRAPPED IN BARBED WIRE DON'T APPEAL TO YOU?

Felix: Basically Ernie sold out the wrestling edge; he was really into it before.

Ernesto: So the Gordon Solie Motherfuckers aren't going to like us any more.

MRR: OR THE ULTIMATE WARRIORS?

Ernesto: Ah the Ultimate Warriors, they're a good band. I like them.

MRR: SO I REALIZE WE TOUCHED ON THE STRAIGHTEDGE ISSUE EARLIER, BUT I WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT YOUR CONNECTION TO THE CALIFORNIA STRAIGHTEDGE SCENE, BOTH NOW AND IN THE PAST.

Ernesto: In the past Felix and I went to every single Strife show we could go to. Now, I don't know about now.

Felix: When I first got into punk rock, I was just into punk rock and early hardcore and then when I found out there were hardcore bands still around. . Back then Strife was the big band locally. All I was thinking then is that they were straightedge. But now I don't necessarily think straightedge, I think underground music in general. Our connection now is that we know a lot of bands in the scene and we're friends with them and we'll play shows with those bands but we don't want to be exclusive to that. I'd be willing to play a show with the Casualties, Aus Rotten, stuff that's not considered straightedge. And that's why I don't think we'd be considered a straightedge band because most bands that wouldn't want to play those kinds of shows, they would want to play with Strife, bands like that, whatever straightedge is down here now.

MRR: I'VE ONLY SEEN LIFE'S HALT LIVE TWO OR THREE TIMES, SO MAYBE I'M NOT THE BEST JUDGE OF THIS SORT OF THING, BUT ONE THING THAT I'VE NOTICED IS THAT EAST COAST/MIDWEST KIDS GO APESHIT FOR YOU BUT THE RECEPTION ISN'T QUITE THE SAME OUT HERE. *[TWO OR THREE TIMES? WHAT'S MY FUCKING PROBLEM? –ED.]*

Ernesto: I think what it is, is that people are tired of us playing over here, because we play like, ever weekend. That was our first time on the east coast last summer, kids had never seen us and I guess they were a little bit more excited to see us than people are over here.

MRR: DO YOU THINK IF YOU WERE AN EAST COAST BAND YOU'D GET A LOT MORE LOVE IN YOUR HOMETOWN? THE LA SCENE SEEMS SO FRACTURED, EVERYTHING IS SPREAD OUT AND SHOWS ARE REALLY RANDOM.

Ernesto: I don't think that's it because there have been shows in southern California where there have only been 20 kids, but those 20 kids have been going totally nuts. But I don't think that has to do with the size of LA and California. . But I don't know how our reception would be on the east coast.

MRR: DO YOU THINK THE DEMOGRAPHIC OF THE KIDS THAT YOU APPEAL TO OVERLAPS WITH BANDS LIKE ADAMANTIUM AND EIGHTEEN VISIONS?

Ernesto: I've never really seen those kinds of kids at our shows. I really haven't noticed them. I think there are certain kinds of groups though that does overlap. But that's kind of like what we wanted to do with Life's Halt, we didn't want to be just a straightedge band, a hardcore band or a punk band, we just wanted to be a band and play with all other kinds of bands. Carry On, Kontraattaque, One Man Show Live, we wanted to just go all over the place and just make the scene a little more diverse.

Felix: Getting back to the question you asked earlier about if we were an east coast band. I think It would be about the same, because there are awesome east coast bands, like Dead Nation that actually just recently broke up, that we're friends with and they'd say that they'd have shows and they'd have friends that would come out and support them, and the people that would go see them consistently was a very small group. That's how I felt it always was with us. We have our friends from Oxnard that come out all the time.

MRR: ARE THEY THE "HALTAMANIACS"?

Felix: yeah. They are Thee Haltamaniacs. But I think the thing is like what Ernie said, they haven't seen us on the east coast and we're going to come out once, you know, they might come see us. But even the shows on our east coast dates were pretty small and intimate. And I like that.

MRR: AT A SHOW YOU PLAYED RECENTLY DOWN IN LONG BEACH [WITH DEMON SYSTEM 13] SCOTT GIBSON FROM THE BLACK STAR COLLECTIVE.

Felix: I think they disbanded; he just generally does political work now.

MRR: ANYWAY, HE GOT UP AND SPOKE ABOUT WHAT SORT OF ORGANIZING THEY WERE DOING FOR THE UPCOMING DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION, AND THE CROWD RESPONSE WAS GENERALLY PRETTY APATHETIC. DO YOU THINK THAT'S TYPICAL OR ATYPICAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA?

Ernesto: its pretty typical, but at that show there were a few kids that were a little more receptive versus other shows that we've had, with what you'd consider to be regular straightedge or hardcore bands. . When Scott Gibson's gotten up and said that an action is going on that week they wouldn't pay attention and talk among themselves; but at that show there were a few kids that were really in tune with what he's saying. I think what it was, there were a lot of crust kids there; I mean I don't want to be biased or anything but it just seemed that they were a little more receptive to what he was saying than the other kids.

MRR: WHAT CAUSES HIT CLOSEST TO HOME FOR YOU? WHAT ARE YOU MOST INVOLVED IN?

Felix: For me personally, it's the stripping away of immigrant rights, how they are treated and how they are looked upon when they come to the US. What most people don't realize is that a lot of the reason there's a lot of immigration from Central America is because of US policy, and how the US continues to ruin the economy down there for the poor indigenous people.

Ernesto: That and the drug wars in places like Columbia; the US gives so much money to the governments in Columbia and Mexico to fight the so-called drug war. .

MRR: THERE WAS AN ARTICLE IN THE PAPER YESTERDAY ABOUT COLUMBIAN SOLDIERS OPENING FIRE ON A BUS FULL OF SCHOOL KIDS, THINKING THEY WERE REBELS.

Felix: Those guns were probably supplied by the US. The US is the number one arms dealer in the world. That dictator in Indonesia, what was his name?

MRR: SUHARTU?

Felix: That guy got so much arms support from the US, it was even subsidized by US tax dollars. That's the fucked up shit that people don't tend to see the seediness of the US policy and why people are so driven to come to the United States where they think the roads are made of gold or some shit. It pisses me off that people are coming here because their homeland is fucked up and then they get fucking kicked in the face. . They get their teeth kicked in by the border patrol and shit. That's what pisses me off the most, especially hearing the stories my mom told me about moving here. I was born here; I was lucky, I'm sure Ernie had a hard time getting in to this country. .

Ernesto: Our car blew up.

Felix: you know what I mean? That's what pisses me off the most about this country. That and

police brutality. Those are the two issues that hit closest to me.

MRR: ARE YOU VOTING FOR GORE OR NADER THIS YEAR?

Felix: I'm voting Nader.

Ernesto: Well I'm not a citizen of this country so I can't vote, but if I could I would vote for Nader for sure.

Felix: The thing is Nader isn't going to win, but if the Green Party gets 5% of the total vote they get equal funding from public funds for the next campaign.

[A discussion of Nader's chances in the election followed, which at the time this interview was conducted hadn't happened yet, and the Democrats' pathetic attempts to cast themselves as the party of the common people. What naïve fools we were back then! -ed.]

MRR: WHAT WAS YOUR OVERALL ASSESSMENT OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION?

Felix: I didn't see any of the speeches that were given inside; I didn't have time.

Ernesto: Are you talking about what happened inside at the actual DNC or outside at the protests?

MRR: I'M TALKING ABOUT IN A VERY GENERAL SENSE, BOTH INSIDE AND OUTSIDE.

Ernesto: For me, I was pretty much aware of all the issues that were brought up, as were many of the people there, but what was so good about the protests was that it united all the people that had these struggles and had all this anger inside of them and united them for a common cause, that's why I was there. We all knew what the issues were, what was wrong and what needed to be fixed, but that's what I got from the demonstrations at the DNC.

Felix: I would say that it was definitely a positive experience, in that you felt a little empowered being among so many people that were on your side, it was empowering to see solidarity and to see people marching together, especially this one march on the last day, an anti-sweatshop march, that was really awesome because that was the most diverse march I've ever been in, you saw really old people, young people, working class people. . We marched right through the garment district in LA and the workers were hanging out the windows and chanting with us "SI SE PUEDE." [Yes it can be done] On the flip side, as far as the effectiveness of the democrats getting the message, no I don't think there was any effect.

MRR: DO YOU THINK THERE WAS ANY CONNECTION MADE WITH MIDDLE AMERICA, WITH THE AVERAGE JOE SITTING AT HOME, HAVING SEEN THE SEATTLE RIOTS AND THE WASHINGTON PROTESTS, DO YOU THINK ANYONE WAS ABLE TO GET ANYTHING OUT OF IT OTHER THAN "OH IT'S A BUNCH OF SPOILED SHIT-ASSED PUNK KIDS"?

Ernesto: I think for the most part they didn't because the protesters are so demonized in the media, they would always write about these unruly kids that are taking over the streets, I think for the most part that was damaging, so I really can't say if people got the message.

Felix: I think the message got lost in all the media fascination with the violent aspects of the marches and stuff, the cops pushing people around, which is fucked up shit, but people don't see that that's connected to our message, the fact that these cops have similar attitudes towards the inner city, it felt like a goddamn war zone there. Our message doesn't get out because they are covering the violence.

MRR: ONE OF THE MAIN THINGS I GOT FROM THE MEDIA COVERAGE OF THE PROTESTS WAS THAT THE COPS WERE DOING A VERY GOOD JOB OF KEEPING THINGS UNDER CONTROL, BUT WHAT I GOT FROM THE FRONT LINES OF THE WHOLE PROTEST WAS THAT THE COPS WERE BUSTING HEADS AND VIOLATING PEOPLES RIGHTS. IT WAS KIND OF DISHEARTENING TO SEE PEOPLE'S REACTIONS. DO YOU THINK PUNK ROCK IS AN EFFECTIVE POLITICAL FORUM?

Ernesto: In a way I do think so, it gives us so much freedom within the punk/HC community; there's a stage at every show people can go up there and speak their mind, they can inform people about certain things, they can bring different issues to light, so yes, I do think it can make a difference.

Ernesto: It can make a huge difference on a personal level, people getting involved directly at the shows, and yeah it would be great if it was actually executed, if people came up on stage and talked about what they wanted to, but it doesn't happen, to be honest. But to the outside world? I don't know. Fuck, we could dream up a tremendous scheme how people involved with punk rock and people that are political activists could team up and do something. . But its cool, because like I said it does make a difference on a personal level, and that escalates to people organizing within the community, because you saw a lot of punk kids at the demonstrations, at every demonstration there is a lot of punk kids. .

MRR: HOW MANY OF YOUR OWN POLITICAL BELIEFS WERE SHAPED BY PUNK ROCK?

Felix: I'd say a lot. A long time ago I used to be very sexist, very racist.

Ernesto: [surprised] You? Really?

Felix: Yeah, it shouldn't be a surprise to anybody; because I think we all have an internal struggle to rid ourselves of the shit we are conditioned with from birth, from TV, media, society. That's what punk rock did to me, it made me a little bit more conscious. I read lyrics looked into it a little bit more, thought about it on my own, in my spare time, and it has shaped my personal beliefs a lot, bands like. .

Ernesto: Dead Kennedys. .

Felix: Yeah, but more current bands that I got to see and meet like Los Crudos, Kontraattaque. It does shape people a bit, or at least opens their minds. If there's only one thing that punk should do is open people's minds, make them think about what they're doing, what they're eating, what they're buying.

MRR: ARE YOUR PARENTS VERY POLITICAL?

Ernesto: My mom is not at all. She loves America; she's never ever ever ever talked to me about Mexico at all or said anything to me about it.

Felix: You've got to realize that some people that immigrate here are very lucky, "lucky" in the sense that they get a shitty job working at some fucked up factory, a fucked up seamstress job like my mom had, but to them its like "this is work, I have a job, I'm saving money, I can buy a house." My mom bought a house back in 1979, which, to me, is amazing. She has family to support, a lot of my family immigrated here too. Through that, they see it as something America has provided for them. It's kind of a weird situation; they are prospering here in America, to an extent, they have a job and they can afford food, and that to them equals success. But my mom and my family don't really look at how the rest of their people are not prospering, they are kind of in this mind set of competition, its like social Darwinism. If you're not prospering you're not meant to survive.

MRR: WAS PROPOSITION 209 THE ANTI-IMMIGRATION MEASURE?

Felix: 209 ended affirmative action. 227 ended bi-lingual education in California. Proposition 187 prohibits any health or education services to illegal immigrants.

MRR: I THOUGHT IT WAS KIND OF IRONIC THAT THAT PROPOSITION HAD THE SAME NUMBER AS THE CALIFORNIA POLICE CODE FOR MURDER. YOU MENTIONED THAT YOU SAW THAT KIND OF STUFF GOING ON AND TOOK IT VERY PERSONALLY, HAVING BEEN THERE YOURSELF

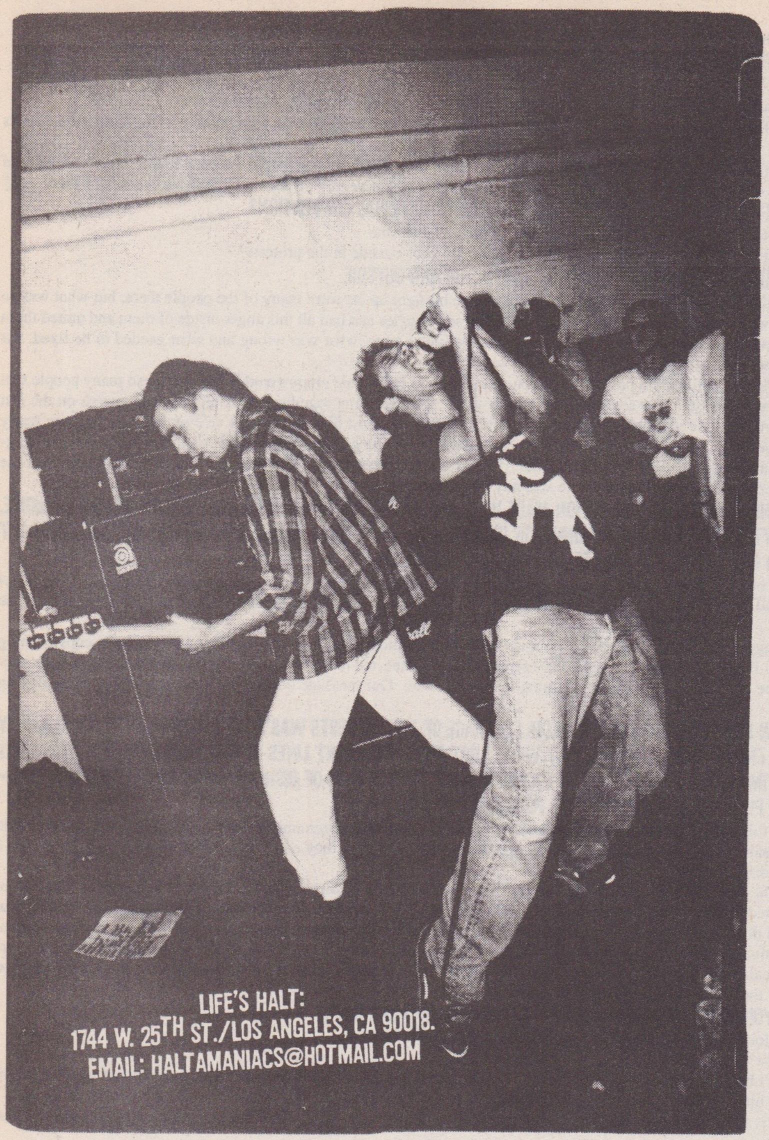
Ernesto: Right, that's what made me want to speak my mind, it made me see really who I was, because I went through junior high and high school here in the United States and during that whole time that I was in school, I would try to do everything I could to be an American; I'd try to speak English all the time, I would be embarrassed going out and speaking Spanish with my mom. I was fed up with that, I was fed up with me being ashamed of who I was and where I came from. That's what made me want to sing in Spanish, I wanted to say this is who I am, take it or leave it. I'm one of them, if you want to bring on one of your propositions.

MRR: SO WHY DID THAT AFFECT YOU IN ONE WAY AND YOUR PARENTS IN ANOTHER?

Ernesto: I think that goes back to what Felix said, just recently my mom became a citizen of the United States. She's in the clear now. My sisters and brothers can be citizens, just like her. She looks at it like that, that she has to take care of her family; that she has to do what she's gotta do, and I think that's why she's not involved in it.

MRR: SO ARE YOU PLANNING ON APPLYING FOR CITIZENSHIP ANY TIME SOON?

Ernesto: I am. I wasn't for a while, because I really didn't care too much. But I want to be able to vote. There are a lot of those propositions, and I want to be able to vote for the presidency or whatever. So yeah, in the future, I want to become a citizen.



Felix: Really quickly, I just think that what Ernie said earlier about how working class families tend to just concentrate on their own families, typically they wouldn't care about people around the corner if they weren't eating; I think that's what capitalism does; that's a symptom of how tricky capitalism is; it keeps people so distracted from organizing, so distracted from realizing that they do have the power to control their situation that they don't ever get the time to organize because they have to work so much, they have to pay the bills. I think that's what happened to our parents and most working class families; they think, "Hey man, I just got to take care of my own." And that is definitely true; I'm not saying screw over your families to go organize. It's tricky; it's hard. I think that's why so many things slide, like police brutality. They're like "hey what if someone breaks into my house? I'm going to call the cops."

Ernesto: That's exactly what happened to my mom, she worked so hard when she came to the United States; she does everything to get by. She's very distracted from what's going on in the outside world.

MRR: WHAT DO YOUR PARENTS AND FAMILIES THINK ABOUT LIFE'S HALT?

Ernesto: The band Life's Halt? Or Lysol, the disinfectant?

MRR: The band that you're in, asshole.

Ernesto: My mom thinks I'm pretty crazy; she really doesn't know what Life's Halt is, and that's my bad because I haven't really explained to her what we're about. But for the most part she just views us as a bunch of crazy kids. Every time we play San Francisco or somewhere far she questions me about "why are you doing this? You should be doing something else, you should be working."

Ernesto: My family is the same way; they hear my music, and its very loud and angry and not very radio friendly at all, and they think that it's just a stage for me. It's very hard for me to communicate to them the whole ethic behind the scene, and the whole DIY thing and the whole community aspect of punk and hardcore, and why I've invested so much of myself and my money in this. When we went on tour, my mom was pretty supportive, because she saw that we were really doing something with this, "oh he's going somewhere." But she kind of thinks that I'm also going to become rich and famous one day, but she doesn't understand that that's not our goal at all, that that's actually what we're against.

Ernesto: Felix's brother always comes in here when we're hanging out, and he says "so when are you guys going to make money? What about if someone offers you a contract for ten million dollars?"

MRR: WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF SOMEONE OFFERED YOU A TEN MILLION DOLLAR CONTRACT TO PLAY HARDCORE?

Ernesto: Why, have you heard something?

Felix: Bring it on!

MRR: A LOT OF KIDS LIKE TO MOSH AT YOUR SHOWS.

Ernesto: OK we're going to clear something up right now: it's called "slamming."

MRR: WELL, WHATEVER. A LOT OF KIDS LIKE TO "SLAM" AT YOUR SHOWS, AND KICK-BOX AND DO CRAZY SHIT. DO YOU SEE ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN WHAT PEOPLE DO IN "THE PIT" AT A HARDCORE SHOW AND WHAT KIDS DO IN BACKYARD WRESTLING LEAGUES?

Felix: Um, I guess. People that don't regularly see us, people that just end up being at a show, they like to slam-dance and stuff but to them that entails running across the crowd and running into people. To me when you slam-dance, you dance. You're in a circle; you can do whatever you want. But kickboxing, I don't think that's cool. You've got to watch out for people.

Ernesto: I think it all depends; you can go nuts at a show and kick-box or mosh or do whatever you want. You just have to be respectful with other people; you just can't go into a crowd of people that are just standing there enjoying the music and start slamming or kickboxing. There are some times though that you can feel that people want to dance but they are nervous and scared to dance or something.

MRR: HARDCORE KIDS ARE VERY INHIBITED.

Ernesto: I'm all for kick boxing as long as you don't intentionally kick someone in the face or something.

Felix: That's the thing, I don't think they ever intend to.

Ernesto: Well, with Slamming you intentionally run into people. .

Felix: With punk music, it's so aggressive, hard and heavy, people get amped and it comes out through their bodies. Which I think that's a positive thing, that's what should be happening. But there also needs to be the consideration that hey, we're all here to have fun. I can't be fucking walking on people's heads; I think that's the shittiest thing that can be done. But then again, stage diving is not too far from that, and I do that, so whatever. I'm a hypocrite. It's just about watching out for other people. If someone's being a dick, they should be told.

Ernesto: I think that people that just want to watch, they know what they're getting into. I'm not saying they deserve what they get, they don't deserve to be kicked in the face or slamming into them or something. But it should be clear that things might happen, people might dance, you have to be careful.

Felix: That's no excuse to fucking be a dick.

Ernesto: Yeah I know.

Felix: "Yeah it's a hardcore show, we're gonna dance hard and be tough." That's no excuse to clip someone in the back of the neck because you were fucking windmilling or something.

MRR: YOU GUYS WERE AROUND BACK WHEN HARDLINE WAS STILL AN ISSUE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HARDLINE KIDS?

Ernesto: They all started eating meat and selling drugs. I mean, they all might still be there, but I tend not to go to those shows anymore. I tend to go to more "underground" shows. I tend not to see the [relatively] bigger bands anymore.

MRR: WHEN DO YOU THINK IT WILL BE TIME TO HANG UP YOUR INSTRUMENTS?

Felix: Well, we've got a couple of plans for the future right now, including a split 12" with What Happens Next and hopefully a U.S. tour with them next summer. Those two things will definitely happen, but after that there's not much left. We've got a lot of things to say obviously, but we can carry that message over to other bands. Hopefully we'll do an album. That to me is a good, solid band history. Doing a 7", a split 7", a split 12", and two tours, and maybe an LP. We're just having fun right now, and we have a lot of passion for what we do, and that's why I don't think I will ever stop playing hardcore music. As far as this band, it's weird. You can have a band and play for a long time. But if the band ends your passion doesn't end. What I'm trying to say is that if we break up, our passion for hardcore music isn't over.

Ernesto: For me, my interests have changed a lot during the course of this band.

MRR: LIKE THE WRESTLING THING!

Ernesto: Yeah, I got rid of my diapers. But there are a lot more things that I would like to do, things that I could not do with Life's Halt.

MRR: WHAT KINDS OF ACTIVITIES OCCUPY YOUR LEISURE TIME?

Felix: Masturbation?

Ernesto: Masturbation. Well, I have a fiancée now. We hang out a lot. We're pretty much married now, we live together, and Felix is over a lot, he's like our adopted kid. Other than that, I go to school; it's very difficult to go to school and work and have a girlfriend and a band. Life's Halt takes up a lot of my time. Gotta get those layouts done.

MRR: I WAS GOING TO TRY TO CAST YOU GUYS AS A SPORTS THEMED BAND, LIKE FASTBREAK OR 10 YARD FIGHT, BUT I FAILED MISERABLY.

Ernesto: It's ok, Mike. We're more of a chess band anyway.

MRR: ANY FINAL THOUGHTS? ANYTHING FUNNY YOU WANT TO SAY?

Felix: Oh man I wish we were funny!

MRR: TELL US A JOKE

Felix:I know in this interview we talked a lot about serious stuff, and we're going to come off as not-fun guys, and we really are.

Ernesto: Hey, we eat seeds. That's funny!

MRR: IT'S HILARIOUS!

Ernesto: Oh yeah we haven't mentioned a thing about skateboards.

Felix: Oh yeah let's get some scene points by mentioning how much we love to skate. We love to skate!

Building Punk Community: The Tale of Mr. Roboto

This is the tale of The Mr. Roboto Project, the show space/zine library that we have started here in Pittsburgh. So far it's been an amazing trip. By the time this hits the newsstands, we will have been open for about sixteen months and will have put on about 200 shows. The support from people within the local punk community has been great and I think we've done some great things. Personally, I have accepted a large portion of the business and legal end of this project, at least during the start-up phase. I've learned a lot from this DIY business course and I can hopefully impart some knowledge upon you to help you if you are interested in doing a similar project.

I'm going to break down this discussion into two main parts. The first part will be more philosophical, discussing the importance of creating our own institutions and also the importance of how we run these institutions. The second part will be a bit more "practical." This will discuss finding a space, zoning, and other legal issues.

The idea of doing a project like this can be very daunting. It took me over five years of rolling this idea around in my head before I was involved in a community where the situation felt right. While I certainly wouldn't encourage anyone to just jump into anything, I would like to warn against being too hesitant. This experience has been extremely rewarding and educational and if you proceed properly, there should always be a good number of helping hands.

THE MR. ROBOTO PROJECT

PART I – COMMUNITY AND COOPERATION

The Mr. Roboto Project drew its influence from a variety of sources, some punk and some non-punk. Obviously, punk institutions like Gilman St. and ABC No Rio were influences, as well as defunct projects like Epicenter and Blacklist. They laid the groundwork of community organization within the punk community. Locally and outside of the punk community, there is the East End Food Co-op in Pittsburgh, which has educated me greatly in cooperative organizing.

From the beginning we knew we didn't want to run Roboto as a typical business. Early on we discussed setting it up as a collective. Collectives are great for some kinds of projects, but after some discussion, there was concern about such a set-up. Too often, collectives fail because nobody is willing to take on leadership roles, because they fear that people will think they are trying to control the group. Likewise, tasks don't get done because there is nobody willing to delegate the tasks and an "it's not my job" mentality pervades.

So we hopped up to the next level of community-based organizing, which is a cooperative. The cooperative approach improves on some of the drawbacks of the collective. A Board of Directors is chosen, and these individuals are given a certain amount of control over the cooperative's activities (although they are ultimately accountable to the rank-and-file of the cooperative). The Board is then responsible for the day-to-day operation of the cooperative and also for mobilizing the cooperative members to ensure that others tasks get completed.

The way we accomplished this at Roboto was the members voted in a three-member "Board of Directors". The Board is responsible for things like paying the bills, coordinating the schedule, upkeep of the facilities, and other general tasks. The Board makes the everyday decisions for the cooperative. However, if any member disagrees with the decisions of the Board, they are allowed to bring the item up for vote at one of our monthly membership meetings.

Another difference between collectives and cooperatives is that collectives tend to have (though not always) free membership. If you show up at a meeting, you have a right to make a decision. Cooperatives, on the other hand, tend to have membership criteria. This ensures that the person has a certain amount of commitment to the cooperative. Most times this takes the form of a membership fee, though it could consist of doing volunteer work for the cooperative.

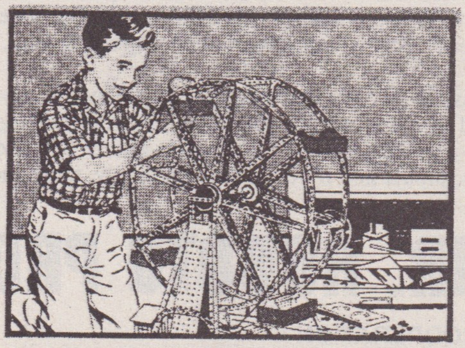
The way the membership deal at Roboto works is, we have a $25 membership fee. Aside from getting to be a voting member of the cooperative, members get a $1 discount on all events at the space and are allowed to rent the space. Of course, non-members are allowed to come to all shows and are even allowed to come to the monthly meeting and express their ideas/concerns. However, they are not allowed to vote on final decisions.

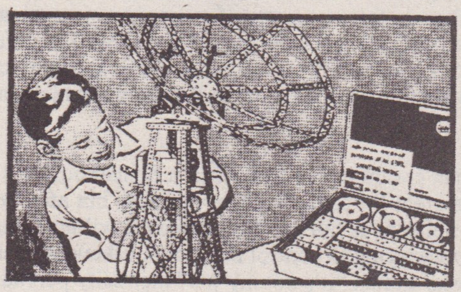
Some people may look at the membership criteria as being elitist. Such concerns are generally unfounded. The criteria are in place only to ensure that those who take part in the decision making process have an active commitment to the cooperative. Think of it like this: you wouldn't want a group of people who haven't been active in your project or put any of their resources towards making the project a success coming in and making your decisions for you. If a person is really interested in being involved with the project, a $25 fee is really a nominal amount to put forth.

Overall, so far I'd say the cooperative form has worked out wonderfully for Roboto. We have had a couple points where I don't think some people understood the way the cooperative worked. Some non-members did call us elitist, though I think most people are now understanding. At one point, some members thought that the Board made some shitty decisions and they really didn't understand their power to speak up and change those decisions. However, with a good amount of communication, such barriers can be hurdled without any problem.

PART II – REAL WORLD ISSUES

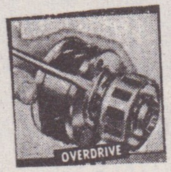
All this talk about community and cooperation is fine, but does not help much if you can't find a place to put this stuff into practice, or if you have the cops knocking down your door every night, or if you are too financially inept to keep your heads above water. In this section, I hope to offer you some resources useful in finding the necessary real estate, doing what you need to make it legal and hopefully keep the authorities from shutting you down, and keeping the bills paid.





The first necessary step, and one of the most difficult, is finding a location. There are a number of factors to take into consideration. First, you need to find a neighborhood that won't mind the noise levels and crowds of funny looking kids hanging around. Secondly, there is the issue of size and availability of exits. This is important in order to meet the fire code. Although you think 200 punks can squeeze into a room with one exit, the fire marshal is likely to disagree. Fire code violations are a quick, easy and convenient excuse for the authorities to shut you down. Don't make things that easy for them. Then there is also the issue of cost. Of course there are other factors such as aesthetics, proximity to restaurants/convenience stores, parking, ease of finding, etc. Finding a location with the proper mix is difficult.

Finding commercial property isn't quite as easy as finding residential property. The local newspaper usually won't have extensive listings. Most properties for rent may not even have signs posted on the outside of the property. So how do you go about finding the property that is right for you? A good first step to try to contact the city or town where you live. Most have people or departments responsible for handling properties that the city owns. Most of these properties can be bought or sold very cheaply, compared to private properties. It is not likely that you'll find something that meets the needs of a show space, but it's worth a shot.



Another method is contacting the local Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber has people who can help find a property to match your needs. We contacted the Chamber and simply explained to them that we were looking for a "studio" type space for art shows and small music events. Within a couple weeks, our contact had located several properties that potentially could meet our needs. Depending on the economic situation in your city or town, the Chamber of Commerce may be more or less helpful. If the neighborhood you are looking is not in good economic standing, the Chamber will probably be very willing to help you get started as many times they see the arts as a great way to revitalize communities. If the neighborhood is booming economically, they might not prove to be as helpful as a punk club might be seen as bringing in a bad or dangerous element.

While looking at properties, there are several main factors to keep in mind in order to gain the seal of approval from the fire marshal. Since you will be having gatherings of people, the building will need to meet higher standards than that of a regular store. You will need to have at least two exits, one at each end of the building. The exits will need to be easily accessible. Check all the exits. Just because you see a door marked "Exit" does not mean it really is an exit. Prior to Roboto moving in, our storefront had been a used furniture store and the rear exit had been closed off. Luckily our landlord had no qualms about re-opening it, but it could have proven to be a roadblock to us gaining occupancy.

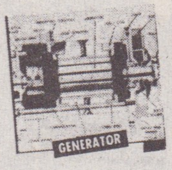
If you find a space that looks like a good size and has the requisite number of exits, it is a good idea to ask if a zoning officer or fire marshal could come out and examine the property before you sign your lease. We didn't do this (well, we tried, but the code enforcement office kept blowing us off) and we almost ended up paying for it. Once the fire marshal and code enforcement came in, they told us that our ceiling would not meet the fire code for "assembly" usage. The space had a tin ceiling and they were telling us we would need to put a new ceiling in the room. Luckily, our landlord once again came to our rescue and redid the ceiling while only raising our rent nominally. Had we not had such a helpful landlord, we would possibly had been shut down until we could have raised the $3000+ needed to replace the ceiling. So try to have them inspect it before you sign anything and it should hopefully alleviate some potential aggravation.

Keep in mind that aside from occupancy permits, your municipality may require other permits, such as a "nightclub" permit. Luckily for us, Roboto is in a dry (no-liquor licenses) borough and there really aren't any clubs in Wilkinsburg. However, most cities do require additional licensing.

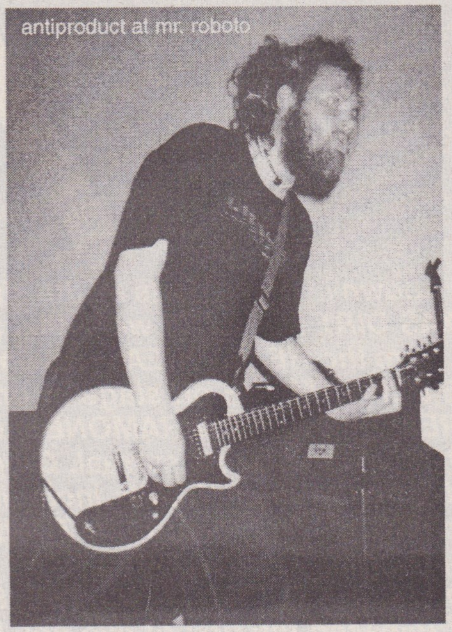
Price is something that is unfortunately going to be an important factor. You are going to need to determine how many shows you plan to have per month and how much money you can expect to pull in from each show. When working on these figures, be conservative. Don't say you plan to make $100 from every show unless you really believe that is possible. For the original figures, I was

planning on 8-10 shows per month with Roboto taking $50 at the door per show. This gave us an initial budget of $400-$500 per month for our monthly expenses. Thus, we were shooting for a space with rent of no more than $400.

In addition to your rent, don't forget that you will have other recurring expenses such as electric, phone, gas, supplies (toilet paper, trash bags, etc.) There are also plenty of start-up costs such as a sound system ($$$ varies on what you are looking for. We probably spent about $1000 on our original sound equipment and another $1000 on updating the board and purchasing additional microphones since), down payments (we spent $85 to get the electric started on a commercial account. $195 to get the gas started. First month, last month and security deposit for the lease.) All of these expenses should be figured into the equation to determine how much you will be able to afford to pay for rent.



Of course, there are those other niceties that make a show space all the more viable. Good parking. Good public transportation and bicycle access. Restaurants and convenience stores within walking distance. Access to ATM machines. Friendly neighbors. Proximity to where the show-goers live. These are obviously some other factors that you should logically be trying to satisfy also. Realistically, these factors mean nothing if the property cannot be legally occupied or if the price is too steep. However, these factors are exceptionally important in getting people out and having them return on a regular basis.


antiproduct at mr. roboto

A final point that I want to discuss in this section is financial planning. Most punks tend to look at things on a very short timeline. Most punks tend to live for today and forego in-depth planning of their futures, especially their financial futures. Well, if you want your space to last for years to come, the best thing to do is to plan for it. The initial financial planning is probably going to be somewhat inaccurate. There are certain things that you will know (your rent, for example) and other factors that you won't know until they happen (how much the gas bill will be in the middle of January). You will be doing plenty of guess-timating on your initial financial plans. Don't worry, you can always adjust the numbers as you learn more and gain more information.

The majority of small businesses fail within the first year of their existence. Thus, the planning for your first year is going to be the most important planning you do. Remember, be conservative on estimating your income. Like I said before, my initial estimate was we were going to do 8-10 shows a month at an average $50 intake for the space per show. The reality is we are now doing 14-15 shows a month with an average intake of around $60 per show. Plan conservatively and you will be pleasantly surprised when you exceed your estimates. The problem with most start-ups is they plan too optimistically and end up in trouble when things don't go as well as they planned.

Like I mentioned earlier, making estimates for things like utilities will be difficult. When I did our initial planning, I just used figures from my home utilities. I figured Roboto would use the electric less often, but in greater wattage when it was being used than my apartment. I did likewise with the estimation of the gas bill. I tried to create a worst-case scenario for these bills and use those numbers for my initial planning. Surprisingly, my estimates were very good. I was on the low end for the electric bill, though I underestimated the mid-winter gas usage. Although I didn't try this, you could call the utility companies and they could provide you with some information to help you estimate these figures.

If you do your one-year budget and you show a mass surplus of money at the end of the year, you are probably being overly optimistic. If your budget shows you breaking even or having a manageable amount of debt at the first year, it is probably safe to proceed. However, if your budget shows a mass amount of debt, it may be a good time to reflect on whether you should proceed with your plans. Perhaps you need to find a less pricey location. Perhaps you may need to keep a larger percentage of the door money to make ends meet.

Ultimately, you will realize that good planning will help you overcome bad luck a lot better than hoping that good luck will help you overcome bad planning. There are plenty of books on writing up business plans and starting a business. You might not want to read them cover to cover, but don't be afraid to use them as a resource. Also there is SCORE, the Service Corps of Retired Executives, a service of the U.S. Small Business Administration. They offer counseling and information on a variety of small business related-topics from legal issues to accounting to taxes. Look them up in your phone book or check them out at www.score.org.

Also, don't be afraid to seek the counsel of a lawyer on legal issues or an accountant on financial issues. Most times they will give you a free counseling session and their advice can be extremely helpful in avoiding problems down the road. Ask other small businesses in your area or other arts organizations for referrals rather than blindly picking for the Yellow Pages (we got a referral from the pizza place down the street).

Well, I think that is about all I have to share with you today. There is a lot to think about if you want to start a project like Roboto and you want to keep it legit (I strongly recommend trying to keep things on the legal side of things.) If you are attempting to do this, get in touch and we'll gladly help you in any way that we can. Good luck.

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*****this article originally appeared in Here.Be.Dragons fanzine #7*****
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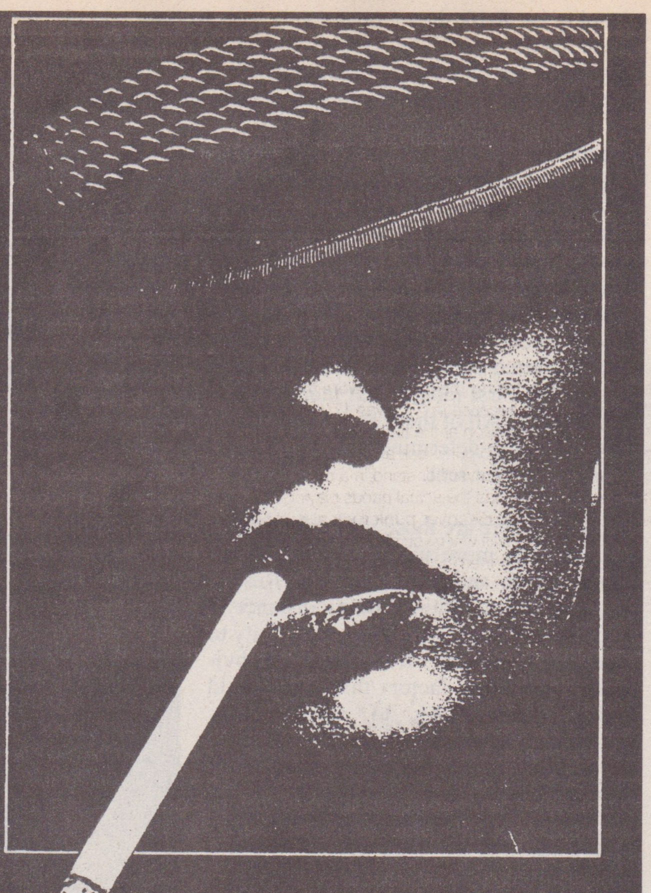
the Dream Dates



Greg Dick is a guy who is better known in these parts as the singer from the recently defunct TEXAS DIRT FUCKERS. The TEXAS DIRT FUCKERS were this awesome '77 punk outfit from Toronto that featured members from the HEARTBREAKERS and KING KURT and had the distinction of being joined by DEE DEE RAMONE on stage at one of their last gigs. They performed covers of the HEARTBREAKERS and the RAMONES, which made it very fitting and this all took place in Toronto, which made it seem surreal. Greg has been around in the punk scene since 1977 and has performed in many bands including the HOODOOs, THE MANGLERS, the KINONA NAILS, the CHOSEN FEW, and the ZOMBIE SEA SERPANTS OF LOVE. But Greg's first project was a band called the DREAM DATES from 1979 who were from the same place as TEENAGE HEAD and the FORGOTTEN REBELS. In "Back to the Front" fashion, Ugly Pop Records has just released the first of two eps by the DREAM DATES entitled "Moans on the Phone". We had a chance to speak with Greg Dick (a.k.a. Dikky Fix) about the release, the band, and the scene back in the late 70's and here's what he had to unearth....

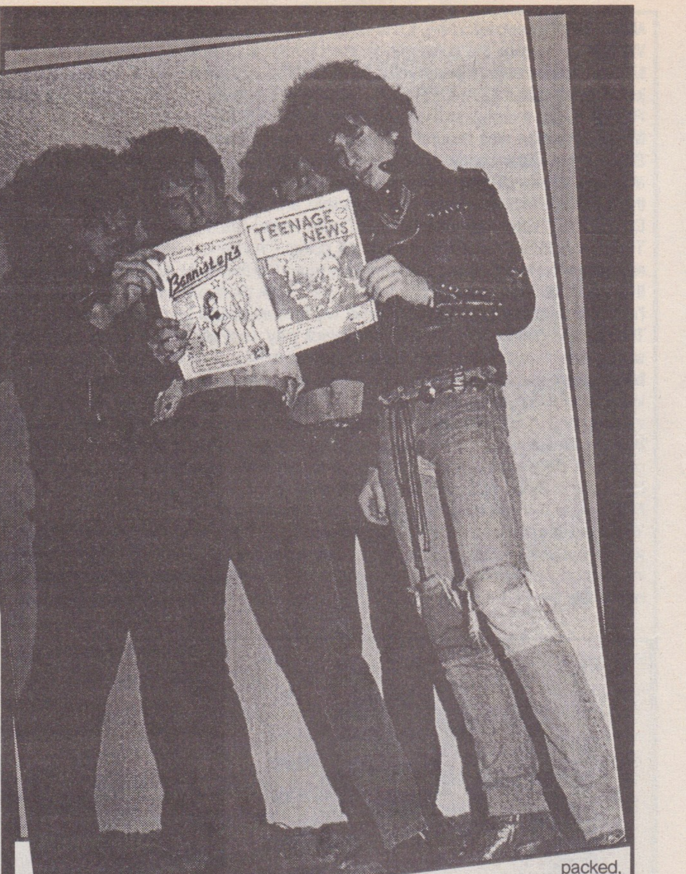
MRR: What year/period were the DREAM DATES around in?
Well Brian Deemer, the guitar player, and I got together in '78 and we originally got Dave McGee, who is currently drumming for the FORGOTTEN REBELS, he quit late in '78 to join a band called SLANDER - who actually put a record out and then went on to the REBELS - but the original line up of the DREAM DATES was in '79.
MRR: Who else was around at that point from a band standpoint?
Some of the better bands. That was a few years after the scene was going on in Toronto and bands were starting to break up and whatnot, but St. Catharines had a band called the UNKNOWNS that were just incredible and two of the guys went on to become DIRECT ACTION - that was Tim and Dave. There was a great band from Buffalo called THE ENEMIES. The DEMICS were still going. One band I would love to see get some recordings out from Toronto that were very much like the REAL KIDS / MC5 were the RAVING MOJOS. They were just incredible and I think there are some recordings out there. I'd love to see them surface sometime. My favourite band from the whole 70's scene in Toronto was definitely THE UGLY and I think they were still kind of going. Nightmare, the singer, was always in and out of jail, so they were kind of winding down, too.
MRR: You were telling me that you were the youngest of the group....
Well pretty much because in '77 I was 17. I was underage. So I was basically sneaking in. And living in Hamilton at the time, it was kind of taboo, even in Toronto it would have been, to be listening to punk rock and going to see this kind of stuff so I would go to a lot of shows, drive in by myself or stand in a corner in awe. I was in awe more of the crowd half the time then I was the actual bands playing.
MRR: How did you discover punk rock at that time?
You could say that was when you played your first STOOGES record or your DICTATORS record, but I think I started getting turned onto it around '76. ROXY and CREAM were starting to show pictures of bands in New York - that is pretty much where I think it started with bands like the RAMONES, the DOLLS turned into the HEARTBREAKERS, and things

Joe, the owner. I think I still owe him $50 bucks.
MRR: And now it's a CA driving school
Yeah, it's been a few things. It's above a McDonald's on Bloor Street. The Hotel Isabella, Larry's Hideaway. We never got to play The Edge. I mean again we were a younger band and we were just working on getting connected up and by the time we started getting some momentum, it was gone. Those were the places we played in Toronto.
MRR: What were they like?
It was a really cool scene. It actually was a scene. You felt like something was going on.
MRR: I got that feeling to when I first started going to shows. The first time I ever went to the Turning Point I saw people helping themselves behind the bar pulling beers out of a fridge. We were all kids picked on in high school and it was the one place you could go and feel like you fit in.
It was great. Those bars you could go to them pretty much 7 nights a week and you knew you were going to see a good band or a bad band trying to play that kind of music and there was always some people to hang out with. It was a lot of fun. I have never seen it duplicated, ever since.
MRR: It seems to me that Hamilton had a fairly strong scene back then with bands like TEENAGE HEAD, the FORGOTTEN REBELS, and SIMPLY SAUCER, how did THE DREAM DATES fit into that scene?
SIMPLY SAUCER and the FORGOTTEN REBELS and TEENAGE HEAD were all bands that preceded us, but we didn't really emerge until 1979. We were younger than those guys, so we were more spectators watching them. But they were all big influences on me. I was actually quite close friends with Mickey from the REBELS and still am.
MRR: He wrote something in the liner notes about the ep...
He actually wrote a song for us, at one point. He named the band. It was his name. He christened us with his name. We were trying to think of a name. We actually were originally called BORED YOUTH. Not to be confused with the Michigan hardcore band.

like that. At that time, there was just photos, there was no actual recordings and eventually things started to surface.
MRR: It seems like a network of older brothers, sisters, or friends from school usually turn people onto this stuff.
This was all pretty new. I found most times that if I mentioned this kind of music to my buddies at school half of them might be interested but as soon as their older brothers found out they would try and kick my ass or call me a fag or something. It wasn't the most accepted kind of scene back then. But there was a clique in Hamilton and Toronto and other places too.
MRR: How did you meet the rest of the members of the DREAM DATES?
Deemer and I we hooked up...Dave McGee, he is 5 years younger, he was 13 or 14, he was really young. I just meet him through the Westdale scene in Hamilton, which is where TEENAGE HEAD were from and he was just kind of hanging around with that crowd. I started putting the idea together about forming a band, but I don't think I was serious and then one day he said I know a guy named Deemer that plays guitar and he is really good and we ended up going down and getting studio time and making some real horrible racket and continued to do so.
MRR: Did the DREAM DATES play out much? Who did the DREAM DATES play with?
We played a lot. We played mostly in Toronto. It was just easier to get gigs. We did play in Hamilton though. There was less places to play. It was more of a weekend thing and it was pretty selective but there definitely was a group of people in Hamilton that were into it.
MRR: Who did you play with?
We did shows with the REBELS, the VILETONES. Mostly we did our own shows. We did a lot of stuff...there was a boozecan down on Liberty Street, where we would do shows with the MOJOS and the UGLY and just whoever was around back then.
MRR: Where did you play? What were the clubs/spaces called ? What were they like?
In Toronto, the Turning Point seemed to be our home. It was a great great place. Long live

MRR: Where did the name come from?
He says he got it by looking at himself in the mirror (laughter) and I believe him. He's a good looking guy. We tended to use it on a more sarcastic note. But it worked. Some people misconceived it as us being arrogant.
MRR: Really. They didn't get the facetiousness behind the name?
No. Not everybody.
MRR: That sort of answers the next question, I was going to ask what was the association with Mickey De Sadist, of the FORGOTTEN REBELS.
I met him..... he worked with a friend of mine at Otis Elevator. I go down to meet my pal after work and I see this guy coming out and think "Wow, who is that guy ?" I ended up meeting him and finding out that we had a lot in common, musically. We've been friends ever since.
MRR: The "Moans on the Phone" ep is dedicated to Crazy Harree. Who is Crazy Harree?
Crazy Harree is a guy I met at the start of the punk scene. I later figured out that he was from Hamilton. My summer job back then was to work at Dofasco in the Steel Factory and he use to go into the foundery with a pitchfork and his black leather jacket and his little Dee Dee Ramones locks under his hard hat and everybody hated him there. I would see him at shows and stuff and we became best friends. A really really good guy. He has a lot of insane stories. He wasn't called Crazy Harree just for kicks. He really was crazy. A great great guy and unfortunately passed away about a year ago, that's why we dedicated the record to him, but a big supporter of the band and a big supporter of the scene.
MRR: Was there a lot of punks from Hamilton?
Yeah. There was a scene that got bigger and bigger as time went on. Punk by '79 started turning into New Wave and Rockabilly and Spandau Ballet/Duran Duran new romantic thing and then eventually hardcore came around '82. I think it came a little later in Toronto then it did in other places, but it started all branching out. It just took so many different routes.
MRR: Was there a defined scene in Hamilton or were you associated with a bigger Toronto scene?

What do you mean by that? Towards Toronto.
MRR: Yeah.
No not really. I mean sometimes... like TEENAGE HEAD kind of broke the ground for Hamilton bands because they were one of the few punk bands in '79 that could actually play their instruments and they were by far, musically, one of the hardest bands. There was...I found animosity from Toronto bands towards them.
MRR: Just because they were good...
Exactly and they drew huge crowds. At one point they could announce a gig at 3:00 pm in the afternoon and there would be a line up around the block at 6:00 pm. So they really had a lot of momentum going for them.
MRR: I wanted to ask you about your thoughts on hardcore. I know that you have had some interesting observations about the advent of hardcore and its effects on the punk scene. What are your observations?
Someone had told you that I thought it was the worst thing that had ever happened to punk. Well I think the worst thing that ever happened to punk was heroin, cocaine, and alcohol. As far as the difference goes, the punk scene was so much fun. It was a lot of style and a lot of sex appeal. It had a lot of fashion involved in it, not in a pompous way...it just had a lot of style to it. Where hardcore, it started out cool...like I loved BLACK FLAG and FLIPPER and the BAD BRAINS.... but I found as it went on, I thought it started taking itself a little too seriously. It started becoming pretty political. It seemed like everybody kind of wore the same stuff. The style from it was gone. It was black leather jacket. It was a lot more anger involved, it seemed. It also seemed, at times, and I know there was exceptions, that a lot of the people in the scene seemed closed minded because they were rebelling against the fact that if they had a ten foot mohawk they couldn't get a job, but if somebody straight looking came to a punk show they would treat them really badly. So they weren't really giving what they were trying to get back. I thought that was a little bit hypocritical. Then I think what killed the hardcore was speedmetal and all that stuff. But there is a lot of hardcore stuff that I love. I use to go see BLACK FLAG everytime they played in Buffalo. I saw some gigs in New York. I went to A7 and places like that - Gilder Sleeves. So I like hardcore.
MRR: You have a new ep coming out. Well let me ask you about the first one. It's called "Moans on the Phone". Tell us about the recording. Where did you do it?
We did it back in '79 in the basement of Richard Kill's house. He was a Hamilton guy who had a band. He had a 4-track recorder in his basement. Did an amazing job of recording bands. We actually got the original tapes that they were done on back then and Deemer, our guitar player, went and rented some of the original equipment and re-mastered it and we got Richard Kill...he's got a new tape deck that actual has levels.... and that's how this thing got re-mastered. It was pretty much a home made effort.
MRR: How many songs did you record in that session?
Seven.
MRR: So there is more songs?
Yeah there is and we have a lot of live tapes, too, but the only stuff that we would want to use would be our studio recordings.
MRR: What is going to happen with the other songs that didn't get released on "Moans on the Phone"?
There will be a 7" to come out in the late spring or early summer that will feature "The mess your in". There will be at least two other songs to work with after that ep comes out. There may be a future release that will include these unreleased tracks and some live material.
MRR: Were there any other bands from that time period that recorded material but never had the recording released? What were they like?
The UNKNOWNS and the RAVING MOJOS are two bands that I would love to see get unearthed. My favourite band back then was THE UGLY. A Toronto band with a real first rate hoodlum for a singer, Mike Nightmare, I mean he was the real thing. We all wished that we did more recordings. I wished the DREAM DATES did more recordings. But if we keep digging and digging, I think we can find more stuff. Again, we would like to get in touch with someone from the RAVING MOJOS and see what we can get because I think that would really surprise a lot of people. Just because when they came out...they had long hair and everything, but they were so cool, but because they had long hair they weren't really accepted by the soon to emerge hardcore scene. Actually, Hamilton really liked them a lot so they did really well there...
MRR: Did the singer wear a beret with a plaid pattern?
He does know. Back then he looked like Brian Jones. And actually the bass player, Ken Fox, he's living in Brooklyn right now, I believe. He is currently in the FLESHTONES. Has been for quite a while.
MRR: What did the RAVING MOJOS sound like?
They were a cross between the REAL KIDS, MC5... just a real first rate hard rock 'n roll band. Really, really good. Really American. It was funny, the guitar player actually plays for ALANNAH MYLES. He played on all those really huge hits that she did. Curtis is his name. Great guitar player.
MRR: That's amazing, what some people have gone into. The song "Moans on the Phone", what is it about ?
It's just about phone sex. Hanging out at home and being trapped in the parents house and not having any money to go out so you can only talk to your girlfriend on the phone type of thing. It is not too much deeper then that.
MRR: What would be your favourite DREAM DATES song from a lyrical perspective and why?
"The mess you're in". That was about... I started to watch people deteriorate that were just partying a little too hard and that's basically what "The mess you're in" was about. So that was probably the one that was dearest to me, lyrically. "Heart Attack Rhythm" was definitely our anthem. That was the one that we really liked playing. It's funny that "Moans on the Phone" being the A Side....back then we would have picked "Heart Attack Rhythm", but....it seems like some of the more old school people tend to like the "Heart Attack Rhythm" song and most of the younger people that are listening to it really like "Moans on the Phone". I don't care, as long as people listen to it I am happy.
MRR: What were your live shows like?
We did well live. Just like anytime it was always hit or miss but it just depended where you were playing, how many people were there...some of our best shows were probably opening for some of the Toronto bands, especially the more popular ones because when the room is



packed, especially like in the downstairs Isabella, small room just jammed and you come up and just rock out. It was just a lot of fun doing that.
MRR: What have your members gone on to do, musically?
Right after the band broke up, Stew and Ken moved to Toronto and we were really into the CRAMPS so we decided to do a CRAMPS knock off which we called the MANGLERS and we had a girl drummer, who I think was Christopher Ward's assistant down at CityTV, and we called her Maggie Mangler, and I was Dick Mangler, and we had Stew Mangler and Ken Mangler.
MRR: Christopher Ward was the VJ for New Music....?
He had some kind of a gig down there. It was before that....it was before Much Music and all that stuff had come out. It was PMM - Pre Much Music. (laughter)
MRR: So what happened with the MANGLERS ?
We played a couple of shows. Each show we would bring..... We liked drinking. We would bring two cases of beer on stage and either throw them at people or drink as much as we could and play about 15 or 20 minutes and cause a whole lot of chaos. Actually, Shawn Pilot, a promoter back then, was the only guy that would let us play in his clubs. He loved it.
Stew and I formed a band called the KIMONA NAILS after that with Jeffrey Campbell, who is in the REBELS now, and Mr. X, a Toronto bass player. Then Stew moved back to Hamilton and he started a rockabilly band and re-united with Deemer and they were called the SHACK RATTLERS. I, at the time, started a band called the CHOSEN FEW with Jeff Campbell and Dave McGee - both in the REBELS now - and we had a different bass player. That didn't last very long. And then after that I formed the ZOMBIE SEA SERPANTS OF LOVE with Brain Christopher, who is currently drumming in the SINISTERS, and also Mr. X from the KIMONA NAILS was playing bass and a guy named Peter Simpson on guitar. We did just a couple of shows. Nazi Dog had a heavy metal band called SEX TATTO 7 and we did a couple of shows with them. We played around, not too many gigs but we were around for a bit.
MRR: How can people get in touch with you because I am sure there is questions that I haven't asked that other people would like to know ?
There is a website. There is a whole lot of cool photos on it and we are trying to add to it. I am about two thirds of the way through a pretty cool story about the band. Trying not to miss anything. They can go to www.uglypop.com and that will tell you how to get to our website and how to buy the record. It'll tell you what stores you can get it in or how to order it online, as they say. I am computer illiterate.
MRR: Any last comments ?
Thanks so much to Squelchtone and Ugly Pop for doing such a great job of putting the record together and I am just overwhelmed by the success of the 45 and I am looking forward to the next one.
Ugly Pop will be releasing another ep of DREAM DATES material taken from this same session sometime in the new year. The ep will be called "The mess your in" and you can get it through Ugly Pop Records at 2 Bloor St West, Suite 100 Box 477 / Toronto, ON / M4W 3E2 / website: www.uglypop.com.

Based out of Toronto, Canada, Satan Macnuggit Popular Arts is a distro/working title of Jonathan Culp that is a collection of interesting, witty and powerful punk/activist video, zines and music. It's a melting pot of hitchhiking zines, melodic/noisy punk rock, anarchic re-spliced educational films, and videos of actions against the state and corporations. Jonathan has experienced such things as the barren wastelands we call the Canadian prairies, processing amazing B&W Super 8 film footage in his bathroom, homeless people getting clobbered by riot cops, and a 20 min 16mm film come to life after years of intense labour. He dreams of a huge independent video distribution netork...

SATAN Macnuggit

"They say cutback, we say feedback".

Interview by Siue.

MRR: What is Satan Macnuggit all about and how long has it been around?
Satan Macnuggit has been around since 1996 and as far as what Satan Macnuggit is all about, our slogan speaks for itself - "They say cutback, we say feedback". We do videos, we do music, we do zines (I say we, but up to now I've been calling the shots of the "corporation" as well as who ever else also happens to be in collaboration with me.) We do creative stuff and we try to align ourselves with activist work and social movements, particularly in Toronto, but our first priority is to put out compelling and independent art.

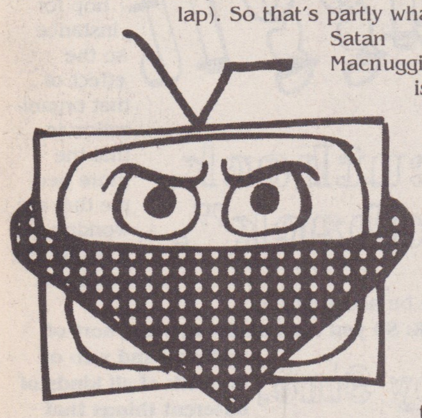
MRR: What's the ideas behind your title "Satan Macnuggit". You've gotten many different reactions to it...
(laughs) The first Satan Macnuggit project was my band *Loogan Bin* and "Satan Macnuggit" came out of a brain storm session we had at one time when we were trying to think up pseudonyms and the pseudonyms idea fell to the wayside but "Satan Macnuggit" stuck. It speaks to the idea of McDonalds as an evil and by extension all major corporations as evil, which they are and which is a sentiment that I am happy to get behind in Mad magazine fashion with the misspelling guarding me against going through any McLibel bullshit. Also it just sounds good. That was another thing...it sounded VERY good THAT night in the state that we were in... (laughter)

MRR: What do you think the role is of small distros such as yours in the realm of punk and the also the world of big labels and book presses.
Well, that's sort of a multi-tiered question. I think that small distros, and I think that a lot of punk and DIY distros and labels are aware of this at the back of their head, can fit quite neatly into the world of corporate distribution. They do have a place in the scheme and that place is down there somewhere (pointing). There have always been independent labels and distributors and they have acted in some ways as farm teams doing all the groundwork and hard work and research for the big league money players. There's been this pattern where small distros define themselves by their smallness and in some ways it's a good thing but in other ways I think that one of my goals (and I hope I can live up to this because it's a taxing exercise) is to challenge the big labels in terms of someday having a outreach that can reach a broader audience than just the punk subculture, we shouldn't confine ourselves to one subculture...Ultimately I want it all (laughter). I would like to see a kind of federation of independent labels and 3distributors and producers of music, videos and literature that goes beyond generic boundaries so you have punk stuff working together with hip hop for instance so the effect of that organization is that the more people that are working together the more that can be accomplished.

MRR: So you are imagining some sort of underground web or network of all kinds of different things that are against the system and that are working against the system.
Yeah, working against the system and creating a new system. I think there is a consensus that goes beyond our own subculture, that things are fucked up and have to be done a different way. This may be a long way off in the future, but there are ways of doing things on a large scale which are co-operative and that represent good values and that's what I would like to see but I'm not going to achieve that cuz it's not about one label working alone, it's a vision of a broader effort. It's happening piecemeal now but it's possible and I would like to see things move in that direction.

MRR: Film and video in particular has NO network to support distribution in the punk/activist scene like music and zines do. Why do you think this is and how do we go about changing that?
I wouldn't necessarily say that film and video have no network in the ACTIVIST scene. There are things like the satellite/webcast network *Free Speech TV*, *Paper Tiger Television* (cable based out of NY for radical video), smaller local things like *Flying Focus* (a collective in Portland, OR) and the totally promising stuff the Independent Media Centers have been

doing around the major demos over the last year. As far as the punk scene - maybe it's because of the costs involved in starting up. Also, the way things are done in the punk subculture came out of a change in the musical paradigm...there's certainly a punk subculture in film but it didn't turn into the backbone of a movement like the music did. There are things that filmmakers can learn from punk and the DIY culture. A lot of people don't know how to make a film independently, and it depends on the kind of film you're trying to make, but it's not necessarily rocket science. It's not like getting a guitar, bass and drums together and learning how to thrash it out in the basement - there are more elements to juggle, and for longer pieces you have to think more about pace and structure, but the whole Hollywood mystique is bullshit. As far as how we go about changing things...equipment co-ops are a good start. But I think when we see people producing stuff independently - and there's a lot of them out there - we have to link up filmmakers who are doing good things, and that applies to activist video and creative video (and obviously there is a lot of overlap). So that's partly what Satan Macnuggit is trying to do. We are working on building up a catalog of activist video and DIY creative indie video. Stuff I think is underexposed and I think is worth more people seeing. I am trying to create a parallel distribution system. I'm trying to plant some seeds for that or join forces with whoever is out there that shares those goals. And maybe expose those people whose experiences may be limited to the music and zine cultures to look more into video as a viable independent media.



MRR: Rather than just band videos...

Yeah, that's an outgrowth of the music and it doesn't really use the language of video to it's maximum potential. Punk rock has cut through a lot of bullshit just in the basic potential of what it is and how it sounds and what it says when you put it up against other music. It has the potential to shake things up (in the video world).

MRR: What is your idea about living off of art? Do you see the possibility of compromising your politics as a hindrance to doing this? Many people say they don't want to live off their art because it would take the enjoyment and "purity" out of it....

Well, in a lot of cases they are probably right. In the real world it's hard to make a living off the of the art that you're doing. But I think it's necessary to strive for that. I would ask the people who are dead set against that what they ARE living off of and if it is less of a compromise doing THAT than it would be to find a way to earn your next meal from the stuff you REALLY want to be doing. Chances are it's probably just about the same. We are all wage slaves and it's a matter of where your wage is coming from. The easiest way to live off your art, it's true, is to sign to a huge company, or "sell out" as they say, and the temptation beckons... *I* just feel like I'm putting a hell of a lot of work into the stuff that I'm doing and so are a lot of other people and they deserve to be awarded for what they're doing We have to find ways of making that happen, which is partly what I was talking about with distribution. It's not the intrinsic QUALITY of the work that's keeping people from making a living off of it, in some cases it's the ability to find the audience.

MRR: You do music, films and zines - do you think there is a common thread weaved into all of them? You don't "dabble" in all these mediums, you consistently put out quality work...

Well thank you... The common thread in the stuff that I'm doing right now is that *I* did it (laughter). I've flailed around in all these different forms of video and music and writing. Different concepts lend themselves better to different media but if you take for instance the *Anarcomics* zine that I wrote: When I was a kid I use to obsessively cut newspaper comic strips out and keep them in big green garbage bags. I went home to my mom's a couple years ago and found that these comics were still in my bedroom. I had to get rid of them but I found that there was a lot of good stuff in there. Like you would expect, most of these comics are pedaling a lot of ideological bullshit and if you put them all together, all the offensive comic panels, you can get a fairly good idea about what they are saying if you see them back to back. But the process of editing *Anarcomics* together was a lot like editing a film. It's the same - one image follows another and they have some sort of story or message. If you look at the "plot" of *Anarcomics* the ideas are almost the same as the ideas in my film *Chew it, Somalia*. They're just worked through in a different medium and they follow through establishing a basis of analyzing the world in the ways that it's fucked up and the ways that people are sort of compartmentalized and kept in the dark about the stuff they are participating in, and then a gradual state of awareness grows and then there's basically revolution at the end of each. So I don't find there's any real fundamental difference in what you can or can't say or do within each media. I think each of them have their own characteristics but you can learn them and use them.

MRR: What is interesting about your catalogue is that there's a great mix of not only different media but activist and non activist stuff. How does *The Suck Trumpets* tape and *Action Replay* video fit together?

The people who are reading this don't have to be told this, but in a lot of ways the very act of making something and putting it out is an activist act or a radical act because you are not waiting for permission from the industry professionals to get this stuff on the street. As far as how they fit together - I think they are different degrees on the same chart. *The Suck Trumpets* are a bunch of 15 year olds bashing out atonal little ditties in the basement whereas *Action Replay* is a compilation of videos by some people (who are video artists first and activists second) who came to the Metro Days of Action protest in Toronto, which was a huge action of 200,000 people against the provincial government who are doing really terrible things to social services, human rights, native self determination (you name it, it's all gone out the window), and are applying their skills to that. The two are working together almost in tandem. The better the work of art is the better it serves the political movement, and the stronger the politics the better that reflects on the videos. There's some good ideology floating around the *Suck Trumpets* when you can hear it through the simulated feed back effects...

MRR: You are involved in and sell videos by the Toronto Video Activist Collective - what is that all about and how do you see film/video fitting in with activism?

TVAC was started about three years ago. There was a number of people involved in groups like *Toronto Action for Social Change* and *Earthroots* and *the Ontario Coalition Against Poverty* and they were independently producing videos about activist stuff. We decided to start working together. Our first action as a group was to film the Global Street Party that happened in Toronto. It happened in about 30 places around the world - the idea is reclaiming

I wouldn't necessarily say that film and video have no network in the ACTIVIST scene. There are things like the satellite/webcast network Free Speech TV, Paper Tiger Television (cable based out of NY for radical video), smaller local things like Flying Focus (a collective in Portland, OR)

public spaces by having a party in Urban streets and questioning the dominance of cars in our lives. Another big thing we did was put together two *VideoActive* compilations. We had a number of videos documenting different aspects of resistance in Toronto and put them all out in an attractively packaged video. Those have been very well received - especially our short on the incredible Toronto police riot last June, "Fighting to Win." As far as how video fits in with activism - it's just another way of getting the message out. Most activists understand that they are trying to reach as many people as possible. The activist sensibility is about trying to change the world and the way things are done whereas sometimes we can get lost in just trying to find a place to hide, a corner we can control and work out of. But this is about going beyond that and about eliminating the threat that's coming from outside - creating a challenge against the forces of evil, as it were. Video is a powerful medium...maybe the dominant media as things stand in 2001. Most people get most of their ideas about the world from television whether they'd like to admit it or not. And those of us who have learned better have a certain amount of deprogramming to do. So it's up to us to take that technology and turn in into something better.

MRR: Michael Moore said that the most important film of the '90's was the video footage of the Rodney King beating...

Well the argument could be made. Sometimes we don't believe something until we see it, that's an example of that. If the Rodney King beating hadn't been taped he would have been "just another lying nigger" but instead that was the basis of a lot of awareness and justified outrage where there was no hiding the brutality or wrong that was done. On a smaller scale, "Fighting to Win" has the same effect. As activists, as revolutionary radical activists who just aren't saying "we want the government to do this for us" but that we challenge the existence of the government and the whole basis of our society and what's being sold to us as a democracy. You're not going to get that covered on the six o'clock news. It's something that can be done and HAS to be done independently.

MRR: There's a lot of collage films in your repertoire. What attracted you to making films this way?

I grew up in rural Ontario and lived on a farm. There was no real punk subculture in Vineland so my ideas about music and movies were fairly conventional. The usual 90 min feature film made with a million dollars and it plays at the Cineplex and everyone loves it...So this was the idea I started off with when I first began making films. I tried to make a feature when I was 19 that I was completely unprepared to do; and the next year I compromised and made a _ hour short film called *Bark*. That "small" compromise project ended up taking four years of my life and $15,000 of my own money. I looked at what I ended up with and said "This is all right, but I can't keep throwing myself at these enormous projects for this much creative dividend." So that was when I got into collage films. Partly that was coincidental because I came into some cheap motion picture footage that I was inspired to edit into something new. It cuts out half of the creative process. You've got these images right in front of you - how are you going to manipulate these to put out YOUR message. Now I am more aware of people like *Craig Baldwin* who's made movies like *Sonic Outlaws* that are really inspiring and keep me going. The first exposure I had to collage art was hip hop. I was the rural equivalent to the suburban middle-class white kid sitting in his bedroom listening to Ice T and Public Enemy and the way they incorporated familiar songs into totally new structures. I thought it was something I might be able to apply to film.

MRR: A couple of your films you've processed by hand - that seems to be the ultimate in DIY movie making! How well did this work and do you see it as being akin to the new "revolution" in accessible/ relatively inexpensive home computer digital editing in video?

"Accessible" is a relative term. We like to talk about how video technology is accessible because you can get a video camera and editing system in your living room for ONLY $4 or $5,000 . The idea that THAT is accessible...you have to be pretty comfortable in your own life to think of it that way. I think a challenge is to make it even more accessible through sharing equipment and allowing people who don't even have THOSE kind of limited resources to work in the medium to produce stuff. (As for hand-processing) you can do it in your bathtub with a bunch of chemicals. I went on a filmmaking retreat (through the Toronto film co-op, LIFT) and experimented with hand processing. I've made two films that way - *The Boob* which used demolition derby footage juxtaposed with Mike Harris (the Premier of Ontario. Number one asshole in these parts) and the video for *Knife Machine* (a *Loogan Bin* song).

MRR: So it worked pretty well?

It worked great. I did lose one reel of film in the process.... It's not for every project because the grain is very distinct in terms of scratching...you scratch the film when you slosh it around in the bucket - you don't have complete control over how it's going to turn out but I think that there's more potential to use it than what has been explored yet. I'd like to see more people pick up on this. Film in general is more expensive and trickier than video. When you choose your medium, and I work in both, you have to decide what your priorities are.

MRR: Where do you see Satan Macnuggit going in the future?

Satan Macnuggit has been preoccupied from it's inception about creating stuff. Right now I'm just coming out of my shell and trying to ACHIEVE some of the stuff I'm gabbing about here in terms of making the connections, finding like minded people. I should say the political messages I'm talking about are just half of it. There are some things in the catalogue that are pure entertainment like I would have to classify my film *Jonathan Culp!* as that. It's just an

outrageous monologue by this guy Peter Lynch who showed up at a house party at midnight and just let loose with this incredible stream of consciousness that doesn't carry any explicit political message except that it's almost liberating to listen to.

MRR: Except maybe "My cunt has power! My cunt has power!"

(laughter) Yeah, although not in the mainstream of political correctness since it's coming out of a guy's mouth, a queer guy's mouth, but a guy nonetheless... So yeah, part of what I want to do is to expose more people to the stuff I've produced and accumulated and to get those ideas out there. One of the concrete things I'm trying to do is to push the DIY video audience into a higher state of self-awareness. Just build up an infrastructure for DIY video. So I'm looking for people who have videos, I'm interested in helping in distribution. I'm interested in sharing stuff with people who are doing similar things. I also started editing a video review section for *Broken Pencil* magazine for this reason - so send me your videos! Other than that I'm rehearsing with a new band and writing a lot of songs and trying to get more music coming out soon. I have a couple of films that are in the works, including a feature-length comedy. There's lots of stuff rolling around in my head.

MRR: So anyone that's got some interesting videos or films that they've done they should send it on your way?

I believe the address is below...

MRR: Any last comments?

I'd like to thank god... (laughter)

MRR: Let's go eat some brownies...

For a free catalogue and a place to distribute your creative film/video talent write:

Satan Macnuggit Popular Arts,
3584 John St.,
Vineland Station,
Ontario, Canada,
L0R 2E0.
Satanmacnuggit@tao.ca

HOMEMADE MOVIES: HAND PROCESSING SUPER 8

Not many people know this, but it's fairly cheap and easy to develop your own black and white Super 8 film at home, with some simple supplies and standard darkroom chemicals. Hand-processed film looks unlike anything else-scratchy, irregular and contrasty, it will give your movies a truly 'hand-made' look.

Below I describe the method I used to hand-process the footage for two of my movies, "The Boob" and "Knife Machine." This is by no means the last word in hand-processing - you can dye the film different colors, you can solarize the images with a flashlight, you can create a negative image instead of a positive "reversal" picture. Feel free to explore and experiment on your own; I think you'll find bathtub film processing to be a truly liberating experience!

WHAT YOU'LL NEED:

a friend (for extra hands, eyes, brain)
a ventilated, light-tight room (I do it in my bathtub)
five good-sized plastic tubs or buckets
rubber gloves
a cooking thermometer
a glow-in-the-dark stop watch
a wooden spoon (for mixing chemicals and NOTHING ELSE)
a measuring cup (ditto)
a clothes line and pegs

CHEMICALS:

developer
stop bath
fixer
reversal bleach

(Note: you can get the first three chemicals at any photo supply store. Reversal bleach is harder to come by; you can order it in large quantities from Kodak, or beg some off of your friend who works at the film lab. **REMEMBER: REVERSAL BLEACH IS TOXIC!** It's basically sulphuric acid. Don't get any on you!!!)

Now, let's get going...

STEP ONE: SHOOT THE FILM

You're on your own here. Just remember, my method only works with black and white film. Also, one batch of chemicals will process up to 400 feet (8 reels) of Super 8, so the more you shoot, the more economical the method becomes.

STEP TWO: MIX THE CHEMICALS

Follow the directions on the packages regarding dilution and water temperature (heat the water on your stove, using the cooking thermometer for accuracy). Pour the water and chemicals into the tubs, mixing them up with the wooden spoon. Fill the fifth tub with water (for the "wash" cycle).

STEP THREE: DEVELOP!

Make sure the room is completely dark. Pull some film out of the first cartridge, no more than half (25 feet) or it will get too unwieldy and tangled.

Now put on the rubber gloves. You are about to immerse the film in the chemicals. Remember, keep the film moving! Slosh it around good, so that every inch of the film comes into adequate contact with the yucky stuff. Give your friend the stop watch, and start timing as you apply the chemicals to the film in sequence:

Developer: 3 minutes
Wash (water): 2 minutes
Stop Bath: 3 minutes
Wash: 2 minutes
Reversal Bleach: 40 seconds
Wash: 3 minutes

Now turn the lights on. Hold the film right up to the light bulb for about a minute. It should have a milky hue. Then go back to the chemicals, leaving the lights on, and continue in sequence:

Developer (again): 2 minutes
Wash: 4 minutes
Fixer: 2 minutes (you don't have to agitate the film in the fixer, just immerse it and let it sit)
WASH - 8 minutes

STEP FOUR: DRY

Hang the film on a laundry line in your basement or living room, and wait for it to dry completely.

STEP FIVE: WATCH YOUR MOVIES!

Put the film on a reel and watch it on your projector. You've just subverted the motion picture service establishment. Wasn't that fun?

- by Jonathan Culp

HAVOC RECORDS

I met Felix Havoc this summer on the first day of DS-13's U.S. tour. DS-13 was scheduled to play Mr. Roboto's, a collectively-operated space in Pittsburg. All of the opening bands played, and still no DS-13. The crowd waited and ate some free vegan stew, and an hour later everyone was relieved when DS-13's van appeared outside. After going through customs and the airport, the band and Felix had spent the day in Chicago tracking down their gear—rudely lost by the international shipping company—and then driving through the rain to Pittsburg. Tour happens, day one. But once on stage DS-13 kicked ass, every song a burst of furious hardcore attack accompanied by an massive circle pit, filling the small room with the smell of sweat and a super-charged energy.

Later that night I caught up with Felix and asked him for an interview. I was curious about his long tenure with hardcore and punk; his label Havoc Records; and his thoughts on touring a large part of the world singing with the legendary (and now defunct) bands Destroy! and Code-13. Not to mention his well-read column in Maximum Rock 'n' Roll, *and setting up a tour for DS-13. Few people have been involved with so many diverse aspects of the hardcore punk scene, and keep going at it with new ideas and a strong DIY ethic. There were also musings on post-cold war Russia, Anarchists, guns and Minneapolis. In true 2000 style, this interview was conducted by email from Boston to Minneapolis. You can check out his website with Havoc Records and past columns at www.havocrex.com.*

Interview by Erika Ransom.

What projects are you currently working with?

As always running Havoc Records, I've got two new 7"s out, Tear It Up and Kaaos. I'm doing a 7" soon by Vitamin X and driving them on their US tour. Hopefully I'll be doing more releases with Nine Shocks Terror and DS-13 in the future. I'm also working at Extreme Noise Records every Sunday. I'm a DJ on KFAI doing a weekly punk show *Radio Riot*. My focus lately has been on music history, and I'm compiling a discography of Minnesota punk and hardcore and hope to start work soon on a discography book about international hardcore '80-'85.

Why the end of Code 13? Do you see yourself in another band anytime soon?

Code 13 might yet play a few gigs a year. Basically none of the other members shared my commitment to the hardcore lifestyle. They weren't willing to dedicate the time it takes to practice, record and tour any longer. Shane has a kid and a tattoo shop to run. Mitch isn't too into playing music anymore, more into playing pool. Trevor is actually playing in a new band with members of Misery, Destroy and Murderers but more of a greaser garage-type band. I'm not to fired up to start another band, besides vocalists are a dime a dozen. What you need for a good band is a hot-shot guitarist and a really tight drummer. There's very little chance of finding anyone who's even close to my age who would want to play the kind of music I'm into who could operate at the level I'd like to. At least in this town. All the motivated, get up and go types already have a band.

Over the last 20 years or so, you've pretty much run the gamut of the punk scene—you've been in bands that toured all over the world, written extensively for fanzines, run a record label, and worked in record stores and other punk collectives. What projects have been the most satisfying for you? Any terrible times that made you want to throw in the punk rock towel?

Not quite 20 years. Closer to 17. Remember too, that I was just a face in the crowd until the late '80s too. The most satisfying is running the label and working in the record store. Just the excitement of a really great record that you want everybody to hear. The ability to use punk music as a medium to communicate with people from all over the world and spread ideas. I think I'm pretty close to 100,000 7"s if you add up all the releases. That's thousands of kids who have heard a record I had a hand in. Maybe some of those records changed peoples lives the way Minor Threat and Conflict's records changed mine. Maybe they were just background music at a party, either way I feel like I'm contributing something back to the scene that's given so much to me. The worst experience was running the Bombshelter. That's not to say I didn't enjoy those gigs and have good bands play. However, the constant tension between the cops and the kids, having to be sort of a cop/parent figure myself, drove me nuts. I got so sick of breaking up fights and mopping up puke. Booking gigs is the most thankless job in the scene. You have to deal with so much bullshit from the ankle-biter kids, back-stabbers who accuse you of ripping off the scene, bands with rock star complexes and of course the cops and the City Machine. After the Gauze show I figured I'd gone as far as I could with the Bombshelter and closed it down. Now I only do gigs for bands on my label, and then only when I have too.

What was your favorite tour while in a band?

I'd have to say the 2000 Code 13 tour of the Pacific, as it was the most adventurous and exotic.

How was being in Destroy! different than Code 13?

The music scene was different then, not as well organized. The DIY movement wasn't as well established in the late '80s and early '90s not to mention that the number of people involved in punk was smaller in the pre-'94 period. We were playing music that was popular with only a few people. That fast, grinding sound didn't really catch on until later. We played so many shows where everyone just stood and stared with their hands in their pockets. I think they wanted Screeching Weasel or Fugazi. Now I see so many kids wearing Destroy patches and stuff. Damn, if half those kids had come out to support us. We would go 6-9 months without playing a gig. I was a different person in those days, younger and wilder. I was living the chaos. I was drunk, rowdy, doing drugs, chasing women. That shit is fun for a while when you're like 21 but if I'd kept up with that lifestyle I'd be dead by now.

This summer you set up a US tour for the Swedish hardcore band DS-13, who are on your label. You did everything from ordering T-shirts to driving the van. Do you plan on setting up more tours for other bands soon? Is this something you really like doing? It seems like it would be a lot of work, but fun, and a big help to bands from abroad.

I had a great time with DS 13. Their tour went so well. I feel like an old pro at touring now, doing one every year or two since 1990. Yes its a lot of hard work but also fun. Its all

about planning, preparation, and teamwork. There are some great people involved in hardcore right now who make touring so much easier and enjoyable than it was ten years ago. I'll probably be driving Vitamin X on tour this spring. I'd really like to get Skitsystem to tour the USA again. And DS 13, please come back to the USA!

You've written quite a bit about the business of punk, about how to stay DIY while not losing all of your money in the process. On the other end of the spectrum, as the punk scene has grown over the years, do you think that the larger punk labels, distributors, 'zines and bands have taken on aspects of "business as usual"?

Of course, for instance I'm grappling with the whole issue of credit card orders over the Internet. If you'd asked me 10 or 15 years ago if credit cards were punk I'd put you in your place with a tirade about the corporate system. But now credit cards are so integral to modern life that I get criticized for not taking credit card orders on the net. My label has grown, but trust me I'm not cashing in. I still work a day job in order to have the freedom to do what I want with music. Last time I sat and figured it out the label was pretty much a break even proposition. In fact if I didn't run the label out of my house (I live in a converted commercial building) I think overhead would've put me under a long time ago. Keep in mind the profit margin on 7"s is super low. I make some money off the t shirts but use that money to subsidize the cost of the 7"s. I'm proud of having the lowest 7" price in the scene. My 5-7"s-for-$10-ppd. deal is quite the bargain, especially compared to the price of CDs. After I pay for the records, shipping, 'zine ads, office supplies and the people who help me there is very little loot left, and all of that goes into the next project every time. That's not to say there isn't big money to be made off punk, those CD only labels that sell pop punk and ska to the masses are making a fortune. But that ain't where I'm at or what I wanna be. I'm in this for the music not the money. I think a lot of labels grow too big too fast, lose touch with their roots, then fail when their big sellers break up or go out of style. I've been at it since '92 and I've seen a lot of labels and fads come and go since then. I might not be the brightest star on the horizon but I'm here to stay. I try to stay close to the music which is what I love and not get consumed with the business side.

Talking about labels, how do you decide what bands to release on Havoc Records?

Mostly the bands I've worked with are bands I saw and made an impression on me. A few are bands I heard other records by and just had to work with. Several of my releases have been re-issues of early 80's Finnish hardcore, a sound I really like. I try to meet and communicate with members of band after I've decided I like their music. I live in fear of releasing a record by a band that turn out to be a bunch of assholes. I get a lot of demo tapes in the mail and to tell the truth I haven't put out a record by a band that just mailed in a tape yet. I look for people who are committed to the music and the medium. That tends to come across in the music.

I hear so many horror stories about small labels getting screwed, and not getting paid. How do you distribute your records?

I have the benefit of being pretty established. There are a few DIY distros which are closest to my outlook musically and ethically who move the most records for me, Ebullition, Sound Idea and Blackened. I use some other distros as well but lately Ebullition is totally dominant. Kent is the greatest. I do a lot of trading as well. I'm constantly writing to small labels and distros trading 5 or 10 records, that's the most direct way of getting music from all over distributed. I really enjoy the networking and communication of trading records. As for making sure you get paid, the best way to get paid for a record is to put out a new one. Nobody gets the new release until they pay for the last one you sent them. Don't quit your day job, a punk label should be a passion and a hobby not a get rich quick scam.

On a completely unrelated note, you've mentioned you have something on the order of four handguns, one shotgun and six rifles. What is up with the guns?

Make that six handguns. Politically I think my views on this subject are well known. I feel that we should be well armed tc prevent the erosion of our rights or to combat our well armed political enemies on the radical right. I also enjoy shooting and collecting guns. Also, I live in a neighborhood where a gun is more of a necessity than a luxury.

How's the state of the Minneapolis scene right now? I keep hearing so many good things about it, and you really made me wish the Profits had played there on tour!

We have a pretty good scene right now. By the time this is published there should be a new compilation LP of Minneapolis Punk out called When Hell Freezes Over. Lots of good bands like Misery, Callused, Scorned, Pontious Pilate, Fallen Graces, Onward to Mayhem, etc. There is also a good hardcore scene here, especially Real Enemy and Holding On, two great bands. We have Extreme Noise, a punk record collective going now since 1994. There is a punk bar here, the Triple Rock, owned by Erik of Dillenger Four. All-ages venues are spotty, but we always seem to find somewhere for bands to play. I really hope this town gets the all-ages punk club it deserves, the final missing link.

to play. I really hope this town gets the all-ages punk club it deserves, the final missing link.

Back to the past...I can't imagine living without ever hearing Minor Threat. The '80s in DC was the spawning grounds for US hardcore. You were a teenager going to shows back then and involved with Positive Force DC. What was the scene like? Much different from the hardcore scene of today? What was Positive Force doing that was different at the time?

Now here's something I like to talk about that nobody ever brings up. DC had one of the greatest scenes in the early '80s, home of hardcore and straight edge! I was a small part of that scene and due to my young age missed some crucial events prior to '83. The scene was wild, some really fascinating people were involved in hardcore back then. From very intellectual art student/grad-school types to total fuck-up street trash. I guess that hasn't changed much, but to a kid like me it was wild. There were people whose parents were senators and ambassadors and stuff hanging out with, like, junkies and bums and small-time crooks. I was one of the founding members of Positive Force. We were inspired by the BYO and what we thought was Positive Force in Reno. We started out as sort of a street protest/direct action group combined with volunteerist sort of activism. After the Union Carbide disaster in Bhopal India we staged a "die-in" at Union Carbide's corporate offices. We all dressed up as like ghouls and barged into their office building. We set off all these smoke bombs and dumped out all this green Jell-O then dropped on the floor gagging and writhing like we were dying. All these cops showed up and we threw Jell-O at them too. We organized protests outside these conventions where weapons manufacturers would try to sell their products to third world dictators. We would pelt their limos with rotten fruit and such until the cops ran us off. We raised so much hell in DC. This was around the time of the No Business As Usual and Stop the City protests, processors of the sort of action you have against the WTO and such today. We were all about spray paint and slingshots and stuff but also did a lot of work with the CCNV and other homeless groups. A lot of us volunteered at the CCNV homeless shelter and at local soup kitchens. I think later the focus shifted more towards benefit shows and more educational activities. I think Positive Force is still very engaged, just less of a shit-kicking protest organization. In the long run, the boring stuff like working in the homeless shelter probably made a bigger difference and was more "revolutionary" than smashing up the recruiting office after the Beefeater, Scream, and Absence of Malice show in Dupont Circle. But that smashing shit up in the streets shit was pretty fucking cool. Those Fourth of July Rock Against Reagan shows were the shit. And the Punk Percussion Protests outside the South African embassy, punk activism in the streets, totally original and inspiring. I did a 'zine back then called Seizure, I interviewed bands of the day like the Dead Kennedys, Subhumans, Black Flag, Reagan Youth, etc. I helped out with gigs Positive Force put on and sometimes helped out Gordon of WDC period on his gigs, working the door, passing out flyers and such. I was really into passing out fliers. I worked in a copy shop so I was the flier hook up. The bands in DC were some of the best, Minor Threat, Bad Brains, Faith, Void, Scream, Government Issue, Black Market Baby, Iron Cross, SOA, Double O, Marginal Man, Rites of Spring, Teen Idles, etc etc. That scene totally went to shit around '85 due to so many of the original scenesters going into alternative rock crap like Fugazi and such and the skinhead violence. In '86-'88 I was in a hardcore band Death and Taxes. We were around for like two or three years and played maybe two or three parties and never any real gigs. The scene was so dead, if you didn't fit into what the music establishment there had decided was cool you were not gonna play. They had decided hardcore was over, but it wasn't over for us. I got in trouble with the law in '88 and lammed out of town. By then hardcore was pretty much dead in DC. Good Clean Fun, No Justice, anyone, bring it back! HarDCore pride!

You've been involved with Anarchist Youth Federation in Minneapolis, and before that with anarchist groups in DC. Are you still a card-carrying Anarchist? And how does this fit into your political views today?

Yes, I'm still an anarchist. My views are more cynical and less idealistic today than when I was a young activist. I identify most closely with the class struggle anarchists of the early 20th century. Especially the IWW. Being now a working class Midwesterner I really identify with the down-to-earth class politics of the IWW. I don't really give a fuck for all the highfalutin theory and praxis and dialectic stuff, I just know injustice and oppression when I see it and it's got to go. Lately my form of activism has been pretty mainstream. I'm working with the neighborhood housing committee on housing issues. I'm in construction in my day job so this is a good fit for me. The neighborhood I live in is very poor and there is a real shortage of affordable housing. We have programs to build new housing on vacant lots, renovate boarded houses and help low income people buy homes. It can get lame as I have to deal sometimes with the city government (I try to leave that to other people) and its strange as I'm this young punk guy working with a bunch of women in their 50s most of whom are old '60s activists. Still, I feel like I'm helping to make a difference in this blighted, oppressed area. Its inspiring to see new houses being built and boarded houses that

would've been torn down renovated and know you were a part of it. I'm getting to the point where anarchism is more about building things than smashing things up. Not that there aren't a lot of things that need smashing!

The "political" arm of punk and hardcore has generated enough songs, slogans, patches, 'zines, and stickers about America's bankrupt social and political systems to fill up Fenway Park. For all this artistic angst and effort, do you think there is much real effort being put into social change by the punk scene? Or is that not the point? Is calling the consumer dream on its bullshit, on the individual level, enough?

At its heart counter-culture is about rejection of the status quo and the middle class consumer ideal. The fact that there is a youth culture of rebellion alone is encouraging. However, I've noticed that the consumerism of the mainstream youth culture has really infected the punk scene in the last decade. The emphasis on fashion and consumer products, having the right "look" for the right genre, punk, skin, skater, emo etc. really mirrors mainstream youth culture. I think few punks have the discipline or willingness to sacrifice that is necessary to effect concrete political change. It's more counter culture and life-style oriented than any sort of organized polemical force. I don't necessarily think that's all bad. I do have to laugh at the kids who think wearing patches and drinking 40s is somehow going to topple the system.

At best punk is a counter-culture which might change the outlook and lifestyles of its members far beyond the years they spend in the punk scene. I would hope that many people leave the scene with a distrust of authority and a greater sense of individual freedom and social consciousness than the average consumer. If some work to affect greater political change or into social activism that's great.

You've worked with several punk collectives over the years, and I've been involved in a few myself. You mentioned a phenomenon that I saw as well, that it usually comes down to a few people doing most of the work and holding the project together. Any advice for people starting a collective, or working in one now, to avoid a path to collective self-destruction?

I don't want to discourage people from working in collectives, but it usually boils down to one or two people doing all the work, who eventually burn out taking the project with them. Extreme Noise is a very successful punk collective with a lot of dedicated people, but in the end I think it's a handful of motivated people to make sure every thing stays on track. I worked in a few gig collectives that were so ponderous I just decided to quit and start my own one man gig collective. That got me so burnt-out on booking shows I was hostile to live music for years. Advice, keep yourself focused and try to delegate as much as you can. Don't take on more than you can handle, keep in sight of your focus. Don't start out as a gig collective and then start doing a 'zine, printing t-shirts and distributing tapes too. Better to be the best at one or two things than half-assed at several. Keep your group lean and mean and work with people you like and get along with. I've seen a lot of collectives destroyed by infighting and internal political disagreements. A lot of these political collectives start out with lofty aims but get more and more inward looking. The Big Boys had that song the "Big Picture" something like "your view of life, is like looking backwards through a telescope" There is a tendency to focus on smaller and smaller issues inside the group and lose sight of that big picture. The local anarchist groups and Anti-Racist Action were very good examples. Started with big aims but degenerated into a bunch of people sitting around slaggin' each other for their views and life styles. Like radical vegans who wouldn't work with punks in leather jackets and boots.

You once wrote that, "The way I see it punk/hardcore peaked around 1984. And lets face it, punk has lost most of its anger, its power, its vitality, and its political stance." The early '90s most definitely dealt a horrible blow to punk, as pop punk was taking over, and so many bands ran to the major labels. Do think there has been a resurgence of energy and purpose in the punk/hardcore scene in the last few years? How do you view the punk scene of 2000?

As we all have seen, true DIY/Hardcore punk is back and better than ever. As I predicted back in the early '90s punk weathered the big pop-punk trend of the '90s and is back underground where it belongs. The scene now is better organized than ever before. The bands and labels today are the best since the early '80s. I still totally look to the early '80s for inspiration but today's scene is far superior in a lot of ways. The energy is back, I can feel it at gigs, hardcore is not young anymore but it is as exciting and inspiring as its ever gonna get. I pity all the posers who dropped out of hardcore instead of sticking around to 2000 so they could see DS 13, Gordon Solie Motherfuckers, Lifes Halt, Nine Shocks Terror, What Happens Next, Tear It Up, No Justice and all the great bands we have today. I was really down on the scene for a while in the mid '90s and mainly looking back to the '80s. Now we have a lot to look forward to. A lot of people further up the ladder are mystified, at the distributor level they are losing all this money and they think punk is dead since they don't ship 500,000 Offspring CDs. Well punk is alive and well at its DIY roots, its time for everybody who gives a fuck to jump in and make the change, the next decade could be the best yet for hardcore!

You are the only punk I know with a BA in Russian studies, so I wanted to ask you this. Any thoughts on what the UN has dubbed "The Great Transition Depression" now going on in Russia? Throughout the '90s, Yeltsin and Clinton worked to recast Russia into the U.S. unfettered capitalist mold. While the economy went into chaos, and a few Russians became extremely wealthy, millions of Russians lost their jobs and savings. About 75% of Russia's population now lives in poverty, wages have dropped to about $60 a month, and life expectancy has dropped to about 65. The Cold War was all the rage, but no one seems to be talking about the tens of millions of people in Russia who's lives have been decimated largely due to U.S. foreign economic policy. Any thoughts?

Well, I haven't been to Russia since 1991 and when I was in school I studied the 1914-1945 period so I'm not a real expert on post-Cold War Russia. It's a fucked up place for sure as they have the worst elements of Capitalism, Communism and Criminal Syndicalism (rule by Mafia). I was in Russia when the hard-liners tried to oust the reformers in August of 1991. I was on the barricades and there was a feeling that Russia was moving forward and leaving the old fucked-up system behind for something better. Young people felt that was worth fighting for and the coup failed due to lack of popular support. In retrospect the people got a really raw deal as their oppressors merely switched titles and outfits. The old Communist aparatchiks are now the businessmen and mafia. The problem with places like Russia, Romania and now Serbia is that they have incomplete revolutions. A few figureheads are removed but the bureaucracy and the elite remain in power. I don't want to sound like an apologist for terror but I think sometimes you need to clean house. You know, throw the bastards out and start over. Unfortunately, most revolutions, viewed historically, merely exchange the old boss for a new boss.

A few quick last questions: What do you do outside of punk?

I work full-time remodeling old houses in South Minneapolis. Work on housing issues with the neighborhood organization. Read a lot of history, collect records, hang out with Eileen and the dog Max. I'm also kind of into Art Deco architecture, old motorcycles (I've got a '67 Triumph) and old trucks (I drive a '71 GMC 4x4 and I've also got a '51 Dodge M37 4x4).

Future projects in the works?

Lots of 7" releases on Havoc, a tour for Vitamin X from Holland. My main projects now are more discography and music history stuff. I hope to publish a critical discography of international hardcore from the crucial '80-'84 period in the next few years. I'd like to go to grad school and get a degree for studying early-'80s hardcore. Anyone in academia with any pointers should drop me a line.

THE BRIEFS

The Briefs hailing from Seattle play in that kinda poppy, late 70's punk style, that the kids can't get enough of these days. They just put out a new LP on Dirtnap Records called "Hit After Hit," which you should probably check out. Interview by Andrew Scott.

MRR: First things first, let's roll off the standard "Who's Who" in the band and what instruments they play?

Daniel J. Travanti: guitar, tenor vocals
Chris P. Briefs: drums, screaming, but mostly bitching.
Lance Romance: lead bass/lead vocals
Steve E. Nix: Guitar, vocals

MRR: What bands were you guys in previously, if any?

CB:David Koresh Choir, Blind Nine, Bachman Turner Overdrive.
DT: I am yet to be in any band, musical or otherwise.
SN: Lectra Shave was a good band I was in. Cactus Love was good too. The really Rottens.
LR: Bumrush

MRR: It's getting harder and harder to impress the audience with a shtick or gimmick, especially with it being the future, year 2001 and all. Now, the fans really want to know, do the Briefs really wear briefs or is it just a ploy to increase record sales? If so, is it some sort of an on-stage requirement?

LR: We play in a band called the Briefs.....name says enough.
CB: Like my grandma always said, "it's hard to keep your briefs on when you keep shitting in your pants."
DT: I wore Chris once, but he was too tight and he itched. I'd like to try Lance on, you know, like for church or something.
SN: It's just a stupid name, it doesn't mean anything. It doesn't mean underwear. If anything it means concise.

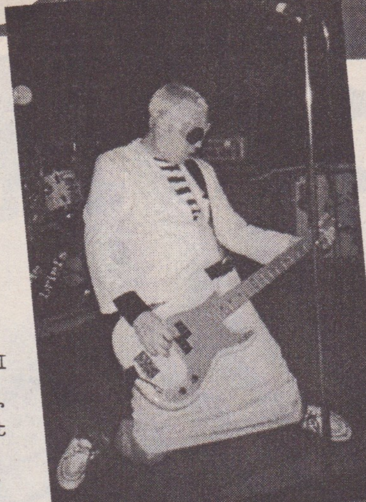
MRR: You guys are sort of blowing up locally in Seattle right now, playing packed clubs, selling a lot of merchandise, and basically on the verge of becoming REALLY nationally popular. Yet, you decided to put out your latest LP "Hit After Hit" on Ken Wisconsin's Dirt Nap Records rather than SUB POP, who it was rumored was courting the band to sign. Why? And has it affected the amount of underwear thrown on stage by the audience?

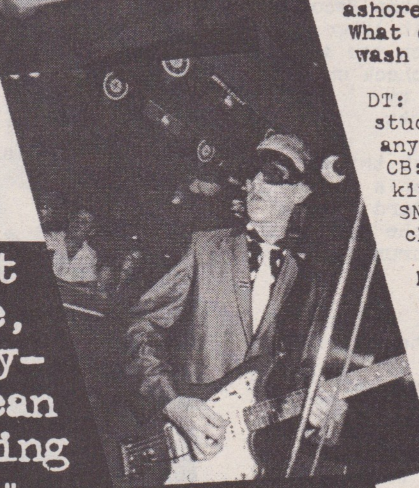
SN: Ken is the greastest man putting out records on the west coast.
LR: Seemed like the right thing to do at the time...still feels right
CB: I think I saw Steve E. Nix blow up once.

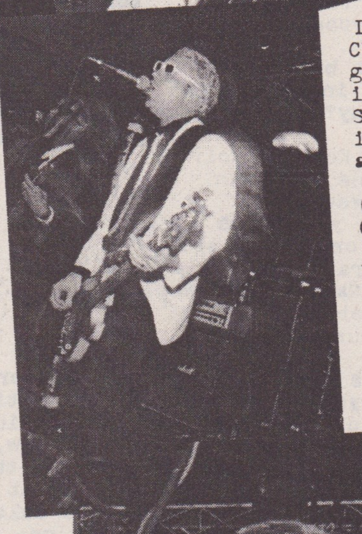
MRR: Sounds messy.

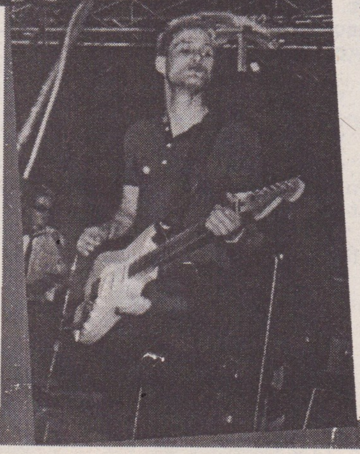
CB: When you're playing to packed clubs and making trash bags of cash like us its real easy to lose touch.You just start to not care about your underwear. Now I know that there are people on the other side of the world that have no underwear, they don't know that kind of luxury, hell, I see it in National Geographic every month. Poor little guys. We just try not to think about it
Yeah....come to think of it, the last "packed" show we played all seven people threw their underwear on stage. Don't worry though, we donated them all to the red cross.
DT: On the issue of popularity, clearly you've been lied to. We've played in more 1/2 empty sports arenas than foghat. As for Sub Pop, it's true that we were courted, but they were all hands on our first date, reeked of cheap cologne, and in the end all they wanted was one thing, rough sex. Ken was much more old fashioned, flowers, candy, cute little notes all the time. ...he's every bands dream.

"It's just a stupid name, it doesn't mean anything. It doesn't mean underwear. If anything it means concise."









MRR: Is it a requirement to like The Murder City Devils, if a band is from Seattle? Personally, I'm so sick of their fake "wrong-side of the track tough guys from the streets" thing they have going. I mean, give me a fucking break, you can't even heckle them with out them crying. I guess they're just not used to being heckled since 90% of their audience are starry eyed teenage girls starring dreamily at their shows. What do the Briefs think?

DT: you say tomato.... ???????fuck, what a question.
LR: If they're your friends sure.....
CB: That's not really a question. I personally like those guys. Everyone has the right to vent a little and give their opinion but isn't this an interview with the Briefs? If you want to know about the Devils you should ask them.
SN: I like the Murder City Devils, so stick it up your ass.

the briefs

MRR: Oh, touchy subject

MRR: Anyway, are there any bands, labels, or people out there The Briefs could do with out?

CB: Dreamworks, they're always bugging us about touring with the rolling stones.
SN: Huey Lewis, he's pretty lame
DT: I could do without Doug Henning. Even dead he scares me.

MRR: If the Briefs were stuck on a desert island and four cases of Coors "silver-bullet" beer washed ashore, would the beer be drank? What cheap beer would you rather wash ashore?

DT: The briefs will never be stuck on a desert island. Or any island. I'm sure of it.
CB: I'm more of a peninsula kind of guy.
SN: I don't drink. How about cheap cigarettes instead?

MRR: See, if they were cheap cigarettes washing ashore than I wouldn't be able to make the funny "silver bullet" reference. Anyway, did you know that the guy who owns Coors name is Adolf?

LR: ...So its Adolf Coors?
CB: That's funny, so was the guy who headed the nazi's in WWII.
SN: Yeah and his last name is "phin". Stick it up yer ass.

(MRR: pauses to stick Adolf Coors up it's ass.)

DT: Did you know that the capitol of North Dakota is Bismarck?

(MRR did know this)

MRR: Honestly guys, do you like the Bob Seger song "Ramblin' Gamblin Man?" The poor guy just "feels like a number" ...but he's a man dammit!

SN: Get out of Denver was cool when Eddie and the Hotrods did it.
CB: Watch what you say about my Dad.
DT: Our lawyer has advised us against further slander of Mr. Seger.... I'm sure Bob is a nice guy that just sings like shit and looks like a jerk.
LR: I just don't

like Bob Seger....

MRR: What are some of the worthwhile bands out there in punk rock land in the year 2001.

DT: Spits, Gloryholes, the A-Frames are one of my favorites right now, The New Town Animals from Vancouver B.C.
LR: ....Great band, great guys
SN: Also the Valintine Killers, the Pulses, the Razorbabes, the Stuck-ups. All great, all punk rock.
CB: Locally, The Spits, the Blow up, Glory Holes, Hippies in Flames. Nationally, I've been listening to Kid Dynamite a lot lately.

MRR: What exactly makes Mohair sweaters more punk than Cashmere?

CB: The fact that Steve E. Nix wears them.
LR: Because all the guys in the Murder City Devils wear them....

(MRR: sometimes forgets that the Murder CIty Devils are punk).

SN: Mohair looks nice with dead rats as accessories.
DT: Led Zepplin never did a song called mohair.

MRR: The Briefs plan on infecting the Bay Area with a bad case of crabs in March, is this going to be part of a larger tour or just a west coast thing? Have all members of the Briefs had crabs, or is there another venereal disease anyone in the band is partial to?

DT: Who told you of this "plan"? Again with the lies.

MRR: Well, Chris Brief mentioned the tour. I figured spreading disease was part of the package too.

DT: Let's get one thing straight, only Steve has had crabs...and still does.
SN: Just crabs.
LR: But yes, we will be down there (Bay Area) in March....

MRR: Well, I'll have my underpants waiting and ready to toss on stage for that show.

CB: Actually, I think we might try to make it out as far as Texas.

MRR: Have you ever used MRR as liner for your cats liter box? How do you feel that this very interview may be lining a cat's shit box in Spain?

the briefs

CB: No, I use Punk Planet for that. I don't even buy MRR. I'll probably just steal this issue.
SN: My cat won't even shit on MRR.
DT: ..that's why we took this interview in the first place.

MRR: Good thinkin! ...The women you sing about on your "Hit After Hit" record, Sylvia and Dolly Parton, are they major behind the scenes players in the Briefs lives? How do you feel about Dolly World in Tennessee, future venue maybe?

DT: Dolly is a major influence. She co-writes most of the material. I still don't know who Sylvia is, but I stand by Chris and his special feelings for her.
SN: Sylvia, what a woman.
CB: Dolly is always asking us to play with her at Dollyworld but we turned her down because we were afraid that respectable punk rock publications like MRR wouldn't like us anymore.

(sidenote: MRR encourages punk bands to engage in projects with country western entertainers, especially ones that own theme parks.)

MRR: In Closing, please give the world some spiritual advice and tell what the future holds for The Briefs?

DT: ummmm........
CB: Remember when Punk Rock was fun? I don't, apparently I'm to young.

(MRR doesn't endorse fun)

SN: Get off the dope, do some charity work, take care of your warrants, and don't steal. I'm sure the future includes lots of work and little pay. We will tour and record more records. We really do love it.

MRR: 10-4, Good buddy.

(All photos by: Lance Hammond, Mike Kubik, Bootsy holler, and Mike Holmes)

www.thebriefs.com
The Briefs c/o Dirtnap Records
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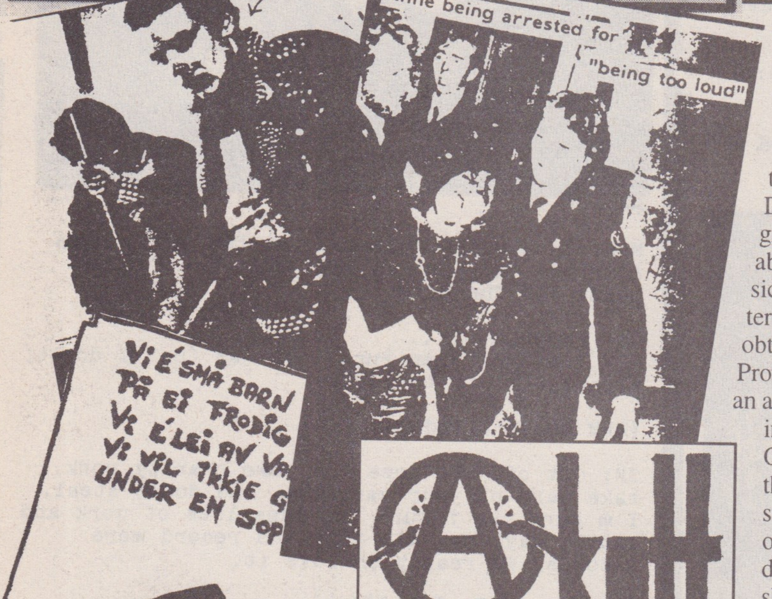
ONCE AGAIN MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL PRESENTS

STUART ARSEHOLE'S HARDCORE SCUM:

STRAIGHT OUTTA NORWAY!



The first Bloodstains compilation I bought was Across Norway. Why? I have no idea. But some of the songs on that one have stuck with me as prima facie classics of the genre, if not as putative classics (Ah, ain't nothin' better than usin' big words to talk about songs like "Kill the Disco"). I first encountered SVART FRAMTID on the great sampler CD "A Network Of Friends" which came out about five years ago. Their song "Disiplin" is an ultra-classic of Scandinavian hardcore, or any hardcore for that matter. Around the same time, my pal Nick, as he tends to do, obtained the 7" for about $3 and proceeded to rave about it. Probably a year or so later (who's counting?), I won the 7" in an auction an old Swedish punk rocker was holding after having a baby. Good for him and me, right?

On the whole, '80s Norwegian hardcore bands packaged their records better, played with more talent and savvy and sang more intelligent and political lyrics than perhaps any other scene. Norway did not have a big scene, but it also did not have any bad bands in the halcyon early days. I should point out that unlike the neighboring Swedish scene, nearly all of Norway's bands sang in their native language and did not name their bands in English. While the scene had strong connections to other countries, its bands seemed to have influenced each other, whereas the other Scandinavian scenes took most of their influence from abroad. Much of the credit for Norway's sound goes to X-Port Plater (run by members of SVART FRAMTID)

which released the five of the eight or so crucial records in early Norwegian hardcore history (that "crucial" back there is superfluous, because I have yet to discover a bad release from Norway in the early '80s). Those five were, in order: SVART FRAMTID "1984" 7", BANNLYST "La Dem Ikke Lure Deg" 7", V/A "Nå Eller Aldri" 7", PROCES/STENGTE DORER split 7", and BARN AV REGNBUEN "Det E'Kje Nåkka Artig Længer" 7". Preceding these five, on other labels, were these ultra-rarities: BETONG HYSTERIA "Spontan Abort" 7", AKKUT INNLEGGELSE "Echoes From the Asylum" 7", V/A "Ingenting For Norge" LP. Most punk rockers outside Norway probably recognize AKKUT INNLEGGELSE, because they contributed classic tracks to the classic compilation "Cleanse The Bacteria," but as indicated by the label's name, X-Port Plater sent many of their records abroad. I also have read that BANNLYST toured the UK around '85 and blew motherfuckers away with their intense thrash. It's no wonder that bands like ENT and Napalm Death turned north to Scandinavia for influence.

So let's go step by step here: AKKUT INNLEGGELSE's "Echoes From the Asylum" 7", sometimes called "CIA-KGB," is a dirty, riffy piece of proto-hardcore punk (their name translates to "Acute Admission," whatever that means). This 7" is quite rare and unknown to many hardcore collectors, I suspect, since I don't know anyone who has it. Just three tracks on this '83 release, but the two on Bloodstains Across Norway are the best. The coolest thing about this band was, of course, that the members were 14 and 16 when the 7" was released. It's not thrash for sure, but still an excellent record you should sell your grandma for. In the MRR #12 Norway scene report, there's an interview with the band, in which guitarist Thomas delivers very sober responses. When asked, "Why did you form a punk band?" he responds, "What answer do you usually get? Boredom. I'd like to say it was something else..." He also talks about Norway's prevalent racism (but I won't mention that one of the band's members is wearing a swastika shirt in the picture). The band also released a tape that Tim Yohannon thought was quite promising. Anyone have a copy? Finally, I should mention that they have two excellent, angry tracks, perhaps from the aforementioned tape, on the recent CD reissue of the BCT tape "I Thrash Therefore I Am." Members of this band turned up in everyone's favorite band, TRBNGR.

No collector is a true collector unless he or she has thought about the BETONG HYSTERIA 7" late at night when under the covers, lonely and . . . It's a classic, perhaps one of my favorites. Like A.I.'s 7", this one bridges the punk-hardcore gap. From what I can tell, these leather-and-studs-clad punks were quite well-loved in Norway when they were around. With minimal information on the sleeve, and a picture of a skull next to a fetus, and sides labeled "side nazi" and "side kommi," I get the feeling they aren't exactly singing about hula dances and sunrises by the beach. The music is guitar-driven rough punk which subtly set the standard, it seems, for all Norwegian hardcore after it. It's an aggressive toe-tapper with lots of guitar work without being at all wanky. Apparently the band released a tape as well, but no one seems to have a copy. I don't know what else was on the Mind Expanding label, but the "Spontan Abort" 7" was its fourth release. I suspect there were only 500 of these 7"s pressed based on its rarity. Oh yeah, no date on the record either, but supposedly it came out in '81. These five tracks are essential and you should go out and buy a copy right now, punker. A few copies turned up in the last year or so—ask your friendly dealer for one today! Members of this band later turned up in a supposed jazz-punk band named LOVER OG TIGRE.

In the scene report I mentioned, the writer mentions a band called FADER WAR and says they released a 7" and appeared on a comp 12" with 3 other bands. Well, I can verify the existence of the 12": it's called "Ingenting For Norge." The 7", however, doesn't seem to exist. It could, but I know no one who owns it or has heard of it, and it's not in the MRR archives. The kicker of the whole thing is that the band were described as being "more hardcore than Discharge," so they, of course, are of great interest to many punks across the world. The bands on the 12" are: TERROR, ALLAHRM, NORRRSKE BUDEIER and FADER WAR. The first three are unimpressive punk rock to varying degrees of wavish- or core-ness, but FADER WAR fucking kill! Total d-beat raw hardcore like Anti-Cimex, Disarm or SOD. The coolest part about FADER WAR is that they recorded this stuff in July '81! Remember that in July '81, Anti-Cimex were still singing, quite wimpily, in Swedish and playing straightforward hardcore punk without a d-beat. FADER WAR were the only band from Norway to release any vinyl in this style until BANNLYST! Amazing! If anyone has any information about this band, please write; Game of the Arseholes will gladly reissue anything the band released.

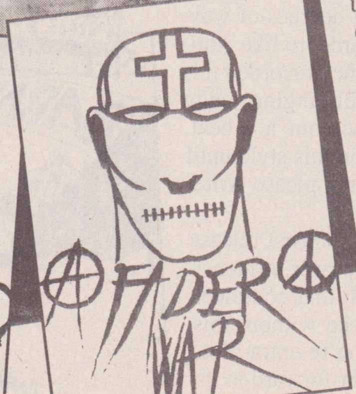
On to X-Port Plater: What a fucking kick-ass label it was! As I said, the first release was SVART FRAMTID "1984" 7", which, taking some of the guitar-power influence from BETONG HYSTERIA, laid the blueprint for Norwegian thrash that continues today. No one who is serious about Scandinavian hardcore should be without this killer record. If you've never heard it, maybe I'll tape it for you if you're extra-nice. While some of the earlier Finnish and Swedish stuff was pretty straight-forward in its interpretation of Discharge, with the benefit of waiting a year or two, SVART

FRAMTID (means "black future") were able to complicate the Discharge influence and add some more-intelligent political lyrics. From what I've heard, the singer, Gunnar, had a huge Disorder tattoo on his back, but be sure, SVART FRAMTID were far more interesting and mature-sounding than Disorder. Gunnar, along with Ote (guitarist I think) ran X-Port Plater. There are six tracks on the 7", and it comes packaged in a six-panel fold-out sleeve, like most of the other X-Port releases. The fold-out reveals a well-drawn collage-type picture of various horrors such as Reagan playing poker with Khomeini and the grim reaper weeping atop a bunker, presumably because the human race had rendered him obsolete. Not bad, if you ask me. All the lyrics are in Norwegian, which is similar to Swedish, and they are accompanied by war photos and art images. Export versions of the record came with inserted translations of the lyrics. The 7" has a pop-out center for all the punk rock jukeboxes around the world. So essential! Members of SVART FRAMTID went on to form KAFKA PROSESS who started out sounding much like SVART FRAMTID and eventually developed their own sound, which was still very much Norwegian. KAFKA PROSESS became a household name after their split LP with Disorder (who else?) and have recently been reissued on LP by Skuld Records in Germany.

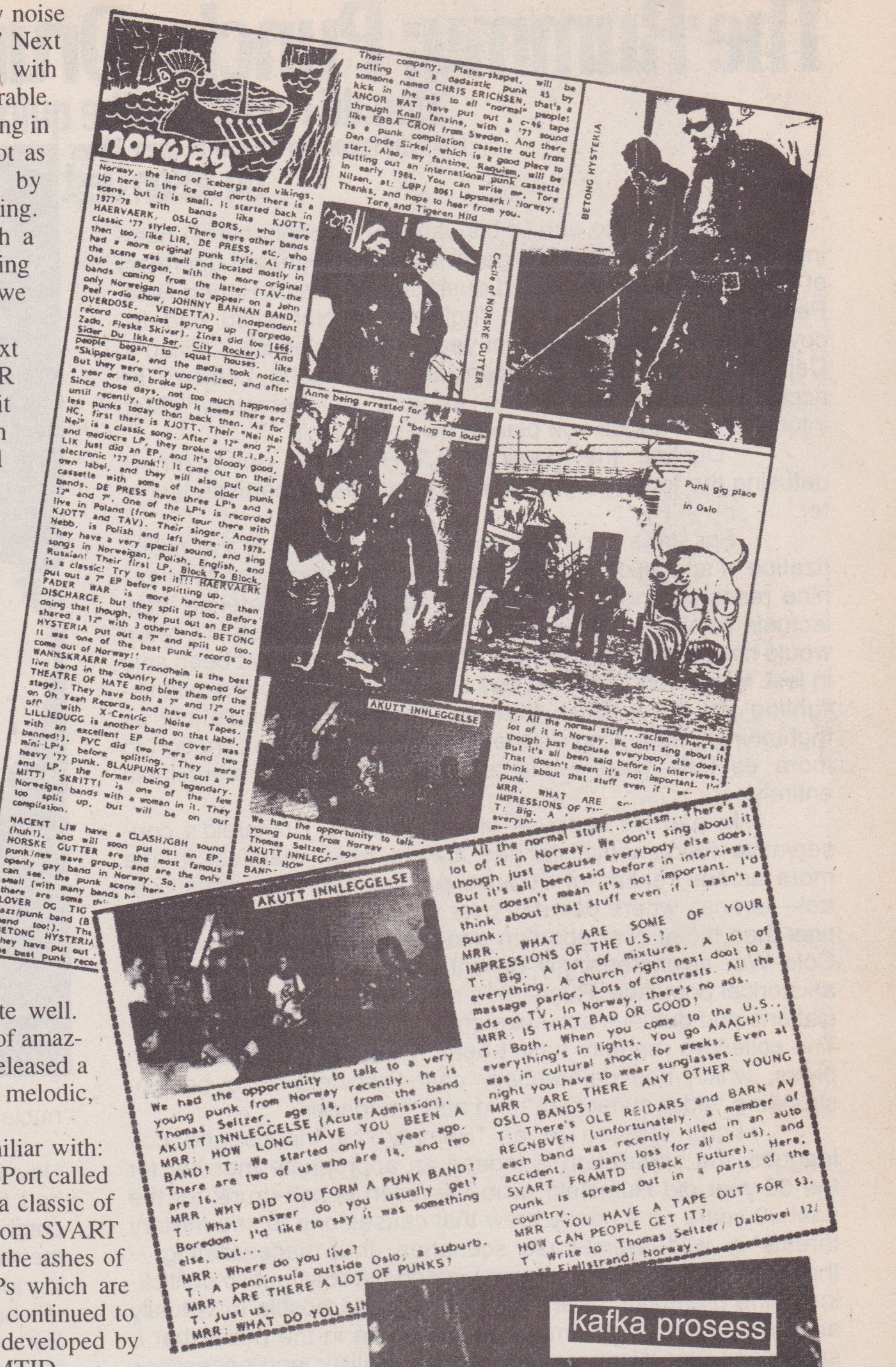
Hey, in the if-anyone-has-a-copy-of-this department is SVART FRAMTID'S appearance on Norway's government-run television channel on a show about squatting!

BANNLYST first appeared on a much-revered split tape recorded in March '84 with ANGOR WAT, also from Norway, which the latter released on their Knall Syndikatet which was a zine as well as a tape label. I've never heard this tape, but from what I've read, it's quite good, and includes BANNLYST covering "Garageland"!! In '85, X-Port released BANNLYST'S 7" as their second release (their name means "Banned"). Only a four-panel fold-out on this one (boo hoo), but again, political lyrics and accompanying atrocity photos. The drawings on this one aren't as nice as those on SVART FRAMTID'S 7", but most punk drawings aren't. The music is guitar-driven, blazing thrash: faster, more chaotic and punishing than SVART FRAMTID with raw vocals. Simply excellent. It definitely gives some of the more over-the-top Swedish units a run for their, ur, kronar. Actually, it reminds me of Crude SS if they were a bit faster and had less tempo changes and were Norwegian. Oh, I kill me. Seven songs, and, like SVART FRAMTID'S 7", the export versions of this one include translations of such anthems as: "I'm Only A Tool For the System." I bet if this band had sung in English like Anti-Cimex, they'd be on tee-shirts and patches across the globe. A shame! This 7" is hard to track down, but it isn't usually expensive once found due to its obscurity. As I said before, this band apparently had an intense live show, which is no surprise.

The compilation 7" is a format that people either love or hate. X-Port's third release, the comp 7" called "Nå Eller Aldri" is fucking exquisite and I love it, despite not being too fond of the format in general. Maybe it's the best compilation 7" ever, though the competition isn't very stiff. Whatever. The point is that I can't get sick of this fucking record (just like every other fucking Norwegian release)! Again, an awesome, oversized, six-panel fold-out sleeve and lyric-translation insert accompany the vinyl. It begins with a great, pound-your-fist, BANNLYST track. I should note that none of the tracks on this 7" appears on other vinyl releases (this label really had their shit together and did everything in a consummately professional manner). Following BANNLYST are PSYKISK TERROR, a fast, punishing d-beat thrash band that I wish had released a 7". From what I understand, they appear on at least two tape-only compilations from the old days, "Noize of Norway" and "Raped Ass." If any of the PSYKISK TERROR-ists are reading, please get in touch! After this we hear KAFKA PROSESS'S first track, which, as I said, sounds very much like SVART FRAMTID. It's great—and it's about the terror of snuff films, and, get this, its English translation, like its original Norwegian text, rhymes. Maybe that only blows my mind because I was an English major. Flip this bad-ass 7" over and four more tracks come at you. First track is by SISTE DAGERS HELVETE. I would guess that, of all the bands mentioned in this article, this band's record is the easiest to find. Their LP, "The Hell," was released on Rock-O-Rama at the same time that label was re-releasing the Finnish classics, except this Norwegian hardcore attack never appeared on any other label. The band has a more melodic and straight-forward interpretation of the Norwegian sound. It's actually very good and memorable. Their track on this 7", called "Hvorfor?" or "Why?" is great and has



ironic lyrics like "Why love when plastic-doll? Why noise when sweet music? Why suffer when razor blade?" Next are ANGOR WAT, who were on that split tape with BANNLYST. Their track is syncopated and memorable. Their LP, which came out later the same year, was sung in English, unlike these previous tracks. The LP is not as good. The weakest track on the 7" follows, by LANDSSVIK, but it's still great, if not a little boring. And AKKUT INNLEGGELSE end the comp with a hard and heavy number about the Norwegian right wing that shows a great maturation in their sound like we hear on "Cleanse the Bacteria." Find this 7"!!



OK. I'm not going to spend too much time on the next two releases by X-Port. I'll quote the original MRR review on the PROCES / STENGTE DORER split 7": "Both bands on this EP share an abrasive thrash style, and both are very good. PROCES show and adeptness at a gripping, dissonant approach, although their song-writing is basic, while STENGTE DORER boast remarkable energy and superb arranging, much like SVART FRAMTID. Hot. Buy it" That sums it up. PROCES were from Yugoslavia! The fifth X-Port release was the first 7" by BARN AV REGNBUEN "Det E'Kje Nåkka Artig Længer." This one sounds like KAFKA PROSESS, but with weaker vocals. It's up-tempo and well-arranged hardcore, but the vocals just don't do it for me. Now, let me say that by no means am I implying that you shouldn't seek this 7", but it's not the best of the bunch. Actually, it has that German feel of decent hardcore with lame vocals. No offense to all my German hardcore friends . . . Naturally, the 7" has a six-panel oversized sleeve with artwork by the same dude who drew the BANNLYST artwork: better this time around, and it covers the theme of nuclear holocaust quite well. Cool. A solid release that nicely rounds out a series of amazing releases by an awesome label. The band later released a flexi that's supposed to be pretty good, in the same melodic, but thrashy style as the 7".

Finally, I should mention a band I'm not very familiar with: SO MUCH HATE. They released an LP in '87 on X-Port called "How We Feel" which is widely considered to be a classic of the mid-'80s European hardcore scene. Gunnar, from SVART FRAMTID, was in this band. They formed out of the ashes of KAFKA PROSESS and released several other LPs which are likely available on CD in Norway. All these bands continued to build on the archetypes of melody-infused thrash developed by first BETONG HYSTERIA and then SVART FRAMTID.

In 1992, for the tenth anniversary of Oslo's famous Blitz squat, BANNLYST, STENGTE DORER, SVART FRAMTID, SO MUCH HATE and a few others reformed to play a gig or two. A CD was released with live recordings from this time called "Blitz Live Hitz V: 10 Ar Pa Pr Fæn"; apparently it's much better than one might expect. A hard-to-find Bloodstains-like compilation called "Anarki & Kaos (Norsk Punk 79-81)" came out in Norway in '92 on CD and LP; it includes BETONG HYSTERIA and many of the first wave killers.

OK. That's all for now on Norway. Please note that members of these bands went on to several other quite influential bands and, on the whole, Norway is still producing intelligent and challenging hardcore (plus TURBONEGRO). Huge thanks to Imants and Felix. Also thanks to BETONG HYSTERIA for helping some of us have goals in life. Also, big thanks to MRR and its continuing dedication to hardcore history. If you have info for me to include in future articles, were around these bands back in the day or know them (or were in one of them), or if you just have some more questions, please get in touch. Write to me c/o MRR, or e-mail: gameofthearseholes@hotmail.com. Watch out, because we'll be landing in strange lands like Italy, Belgium and New Jersey for more crucial thrash in the future.

The Rummy: Punch-Drunk on Star Wars

Donald Rumsfeld, the quintessential star-warrior, returns.

From the upcoming issue of *In These Times*

by Jason Vest

Towards the end of his January 11 confirmation hearing, Donald Rumsfeld, George W. Bush's designated Secretary of Defense, fielded a pointed query from Senator Robert Byrd. Pentagon auditors, the West Virginia Democrat noted, had discovered that in the past fiscal year, a whopping $2.3 trillion in Department of Defense financial transactions couldn't be accounted for. "My question to you, Mr. Secretary," Byrd intoned, "is, what do you plan to do about this?"

"Decline the nomination," Rumsfeld deadpanned, defusing the tension by provoking a round of bipartisan laughter.

For arms control advocates, opponents of the militarization of space, defenders of the Federal treasury against asinine research and development programs, and defense intellectuals who've left the Cold War far behind, Rumsfeld's retort would have been nothing short of rapturous had it not been said in jest. While John Ashcroft has become the uber conservative-lighting rod of the Bush transition, Rumsfeld—-who's just as frighteningly right-wing as the Missouri Pentecostal, though in more esoteric ways—-has avoided almost any storminess entirely.

In part it's because unlike Ashcroft, Rumsfeld's conservative fundamentalism has always been manifest in the more arcane realms of defense procurement and arms control—-arenas where debates over policy are much more complex than those over abortion and school prayer. And with the Cold War an increasingly distant memory to an increasingly ahistorical populace, Rumsfeld's roster of past disturbing associations and dubious achievements has been largely forgotten. The collective memory hasn't been helped by the mainstream press, which has deferentially cast Rumsfeld as a benign-sounding "elder statesman" and able "manager".

Long referred to as "Rummy" by friends and colleagues, the appellation is indeed an appropriate moniker for the 68-year old Rumsfeld, who has been punch-drunk for the past 30 years on a heady brew that causes one to see military threats in wild, worst-case scenarios, thus necessitating—-through shrewd private subversion and hardball public politicking—-the promotion of an extremist agenda hostile to virtually any arms control agreement, and resolute in the belief that a successful Star Wars program is both realistic and necessary, despite strong evidence to the contrary.

Regarding nuclear disarmament as something akin to particularly resilient undead bloodsucker, Rummy the Vampire Slayer's first confirmed kill came in 1975. Then in the midst of negotiating the second Strategic Arms Limitation Treats (SALT II) with the Soviet Union, Henry Kissinger had planned visit to Moscow after completing an Asian swing in the hopes of wrapping up the treaty negotiations.

Beteween Hong Kong and Jakarta, Rumsfeld (then in his first incarnation as Secretary of Defense, to Gerald Ford) cabled Kissinger with piquant objections that forced Kissinger to reluctantly call off his trip. Then came the second punch: With Kissinger still in the field, right-wing establishment columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak reported that a number of Ford advisers were "outraged" at Kissinger's "drafting top secret proposals for major concessions to Moscow". The only hope to save the Republic from the betrayal of giving away the nuclear farm: Donald Rumsfeld.

Though the sources for the Evans and Novak column were anonymous, those in the know had little trouble divining who they were. A small coterie of conservative arms control opponents in the executive and legislative branches was becoming increasingly, if quietly, effective, and to them—-Richard Perle, an aide to conservative Democratic Sen. Henry "Scoop" Jackson of Washington (aka "The Senator from Boeing") , Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ADCA) deputy director John Lehman and Major General Edward Rowny, among others—-Rumsfeld was an ally, the antithesis of Kissinger, whose ideas of "détente" and "rapproachment" were not in line with their notion of "peace through strength".

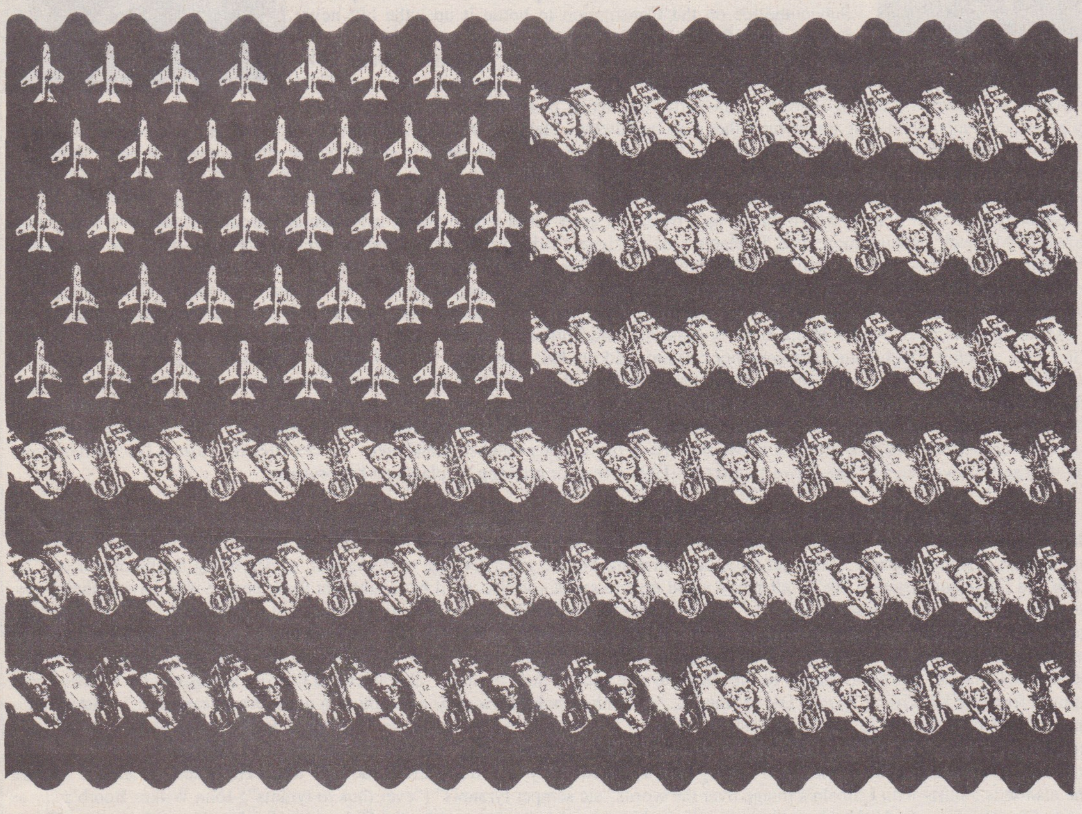
Indeed, to this clique and their fellow travelers, no less an organization than the Central Intelligence Agency was complicit in weakening America's defenses. According to them, the Agency's analysts had been underestimating the strength of the Soviet nuclear arsenal for years, thus leading to dangerously low American defense expenditures. Many of Rumsfeld's proteges became the now infamous "Team B," the group of "outside experts" who not only wildly spun the CIA's existing data to reflect their own doom-and-

gloom views, but mounted an effective media campaign of leaking and spinning to create something approaching public hysteria. Their efforts not only effectively undermined the incoming Carter Administration's disarmament efforts, but laid the foundation for the unnecessary explosion of the defense budget in the Reagan years.

Though Rumsfeld had entered the private sector after the Ford Administration, with the ascent of Reagan, virtually all of his proteges and comrades were elevated to positions of power in the executive. From there, they defended programs Rumsfeld had pushed, like the MX missile and the B-1 bomber. Though he did a brief turn as Special Envoy to the Middle East in 1983-84, the Rummy also had another quiet and influential role: advisor to veteran Cold Warrior Eugene Rostow, head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. When Reagan fired Rostow in 1983, the president replaced Rostow with another of Rumsfeld's proteges: Ken Adelman, whose sum total defense experience had been one year as a Rumsfeld special assistant at the Pentagon. Not surprisingly, Rumsfeld continued on as a member of ACDA's advisory board.

In the post Cold War world, Rumsfeld's name usually appeared as a signatory on letters opposing various forms of arms control, including the Chemical Weapons Ban. But it's only recently that Rumsfeld has truly reasserted himself as a patron saint of the anti-arms control/Star Warrior lobby. In 1996, Rumsfeld occupied a pivotal but stealthy position as Bob Dole's defense advisor, thus ensuring that Dole made the latest incarnation of Star Wars a campaign centerpiece: Indeed, according to the candidate, America's "top defense priority" had to be National Missile Defense(NMD), a scaled-down version of the grand Strategic Defense Initiative of the Reagan days.

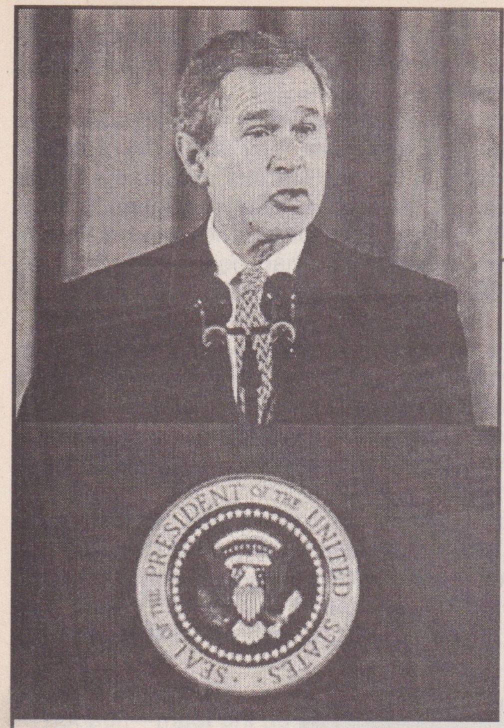
There was, however, a problem with Dole's assertion: intelligence data and analysis didn't bear out the necessity of rapid NMD deployment. In 1995, the CIA reported in a National Intelligence Estimate that a nuclear missile threat from a new foreign power to the US was at least 15 years off. At this point another Rumsfeld acolyte, Frank Gaffney, Jr of the Center for Security Policy, mounted a campaign against the CIA's estimates, and, with the aid of right-wing Congressional Republicans, successfully pushed for the establishment of an outside group to provide an alternative assessment to the CIA's—in effect, another Team B.



This time, however, the team—headed by ex-CIA director Robert Gates—essentially concurred with the National Intelligence Estimate. Once again, Gaffney prevailed on the Gingrichites for yet another assessment. Thus the Commission to Assess the Ballistic Missile Threat to the United States was formed, with...Donald Rumsfeld as chair. Widely characterized as "bipartisan in its conclusions," the final Rumsfeld Commission report was, for all intents and purposes, a Team B redux: the CIA, the report concluded, was wrong, and the very real threat of ICBM attack from a "rogue state" was at most five years away. Such an event, said Rumsfeld, could occur with "little or no warning."

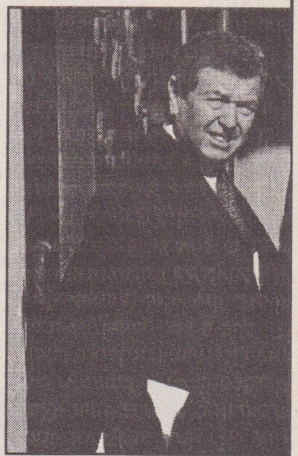
Scores of experts have since taken issue with the report's analysis, noting that key variables and scenarios were give short shrift or unexamined by the commission. While the report didn't explicitly recommend the deployment of NMD, there was no doubt as to Rumsfeld's desire to see the system—-which Clinton had veteoed—-put back into play, which is exactly what happened. For NMD's to become a reality, however, the landmark Anti-Ballistic Missile treaty likely requires amending, which the Russians are not keen to do. No matter, says Rumsfeld; staying true to form, at his confirmation hearings, the Rummy dismissed the ABM treaty as "ancient history" and had said he had no compunction about abrogating it.

Rumsfeld's reappointment to the Pentagon also portends the probable return to power of Reagan-era defense bureaucrats enamored of huge budgets, hi-tech weapons whose effectiveness is often overstated, and world views that have been unable to adjust to the post-Cold War world. Dismissive of the idea of a world community and the evolving problems it faces, Rumsfeld and his ilk will likely try to recast the global power dynamic as the one they're more familiar with: a world of nuclear superpower polarity, where the guy who controls the balance of terror with the biggest nuclear arsenal wins.



a few things to think about and make your heart throb concerning king george's cabinet appointees...

Name: John Ashcroft
Capitol Hill's Top Drug War Hawk



Where drug policy and Constitutional rights are concerned, John Ashcroft "has one of the worst records on Capitol Hill," according to DRCNet. Sen. Ashcroft was a key sponsor of 1999's narrowly defeated Methamphetamine Anti-Proliferation Act, which would have outlawed drug-related discussions on the Internet, and allowed police to conduct secret searches—provisions that DRCNet says "violate the spirit of the First and Fourth Amendments." Indeed, Ashcroft is a leading proponent of tinkering with the US Constitution. In his six years in the Senate, Ashcroft proposed seven Constitutional amendments—including one banning flag desecration, which would have created an exception to the First Amendment protection of free speech, and another making it easier to push through such Constitutional changes. DRCNet also charges Ashcroft with blocking Senate efforts to address the issue of racial profiling in police stops. "While outwardly professing support for a bill to study racial profiling, Sen. Ashcroft in reality used his chairmanship of the Subcommittee on the Constitution to bottle it up... the bill never made it to the Senate floor."

In a related issue, Sen. Ashcroft blocked legislation sponsored by several black lawmakers-and recommended by the US Sentencing Commission-to reduce crack cocaine sentences to the same level as powder cocaines. Instead, Sen. Ashcroft supported a bill to address the disparity by raising powder cocaine sentences. Sen. Ashcroft also objected strenuously to spending money on drug treatment rather than interdiction, claiming treatment "enables" drug users and that only enforcement is effective. Meanwhile, journalist Daniel Forbes reports in the Internet magazine *Salon* that Ashcroft's own nephew got probation after a major pot bust. "Although his arrest for growing 60 plants could have landed him in federal prison," Forbes writes, "Alex Ashcroft was tried in state court and avoided jail—despite his uncle's crusade for tougher federal drug laws and mandatory prison sentences." John Ashcroft was Missouri governor when Alex Ashcroft, then 25, and his brother Adam, 19, were busted in a January 1992 police raid on their home—which turned up a basement grow-room with lighting, irrigation and security systems. A housemate, Kevin Sheely, then 24, was also arrested. Although growing more than 50 plants usually triggers federal prosecution and two years in prison—thanks to the mandatory-minimum laws John Ashcroft fought to toughen—Alex was only prosecuted on a state charge. He received probation and 100 hours of community service in lieu of a three-year suspended sentence. Adam, who didn't live in the house, was not prosecuted. Dan Viets, lawyer for Seely (who was not convicted) told Salon that Alex even tested positive for drugs in his first post-probation drug test, yet still remained free. Reached for comment, Alex's father Bob Ashcroft first denied that his son had failed a urine test, then said, "Anything's possible." Alex's mom, Beverly Ashcroft, told Forbes, "I have no idea. That's such an upsetting time, it's all a little foggy." But she insisted, "I think the facts are clear that his uncle as governor certainly did not bail Alex out." Writes Forbes: "There's no evidence Ashcroft intervened on behalf of his nephew, but Alex Ashcroft's connection to the governor was widely known. The arrest made national newspapers, from the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* to *USA Today*, as well as the local dailies." Mindy Tucker, a spokeswoman for the Bush transition team, told Forbes: "Given Sen. Ashcroft's reputation for zero tolerance, I'm sure if he had anything to do with it, the penalty would be much worse. He would have influenced it [the sentence] in the opposite direction." She declined further comment. But others convicted of similar offenses in Missouri have faced much tougher punishment. Forbes cites the case of Eric Edmundson, a Pineville, MO, electrical engineer who served two years in Leavenworth after his 1993 arrest for growing 51 plants on his property.

Confederacy Nostalgia

John Ashcroft has also drawn fire for his apparent sympathy for the Confederacy in the US Civil War. The media watchdog group Fairness & Accuracy in Reporting (www.fair.org) cites his contribution to the *Southern Partisan*, a white separatist magazine based in South Carolina. In 1998, the following endorsement from Sen. Ashcroft appeared in the *Southern Partisan*: "Your magazine...helps set the record straight. You've got a heritage of doing that, of defending Southern patriots like [Robert E.] Lee, [Stonewall] Jackson and [Jefferson] Davis... We've all got to stand up and speak...or else we'll be taught that these people were giving their lives, subscribing their sacred fortunes and their honor to some perverted agenda." FAIR charges that Ashcroft "was endorsing a publication that defends slavery, white separatism, apartheid and David Duke; a publication that celebrates the assassination of Abraham Lincoln..." FAIR cites a series of quotes from Southern Partisan articles that said Southern slave-owners sought "to further the slaves' peace and happiness," called Abraham Lincoln a "consummate conniver, manipulator and a liar," referred to "the sinister Emancipation Proclamation" as "an invitation to the slaves to rise against their masters," characterized Lincoln assassin John Wilkes Booth as "not only sane, but sensible," praised former KKK Grand Wizard David Duke as "a Populist spokesperson for a recapturing of the American ideal," blasted feminism as a "revolt against god," charged the University of Georgia "promotes perversion" by sponsoring gay and lesbian programs, hailed AIDS as "a sign of God's wrath," dissed Miami as full of "cocaine-pushing trigger-happy Colombians," and proclaimed that non-whites "have no temperament for democracy."

Southern Partisan senior advisors have included Pat Buchanan and Boyd Cathey-who simultaneously served as editorial advisor to the Holocaust-revisionist *Journal of Historical Review*. The magazine also sells t-shirts with Lincoln's image over the words "sic semper tyrannis" ("ever thus to tyrants")-John Wilkes Booth's cry as he fled the Ford Theatre after shooting Lincoln. Timothy McVeigh was wearing this t-shirt when he was arrested for the Oklahoma City bombing. Meanwhile, Green Party presidential candidate Ralph Nader charges that Ashcroft sold his Senate vote for campaign money to the highest-bidding corporate interest. "Ashcroft has violated his public trust to represent the citizens of his state," Nader told the press during a St. Louis campaign stop. Nader charges that Ashcroft "has already been caught publicly with his hand in the till." According to Nader, the Schering-Plough company gave Ashcroft's Victory Committee $50,000 while Ashcroft-then a key member of the Senate Judiciary Committee-pushed to secure a patent extension for its popular allergy drug Claritin-"at a cost to consumers of $7.3 billion in monopoly prices." Chuckled the Green candidate: "No wonder he's being called the Senator from Claritin."

Name: Tommy G. Thompson

Qualifications: Having held public office continually for 34 years, Thompson is the nation's longest-serving governor. Elected to the Wisconsin State Assembly 1966; Served as minority leader and assistant minority leader Elected Governor of Wisconsin 1986; Reelected 1990, 1994, and 1998. He had considered a run at the 2000 GOP presidential campaign, and served as chairman of the GOP's platform committee at this year's party convention in Philadelphia.

His position's profile: The Department of Health and Human Services seeks to protect public health through a large bureaucracy of 12 division, including the National Institutes of Health, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, the Food and Drug Administration and the division that oversees Medicare and Medicaid. Programs within the agency include Head Start, the State Children's Health Insurance Program and the National Library of Medicine. HHS employs 63,100 people and has an annual budget of $423 billion.

Prospects for nomination: Although conservatives were quick to sing his praises, some conflict seems inevitable with his mixed record. Abortion rights activists quickly promised to challenge his confirmation.
Why conservatives are chipper: Thompson slashed property taxes by $1.2 billion—the largest tax cut in state history. His attack on the welfare system made Wisconsin the first state in the nation to end the entitlement, required work and placed time limits on benefits. He fought and subverted teachers' unions in helping to bring the first and most widespread school-voucher pilot program, including religious institutions, to pass.
How he appeases (some) Democrats: Thompson has vastly expanded Wisconsin's subsidies for child care, health insurance and job training programs, as necessary components of moving away from welfare. He has also supported family planning programs and a state initiative to improve women's health. As for the economy, he helped to create more manufacturing jobs than any state in the nation and pushed to revive Amtrak.
Thoughts on federal government: repeated references to the nation's capital as "Disneyland East," where "common sense cannot flourish in an America where Washington calls all the shots." Ironically, Thompson will head one of the largest federal agencies.
Healthy fiscal habits? The Wisconsin governor received campaign contributions from tobacco interests and has been criticized for delaying Wisconsin's entry into the lawsuit against tobacco companies.
Forecast of follies: A firm proponent of distributing power to the states in running the country's largest civilian agency. A HHS secretary has broad powers over the inclusion of abortion within federal health programs, and Thompson's moral bent could significantly threaten access.
Tasks at hand: how to help elderly Americans afford prescription drugs, how to restructure Medicare to prevent it from going broke, how much federal protection to guarantee patients in health-maintenance organizations and how to secure the privacy of medical records. Also the ongoing plight of America's uninsured.
Favorite foods: cheeseburgers and his wife's beef stroganoff.

all information courtesy nyc.indymedia.org. for more information contact them at their website or at 34 E. 29th st. 2nd floor, nyc, ny 10016. for more info on the inauguration or about independent media center in general contact them via: indymedia.org or dc.indymedia.org

Christine Todd Whitman
Qualifications: Elected in 1993 as New Jersey's first female governor.
Position: Environmental Protection Agency, a "cabinet-level" post that is charged with enforcing federal anti-pollution laws, protecting the environment, conducting studies and gathering data. It has a $7.25 billion annual budget and more than 18,000 employees.
Her real role: As one of Bush's few "moderate" appointees, Whitman provides cover for his numerous extremist picks, while having little ability to actually influence policy. Despite the hype, Whitman's environmental record in New Jersey is wanting and described by her during her first term as an "open-for-business" policy.
Why Blacks and Latinos are pissed: New Jersey has been scrutinized for years for racial profiling policies that continue to see police pulling over minority drivers and searching them for drugs at a far higher rate than whites. But until recently, Whitman refused to even acknowledge the problem; in 1998 she said, "There is no such thing as racial profiling." Additionally, the NJ Legislative Black and Latino Caucus cite Whitman's inadequate funding for reclaiming polluted lands or supporting city parks as evidence of environmental racism.
Ulterior motives: Whitman's green-washing of business constituted the core of her environmental agenda. Her policies pushed "regulatory reform," hampering the New Jersey Department of Environmental Protection's power to monitor and enforce pollution standards. Her vow to make New Jersey "open for business" sought to entice capital through tax cuts and a lessening of the state's environmental regulations.
The darling of deregulation: Whitman relied on polluters to monitor their own emissions. She eliminated revenues from fines as a source of DEP funding, encouraging polluters to settle disputes outside of the courtroom. While fewer fines were issued, DEP-initiated lawsuits plummeted by 76 percent in her first term alone. Whitman axed over 700 employees from the DEP, including abolishing the environmental prosecutor's office and replacing it with a business-friendly ombudsman, eased the permit process for developers and eliminated more than 1,000 chemicals from its right-to-know list.
The hotspots at hand: The EPA head will have to wrestle with the clean-up of polluted urban sites, standards of environmental measurement and international protocols such as the Kyoto Accords on slowing global climate change. In the New York region, Whitman will have to decide on whether to fine General Electric nearly half-a-billion dollars for dumping carcinogenic compounds into the Hudson.

GALE NORTON
What does the Interior Secretary do? Oversees the agency charged with stewardship of 500 million acres of federal land, including the Bureau of Indian Affairs, rescuing endangered species and managing the nation's parks.
Why George W. Bush selected Norton: During her time in Washington and in Colorado, Norton has been an advocate for less federal control over environmental issues and for government working cooperatively with business to solve environmental problems. She, like Bush, has backed opening up the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge for oil exploration and has often called for mixed uses of publicly owned natural resources (i.e., allowing miners and oil companies to exploit the land). Since Bush's announcement, environmentalists have strongly criticized her while big business has been celebrating. Members of the conservative free-trade, anti-federal regulation think tank Cato Institute were "popping Champagne" celebrating her appointment, the New York Times reported. However Carl Pope, executive director of the Sierra Club thought otherwise: "Gale Norton would be a natural disaster as interior secretary. Norton is the oil, mining and timber industry's choice. She favors increasing the commercial and environmentally destructive development of our national parks, forests and wild lands."
Below are a collection of tidbits, quotes and anecdotes about Norton:
Sponsors of a 1998 Washington D.C. celebration for Norton's organization the Council of Republicans for Environmental Advocacy: Chemical Manufacturers Association, the National Mining Association, the Chlorine Chemical Council.
Norton's employer from 1979 to 1983: Mountain States Legal Foundation, a pro-development organization known for challenging environmental and land-use laws. Reagan's controversial Interior Secretary James G. Watt hired her, who is considered her mentor.
Norton on how the free-market can solve the earth's environmental woes: ``We need to give good businesses the incentives and the tools to be good environmental citizens. Since the very start of my career, I have researched and promoted the use of tools like emissions trading, pollution prevention and tax credits."
Colleagues of Norton on the Board of Advisors of the Defenders of Property Rights: one-time Supreme Court nominee Robert Bork, U.S. Senator Orrin Hatch and former U.S. Attorney General Edwin Meese.
Norton on polluters: "Gale Norton does not aggressively go after polluters, especially in the private sector," said Roger Flynn, director of the Western Mining Action Project, a nonprofit environmental law firm based in Boulder, Colo. "Norton gave industry the benefit of the doubt. She has a laissez-faire attitude toward business. Unfortunately, in Interior, she'll be in charge of mining in the West."
Oil industry's view of Norton: "Long an advocate of personal property rights, Norton is expected to be far more open to oil and gas exploration on federal lands than her Democratic predecessor, Bruce Babbitt," reports the Houston Chronicle in an article titled "Houston-Area Oil Firms Like Choice for Interior Secretary."
On opening the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge for oil exploration: "The belief is that there are huge amounts of oil available in that area. That is an issue that I cannot comment on in terms of my own actions," Norton said after Bush appointed her. "But I do support the president(-elect) in the position that he has taken during his campaign." However as a member of the Reagan administration, she unsuccessfully tried to persuade the Democratically-controlled Senate to open the area for oil exploration.
A moderate? "This is somebody who is at the far right edge. She is ultraconservative. I think we may be looking at James Watt in a skirt," says Debbie Sease of the Sierra Club. "[She's a] right-wing extremist in the mold of her one-time mentor, James Watt," adds Defenders of the Wildlife president Roger Schlickeisen.
How to clean up the Environment by Gale Norton: As Colorado attorney general, she wanted corporations to be allowed to "self-audit" their environmental records and, according to the New York Times for "polluters to avoid legal trouble if they turned themselves in and cleaned up the mess."
Norton on the government providing compensation to property owners affected by environmental regulations: ``I view that as something positive… (it) provides fairness to the person who is harmed by ... government action."
Do corporations have a right to pollute? Yes says Norton: "We might even go so far as to recognize a homesteading right to pollute or make noise in an area," Norton wrote in a conservative law journal.
On state vs. federal control: ``Just as free markets triumphed over communism," Norton said,``we are in a time ... when we can be part of the intellectual battle that shift power from Washington back to states and local communities."

Special Inauguration protest section published with permission from Indymedia.org.

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independent media center

INDYMEDIA

THOUSANDS PROTEST THE INAUGURATION

"Hail to the Thief" A Common Cry

By Mike Burke and Heather Haddon

Thousands of demonstrators descended on Washington streets Saturday to protest George W. Bush s inauguration and question the legitimacy of his election.

Up to 30,000 protesters were expected at the various rallies sponsored by the International Action Center, the National Organization of Women, the Rev. Al Sharpton s National Action Center and dozens of smaller organizations.

Thousands of protesters also gathered throughout the country including in Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles to show solidarity against Bush s "coronation."

"It is a great American ceremony that doesn t mean much about who has power in this country," said Ralph Nader in an interview with the Independent Media Center today. "It is the soothing transition between two administrations both of which take their orders from big business, the same big businesses that pumped $35 million of their monies into this weekend s ceremonies."

Even Bush acknowledged — perhaps not consciously — the disunion in America following the election.

"While many of our citizens prosper, others doubt the promise, even the justice, of our own country," said Bush during his Inauguration speech. "The ambitions of some Americans are limited by failing schools and hidden prejudice and the circumstances of their birth."

But Bush never connected the injustice in America and his own election which rested on the disenfranchisement of thousands of black and minority voters in Florida and elsewhere.

"He stole the vote," said Ethyl Tobch, 79, of New York City. "The fact that the people s votes were absolutely stolen plus the checkpoints are very frightening. It makes you feel like you are in a real dictatorship,"

Tobch traveled to D.C. as part of a mass contingent of demonstrators organized by the National Organization of Women.

For the first time in history, Washington police set up check-

Continued on IMC p. 2

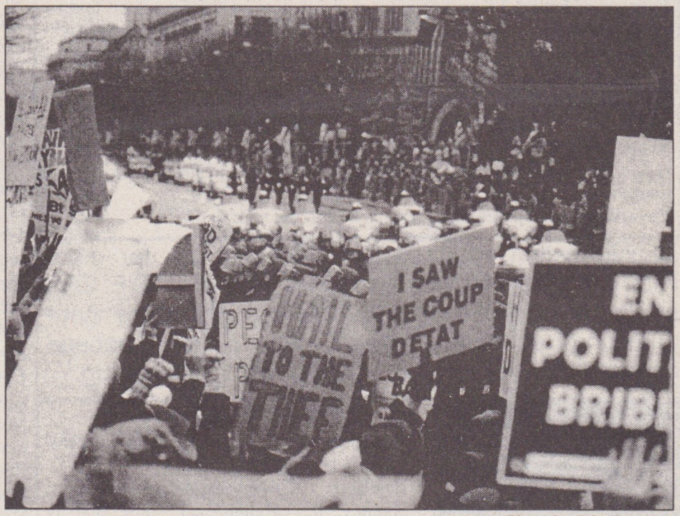


Photo by John Loggins

The presidential motorcade sped past hundreds of demonstrators.

Full Inauguration Coverage

See www.dc.indymedia.org for complete, multi-media coverage.

Watch for more volumes of INDYMEDIA for reports on specific actions, including the raising of the anarchist flag at the Navy Memorial by the Black Bloc.

Solidarity Actions Hit Cities In U.S. and Europe

Assembled from IMC Wires around the globe by Joshua Breitbart and Chris Geovanis.

People gathered in cities across the United States and Europe on Jan. 20 to protest the InaugurAuction of George Bush and to call for unity in opposing the Bush/Cheney legislative agenda. From cities and towns across America and Europe, demonstrators expressed widespread dissatisfaction with the government installed today on the west steps of the U.S. Capitol. Democrats, Greens, union members, civil rights activists and social justice activists vowed to build a united movement of resistance across issues and agendas.

In George W. Bush s former seat of power, over 500 Austin residents gathered to demonstrate against Dubya s inauguration, with a march along Congress Ave. to the steps of the Texas state capitol building.

In San Francisco, thousands of J20 inauguration protesters gathered at a large rally that included anti-racist demonstrators, union members, Greens, anarchists and others calling for unity against the Bush agenda. Protesters rallied in Jefferson Square Park while a contingent of severa hundred moved off the police-approved route towards Van Ness and Turk, where police finally conceded the streets to demonstrators.

The march continued from Powell & Market to the finan-

Continued on IMC p. 3

TRASH TALK OF THE TOWN

The fine art of public ridicule at the Inaugural Parade.

Photo by Christopher Endrusick

By Paul Chan

This is no kinder, gentler crowd at George W. Bush's inauguration. Bush protesters and supporters verbally clashed on the streets all day as they vied for position near the parade route. Nerves were heightened because of the heavy security presence and the miserable freezing rain. Emotions ran high and tongues were untied.

Ridicule was directed mostly at anyone wearing a cowboy hat. The verbal assults can be intimidating since Bush protestors always seemed to outnumber Bush supporters along the north side of the parade route.

One unlucky cowboy had to withstand the taunts from a roving band of 50 protesters screaming, "Hail to the Thief" near the intersection of 10th and E. A woman protester began the assault on the lone cowboy with name calling, references to his mother's virtue, and ended by saying that he should, "take his white pimp bitch ass back to Texas." The comeback from the cowboy only added fuel to the fire, resulting in a group of young men yelling, "there's no room here for your fat ass."

Bush supporters also practiced the fine art of public ridicule. Packs of men in cowboy hats and leather overcoats numbering anywhere from two to six inside certain secured areas on the parade route lined up on the fence separating the parade crowd and the people unable or unwilling to go through the mandatory security checks to enter the official parade grounds.

They stood there and waited for protesters to walk by. When some did, they began yelling phrases like, "Don't fuck with Texas," and "Bush won, get over it." Sometimes they would scream simply and mysteriously, "Bush! Motherfuckers!" And at the corner of 6th and D, a group of well dressed young men announced to a group of protesters walking by that no one cares about their whining because they were all "homos."

One of the men quickly added that they were all probably "commies" as well. Walking away, I noticed one of their T-shirts; it was a parody of the Gore and Lieberman presidential campaign logo, except it read, "Sore Loserman 2000."

Issac Babel wrote that every fine sentence contains one 'twist' that makes the ideas in the line tight and unpredictable. I suppose the same holds true for insults. Despite the mountains of verbal garbage on the streets today, very little were memorable. Most were too vague to be crude and too conventional to be insulting.

At the corner of 3rd and C, I finally heard something to hold onto. A group of 70 to 80 Bush protesters crowded around a designated exit for Bush supporters attending the unaugural ceremony. A middle-aged woman walking in front of me exchanged words with a family coming from the exit. I didn't hear the entire exchange, but the woman ended it decicively when she said, "Yeah? My bush hates your bush." The family stood stunned. The mother actually covered the tender ears of her young son. The family ran off. The protesters let out a small cheer and some repeated the fine sentence to themselves, adding it to their arsenal of words. A fine insult is born.

What are the chances that the National Organization for Women will adopt "My Bush Hates Your Bush" as their official slogan for the next four years?

J20 Overview -- continued from page 1

points that everyone had to pass through in order to get near the parade route. Protest organizers from the International Action Center had challenged the constitutionality of the checkpoints, but a court ruled Friday that police would be allowed to stop and check anyone at the 10 sites.

While 7,000 police and law enforcement officers were on duty today, there were far fewer reports of protester-police violent encounters or arrests compared to recent demonstrations in Seattle, Washington, Philadelphia and Los Angeles.

"People have to come up with creative solutions to the type of denial of the right of assembly and the freedom to express yourself," said Molly Norton of New York of the bag searches at the checkpoints.

Despite the checkpoints, protests were able to line Pennsylvania Avenue with signs reading such things as "Hail to the Thief" and "Revote. Revolt."

"I think if young people get excited about our government it is really important," said Sister Maria, a 76-year-old Episcopalian nun known as "The Racing Blue Nun."

Numerous protesters proudly highlighted the array of voices opposed to Bush and his Administration. Members from N.O.W. marched alongside the Black Bloc, backers of Leonard Peltier chanted in unison with Black Panthers, Puerto Rican nationalists demanding a free Vieques danced in the street near dozen of activists calling for Mumia Abu-Jamal s freedom.

The mainstream media also came under attack. Outside the Washington Post building this morning, hundreds of demonstrators chanted "Fuck Corporate Media."

cial district, back towards Union Square with riot police in pursuit, and ended at the cable car turnaround where protesters used it as a merry-go-round. During the march, labor and environmental protesters locked arms with other demonstrators in front of the Gap and succeeded in closing it down briefly. As overheard from a SF police captain, cops were not violent due to the presence of tourists and with doubts of who was "friend or foe." No arrests have been reported despite the prolonged occupation of the cable car turnaround and festivities continuing into the night.

Other cities and countries that saw solidarity rallies:

- Los Angeles, California
- Urbana, Illinois
- Portland, Oregon
- Seattle, Washington
- Salt Lake City, Utah
- Akron, Ohio
- New York City, New York
- Talahassee, Florida
- England
- Belgium
- Italy
- Germany

For more details on activities in other cities, log on to local IMC sites, listed in the left-hand column of www.indymedia.org.

Vermont s freezing weather didn t discourage protestors, who gathered in front of Burlington s Federal Building. "For those of us who couldn t make it to D.C., this was an opportunity to express our anger and displeasure at the theft of what remained of the democratic process in the U.S." said Ron Jacobs, an IMC contributor.

Several dozen activists gathered at the Chicago Federal Plaza at noon, where a young girl sang a song she wrote to the tune of "My bonnie lies over the ocean" called "I don't want no sonofaBush in the office." Pamela Johnson, a voter deputy registrar, brought a Poll Tax record that had been her mother's, Nellie Johnson the first black election commissioner in Tunica City, Mississippi in 1984 and proposed that the events in Florida harkened back to the time when the poll tax was enforced before the Voting Rights Act of 1965. About 500 Chicagoans traveled by a vehicle caravan and plane to Washington, D.C. J20 protests.

Further away in Paris, between 5,000 and 7,000 people marched holding signs with the names of all of the people executed in the U.S. since 1977. Those holding names of people executed in Texas during George Bush s tenure as Governor led the march.

Progressive activists argue that these actions and the larger D.C. mobilization underscore a growing national sense of opposition to the country s new leader.

IMC BREAKS THE NEWS

By Josh Breitbart and Heather Haddon

"While the mainstream media portrayed the inauguration s pomp and circumstance, the IMC gave a voice to the large sections of the populations who felt disenfranchised by the election," said R. Stefan Templeton, director of Studio 2412, a technology collective that hosted the IMC this weekend.

With over 310,000 hits to the main site this weekend, approximately double the number than in Prague, the Independent Media Center provided breaking coverage of the Presidential Inauguration in Washington, D.C.

Over the Inauguration Weekend, dozens of journalists, photographers and videographers joined together under the umbrella of the IMC to offer grassroots reporting of the weekend s event.

From photos of Al Sharpton s Shadow Inauguration to first-hand accounts of violent encounters between city cops and the Black Bloc to a live interview with Ralph Nader, the IMC offered countless accounts of the day s protest and analysis on Bush s election.

Reporters stationed on the streets sent eyewitness accounts of the protests, streamed for radio broadcast and feed to the web s newswire. Approximately 6,000 people listened to the broadcast via the web, 15-20 radio stations some pirate, some legal sent the signal out around the country, while the distribution of 8,000 copies of the "Independent Voice" in D.C. provided background coverage to the inaugural issues.

PHOTO BY CAYCE CALLOW

IMC volunteers keep IMC website uodated.

Featured radio interviews included a call-in from Nader, a "Plutocracy Now" special hosted by Amy Goodman, and in-studio discussions with former Energy Secretary Bill Richardson, Center for Constitutional Responsibility s Ron Daniels, and local activists.

This voice resonated beyond the D.C. area. National calls-ins sounded, including one listener from Yellowstone State Park who expressed their dismay at the new Department of the Interior, Gale Norton, and her threat to conserving public lands. Internationally, calls came as far away as South Africa and Israel.

Volunteers staffed the phone lines around the clock to sort through the radio call-ins and dispatch information to local reporters. As a result, IMC contributors all over the city uploaded over 700 articles, comments, photos, video and audio covering the weekend s events.

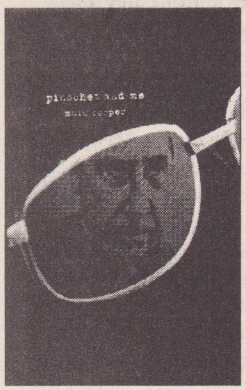
Due to the support of many hours of volunteer labor, in-kind donations and borrowed funds, the production carried on with a budget of under $1000. Nearly $3500 was donated during the weekend.

Still, there were difficulties. DC IMC mainstay Rupert Russo emphasized that stressors such as time constraints and the crackdowns of D.C. law enforcement agencies "impacted our ability to communicate with each other." This concentration of decisions contrasts with the consensus manner that IMCs abide by.

Groups members were still optimistic about the IMC s future. "This model is able to go anywhere in the world and work with a local crew to set up fast," said Carl Chatsky, who set up the phone system at Studio 2412. As Templeton summarized, "The IMC is a model for how technology can be used to connect people."

BOOKS

Pinochet and Me: A Chilean Anti-Memoir
Marc Cooper
144 pages • $22.00
Verso Books • 180 Varick Street • New York, NY • 10014-4606



What would otherwise read like fiction is instead a harrowing premonition. When Marc Cooper meets the socialist nephew of General Augusto Pinochet at a street celebration in Chile, the encounter is spine chilling. We already know that bloodshed is but months away, even as the nephew spits, "My uncle is no democrat. He's a fascist."

Now an awarding-winner journalist and an editor to The Nation, Marc Cooper was a translator to President Salvador Allende until the U.S.-supported military coup of 1973. Banished from the California university system by then-Governor Ronald Reagan for his anti-war activities, a twenty-year-old Marc Cooper came to Chile in 1971. The first democratically-elected Marxist head of state, Salvador Allende had long been targeted as an enemy of the Chilean elite and the vested interests of the United States government (headed by President Richard Nixon, infamous for his dirty dealing). And as Cooper notes, "the example of a peacefully elected Socialist government coming to power was even more threatening to U.S. geopolitical interests than the model of armed revolution." Seeing no reason "to stand by and watch a country go communist because of the irresponsibility of its own people," Henry Kissinger orchestrated the "destablization" of the Allende administration. Nixon accordingly earmarked millions in funds for right-wing activities (including parliamentary bribes and grants to opposition parties), covert propaganda machinery and several coup attempts – the last of which was successfully led by General Augusto Pinochet.

Following the coup thousands of suspected communists, socialists and all stripes of leftists were detained, tortured, raped, and/or murdered, many in Santiago's National Stadium. During his seventeen-year regime, the Pinochet dictatorship declared a sustained "dirty war" against the left in which thousands of people were "disappeared" by the security forces. (At least three thousand people are known to have been murdered, and estimates of the total number of disappeared range upward of 15,000, many more were "simply" imprisoned, tortured, and raped.) And as an avowed capitalist (and thus a suitable U.S. ally), Pinochet instituted a series of neoliberal economic policies guided by "the Chicago Boys," free-market economists trained at the University of Chicago thrilled for the opportunity to test their theories. Not surprisingly their "free market" is accomplished by the brutal repression of labor organizing and produced the inevitably massive inequalities of income and wealth.

What develops from this passionate anti-memoir is an evocative series of impressions (and analyses) of the political turmoil as Cooper chronicles the downfall of Chile: "A century-worth of accumulated democratic and social advances would be bloodily dismantled overnight, and a new, radical capitalist order...was built in its stead." Writing from Santiago, Cooper reconstructs the tense atmosphere of the final days of the Allende government, including political tensions (between leftists, between leftists and rightists), the steady hastening of class war, and his hiding and subsequent evacuation under armed U.N. protection. In his struggle to escape, his attempts to negotiate with the U.S. embassy are particularly disturbing. Denying him an emergency passport ("There is no emergency"), the embassy employee chuckles as she watches the tanks roll by: "Allende's going to get it!" Cooper's devastation upon hearing Allende's defiant last words broadcast over the last free frequency (all other radio and television stations and tower had either been seized or destroyed) is palpable.

Almost as heartbreaking as the frantic communiqués from the midst of the coup are Cooper's later dispatches from a contemporary Chile. Returning (i.e., sneaking in) in a series of visits during the Pinochet regime, the despair from the streets is vivid. By 1975 all civil rights had been abolished and torture institutionalized in police interrogations. The U.S.-sponsored laissez-faire program destroyed the national economy, producing twenty-five percent unemployment and sustained poverty for about forty percent of Chile's population. So terrible was this devastation that in 1983 Cooper witnessed new opposition – in spite of violent repression – in the waning years of the dictatorship. Mass movements and Days of National Protest are attended by both the poor and economically ruined middle-classes, now haunted by the lingering, almost utopian memory of Salvador Allende.

Cooper has harsh words, however, for the Chile that emerges in the aftermath of Pinochet's junta. Gripped by historical amnesia and political cowardice, Cooper incisively portrays a Chile radically divorced from a democratic and socialist past. In 1998 Cooper writes, "Today, after seventeen years of military dictatorship and eight years of 'democracy,' what passes for the Left is complicit in managing a grotesque system that allows murderers to walk free and torturers to be elected to national office, that boasts one of the most unequal economic systems in the world, where even public schools are privatized. Chile, perhaps more than anywhere on earth, is a place where idolatry of the market has most deeply penetrated." His discerning portrait of a capitalist order and commodity culture determinedly ignoring the abuses of the dictatorship and the present failure of the new "democracy" resonates strongly in the United States.

As a contributing editor to The Nation, Marc Cooper would undoubtedly argue that we would be remiss in believing that this era of U.S. Cold War policy is over, or irrelevant. The legacy of Kissinger – who repeatedly assured Pinochet that the United States supported his regime with friendship and mutual purpose— was echoed during the Reagan-Bush administration. (Reagan ambassador Jean Kirkpatrick was rather fond of totalitarian regimes and right-wing terrorism.) The free-market economics of Milton Friedman, close advisor to Pinochet during the dictatorship, are acclaimed in an era of accelerating globalization and transnational capital. And now that the junior Bush stands elected after a bloodless coup, we would do well to note the advisors and committees he will depend upon for advice.

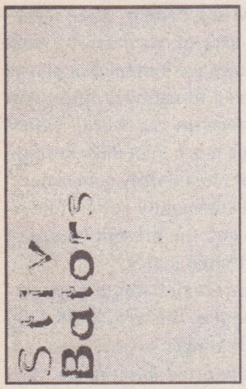
Moreover, the seeming indifference of the American public to the recent declassification of CIA records —detailing the pivotal role the U.S. played in the destabilization and coup of a democratic Chilean state— is instructive. In the mainstream media the death of former President Nixon inspired magazine covers and eulogies, the renaming of a library and perhaps a few avenues, but no in-depth recovery of his blatant abuses of democratic principles or his authoritarian ambitions. (Although a 1975 Senate committee headed by Senator Frank Church, an Idaho Democrat, did establish that the CIA had been involved in covert operations in Chile and had

tried to foment a military coup in 1970, it seems to have had little impact on either the American consciousness or U.S. international policy.) Nothing about Viet Nam nor Chile, and the scandal of Watergate became the backdrop of a (still clever) teen comedy starring Kirsten Dunst and Michelle Williams from Dawson's Creek.

As for Pinochet, he was arrested in London in 1998 and spent 503 days in custody before being allowed to return home earlier this year. A British court finally ruled that he was too old and sick to undergo trial for international human rights abuses in Spain. Since returning from London, however, the Chilean Supreme Court has stripped him of his immunity, paving the way for Pinochet to be tried in his own country for abuses committed during his 17-year dictatorship. Cooper considers too, the impact of international attention in Chile and the possibility that Pinochet (and his U.S. supporters) may finally be brought to justice in the "official" historical record.

Pinochet and Me is not a comprehensive history but rather a "personal journal," one that nevertheless demonstrates the everyday impact of historical and material forces and the necessity of recognizing those forces for what they are, and crucially, what they do. Politics is not separate from the daily routine of Cooper nor any of his Chilean contacts, but figures centrally in limiting and defining the ways they each are allowed to move —or not move— through the world. But it's also a skillfully executed political thriller (way better than those mass market novels by Tom Clancy and other shills), which may engage those who aren't necessarily versed in the real-life intrigues and coups helpfully instigated by the U.S. government. Maybe they will seek out those histories after paging through this—?
—Mimi Nguyen

Stiv Bators • John Tobler & Mal Peachy
32 pages. • $36.00
NG Press c/o Book Sales Ltd. • Manning Ave.
Los Angeles, CA • 90024

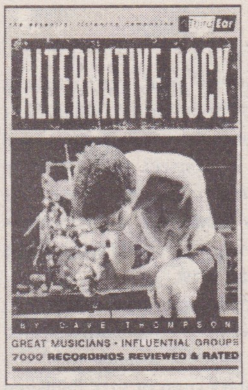


Get this: on my way over to MRR to write this review I was very nearly run down by a speeding motorcycle (in fact, the motherfucker grazed me so closely I was able to reach out and push the shoulders of his brown bomber jacket as I leapt out of harm's way). The irony, of course, is that I could have wound up a traffic fatality just like Stiv Bators himself, though I unlike Stiv I'd get my ass hauled to the emergency room post-haste and leave nothing to fate. Maybe I'm getting ahead of myself, or maybe my third beer's gone straight to my head.

Stiv Bators: native of Youngstown, Ohio. Former front-man of Cleveland's Frankenstein, New York's Dead Boys, and London's Lords of the New Church. Bit player in John Waters' Polyester. Power-pop solo artist. Self-destructive Iggy clone, skinny pockmarked weirdo. Cultural icon on a par with (maybe) Johnny Thunders, (possibly) Sid Vicious, and (very definitely) Richard Hell. Not only did he front one of the best and most-imitated American punk rock bands of the original '76-'77 era, but he died one of the most ignoble rock 'n' roll deaths on the books (after being struck by a car, he refused medical attention only to die in his sleep the same night). By all appearances the man looked good 'til the end, enjoyed his notoriety as a pop figure, and gathered the surviving Dead Boys together every couple of years for sporadic reunion gigs. I should hope for as much.

Stiv Bators is really more of a fan letter to the man than a proper book., consisting of 32 pages of slick text and graphics printed on brown paper of the type normally used in grocery bags. It looks nice, yeah, though some of the wilder and woolier layouts do strain the eyes (powder-blue text just doesn't read well on a brown background). Much like one of the fancier examples of 1960s rock poster art, you have to make a serious commitment at the outset to decipher it word-for-word. None of Stiv's biographical notes really spin my head 'round, and are related in standard fanzine-level journalism.
Yeah, I'm all for it. I'm ready for the Frankie Fix volume.—Jeff A. Heermann

Alternative Rock •Dave Thompson
838 pages • $27.95
Miller Freeman Books • 600 Harrison Street
San Francisco, CA • 94107



Here's the short version of this review, from page 101 of Alternative Rock:

"'Do They Know It's Christmas' really wasn't that bad of a record..."

Although I'm really tempted to end the review now, it's better to add a few more words to further explain why buying this book is a horrible use for $27.95.

This book begins with 139 pages of prose on various "alternative music" subcultures, followed by 677 pages of capsule reviews of bands, solo artists, labels, and producers, and ends with lists of the top records and top singles respectively of the "alternative music era," which runs from 1975 through 2000. Instead of taking easy potshots at these final lists, let's check out the first section.

I slogged through the brief surface-level looks at pre-77 punk (Stooges, Velvet Underground, Modern Lovers, Udo Lindenberg[?!]), '77 punk, Stiff Records, John Peel's Radio Show (more on that later), and the reggae/punk connection in late 70's Britain before, in the middle of the section on the two-tone/skinhead revival, author David Thompson's m.o. hit me:

He has absolutely no first-hand accounts that he hasn't mined from press coverage. He certainly has no gut-level reaction to any but the most acclaimed "alternative" acts (besides his unexplainable love for Doctor and the Medics), and here's the reason why: Anyone reading this could put together the exact same book if they had a publisher who was willing to put out a compendium of press clippings about the hundreds of bands and dozens of scenes discussed inside. Hey Miller Freeman, pay my rent for a year and I'll give you a book that doesn't have such sophomoric, Gina Arnold-ish gaffes like Lookout Records being based in Southern California. Plus, I'll actually have the experience of not getting all of my music knowledge from the latest issue of Spin!

Back to the book: Thompson's take on the various youth cultures rely completely on mainstream press attitudes and opinions and not on any type of in-depth investigation of scenes from the ground level. If a scene or subculture dropped from the mainstream's consciousness ('77 punk in 1980, two-tone in 1982, oi music in 1983, hardcore (as in Minor Threat and The Misfits) in 1983, etc., then this book treats the genre as dead, at least until it comes back into style 15 years later (punk in 1994, ska in the mid-90's). Unfortunately, there's the problem of ongoing scenes supporting all of these 'dead' genres from day one.

Thompson shows his complete inability to understand the various subcultures in a number of ways, I'll just highlight a couple of my favorites—these particular ones all deal with punk rock.

"Only in the cities that could arguably claim to have started the ball rolling was there any semblance of coherence, a sense of a 'scene' expanding with its audience, bands begetting bands." (p.51)

The cities he's referring to are Los Angeles, Washington D.C., Boston, and New York City. While briefly mentioning Detroit, Minneapolis, Phoenix, Austin, and Reno for Negative Approach, Dogbreath (who became The Replacements), Meat Puppets, M.D.C., and 7 Seconds respectively, such cities apparently didn't have scenes from the mid-80's on, while other towns like Seattle, Spokane, San Francisco, San Diego, Portland, Chicago, Philly, Richmond, Rochester (N.Y.), Cleveland, Baltimore, etc., had absolutely no scene, let alone bands that begat other bands. It's true that some of these scenes were pretty small, but to deny the impact that bands like The Accused, D.R.I., Naked Raygun, Screeching Weasel, The Effigies, Ruin, Rhythm Pigs, Camper Van Beethove, and dozens more had on punk in particular and "alternative music" in general is plain ignorant.

Another clear example of Thompson's inability to get his fingers on the pulse of the music shows up in his article "Twenty Essential Alternative Rock Movies." He completely ignores Repo Man while pooh-poohing Surburbia as a "tabloid television punk expose." The fact that he ignores one and dismisses another of the trio of American punk movies (Decline is the third) that defined punk for literally a generation of funny-hair freaks in favor of such 'alternative' films as Wings of Desire, Absolute Beginners, Reality Bites, and Singles is proof that he's as far removed from alternative music in the 80s as Ronnie Reagan was. Show me any American punk rocker who came of age in the 80s who did not see one or all three of these movies on "Night Flight" and have a life-changing experience, and I'll show you someone like me who didn't have cable but saw them on video or at the local rep house instead. And honestly, I'm not saying that some of his other choices aren't good flicks, but in terms of their impact on underground music, Natural Born Killers did not have the same impact as Rock and Roll Swindle, both of which share space on his list of twenty.

Returning to his otherwise informative section on John Peel's BBC sessions with bands of the time, he spends a lot of verbiage quoting John Peel on how important and vital bands like The Smiths (according to Peel "one of the most crucial bands of the 80s") and The Fall (again according to Peel "they're the great miracle of my musical life") were to continuing the evolution of underground music but then ends the section, which includes a week-by-week listing of all of the shows from January 1977 through December 1979, with a full page on Nirvana's four Peel sessions. I have no problem with turning a spotlight on one of the 1990's most influential mainstream bands, but the absence of any correlating attention to the two bands that John Peel himself identifies as the two most important groups over the last few decades shows, to quote the Rolling Stones (and much later, much better, Joan Jett), a "star fucker" attitude from author Thompson.

Further illustrating Thompson's mainstream star fucker focus is his choices of various obscure bands to highlight in his band section. Deranged Diction, famed Missoula, Montana band, featured a future Pearl Jam member, while The Lookouts, famed Berkeley scene favorites, featured a future Green Day member. When he covers the Berkeley/Lookout/Gilman scene, he errs by not realizing that while The Lookouts were instrumental in urging Lawrence Livermore to start a label, Thompson ignores such seminal East Bay bands as Crimpshrine, Neurosis, Mr. T. Experience, and Sweet Baby, all of whom had incredibly influential releases on or re-released by Lookout. The problem here is not one of whom he covers, but of whom he omits. Even Gina Arnold is not so clueless to omit seminal East Bay melodic punk bands like Crimpshrine and MTX from the pantheon of mid/late 80's Gilman punk.

That's enough reasons to not waste $27.95 on this book (15 pages of video producers with their most influential videos is another one), but let me throw in one more. Since it's obvious that he's unable to realistically portray the underground punk scene, which has been extensively covered by the major media, why would any consumer assume that he has a better handle on other "alternative rock" sub-cultures?

Conclusion: Like that one dude 2000-odd years ago, I read this book so that you don't have to. —Jesse Luscious

Valencia • Michelle Tea
202 pages • $13.00
Seal Press • 3131 Western Ave. Suite 410
Seattle, WA • 98121

Michelle Tea is really good. Her subject matter in this book is one which is really problematic for me, and yet despite that I was really drawn in by her characters and felt for them deeply. This book is about "her life", (whether it's embellished or not I don't know, it's a book) and her life at this period was about drinking and picking up girls. She goes through two "serious" relationships, but even during those there is a constant theme of being on the prowl. Tea tends to eschew relationship standards like monogamy. In fact, she firmly rejects most standards and roles, she's a lesbian, alcoholic, none-employed, loud, abrasive, politically correct, vulgar, hedonist, and, oh yeah, spoken word performer and writer. (She is co-founder of the Sister Spit tour) If it seems odd to put her writing last, that is the way she presents it in this book. This is a story about a young woman living it up in the bars and streets of the Mission District in San Francisco, during a time of a small explosion of a serious punk-rock dyke scene. Lots of drinking. In the bars, in the street, in the park, whatever. There is a lot of flirting and sex. Lots of relationship drama. Tea never really mentions writing or reading poetry, unless it's about how fucked up she got at the club.

It's in the two relationships she has that I found so much connection. Writing honestly and bluntly about the conflicting desires people have, how we can be sick in love and need to flee at the same time. This is really the theme of the book, I'd say: yearning for love but being forced to confront that often you are your greatest obstacle. Basically, Tea doesn't know what the fuck she's doing with her life, we get to watch her struggle. From that angle, as far as giving a voice to this generation of young urban rebel types, this is by far one of the best books I've seen. Honestly, I'd say she is a voice for our generation if that wasn't so corny, but you watch and see where she is ten years from now. She'll be great if she decides she wants to be.

Still, it's too bad that every youth book has to be about getting fucked up. People can live how they want, I'm just saying I'm getting tired of reading about it. I don't know how compelling alcoholism ever was, and to me it's often distressing. With such a rich voice, Tea spends most of her time on two things, the girlfriends (yay) and the drinking (yawn). Even if that's her life, I still felt she focused on it more than necessary, giving me the impression that she may have some tendency to feel that area is "valid" writers territory or something, in the tradition of the Beats. I'm not sure why she finds drinking to be more important than other aspects, but this is where my feelings on the book are more about how I feel about that lifestyle than about how good the book is. Of course that prompted all kinds of self reflections on my part, which is great, and forced me to look at how I could be so connected to this character who I probably wouldn't like in real life. It also caused me to ponder the whole idea of artists and their work (does it matter if it's "true"? Am I reacting to the character or the author? Maybe I think too much...) I'm sure on a surface level, this is a great book for young lesbians who will feel empowered simply by the sheer vitality of Tea and company living and loving as they please, but it's really so much more than that. She doesn't break the rules, she's not even on the board. It's a powerful message, and she's not sending it for you, she simply can't do otherwise. —Gardner Fusuhara

MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI

SEX. LIES, AND CELLULOID

The 1972 Summer Olympics in then West Germany were to be the country's tacit recognition (if not apology) of the Munich Games of 1932, more commonly known as "Hitler's Olympics." Now, forty years later—a modern, democratic republic—Munich and its environs were to be turned into showcase for equality and humanity. Instead, it was to be ground-zero for murder and official racism.

One Day in September is an Academy Award-winning documentary that does what it promises, purporting to show what "really" happened at the '72 Olympic Games. Even uncritical minds will have to admit it comes closer to the truth than anything we've seen before.

It was the Olympics of Mark Spitz's five gold medals, of Olga Korbut, and a victorious USSR basketball team. But even before the events themselves, even as the athletes were training, a special unit of the Black September movement (with links to Libya and Palestine) were preparing for a mission whose goal would be kept secret even from them. The weeks drew on, and they were sent to Germany. Only at the last moment were they given their final, infamous orders—to infiltrate the Olympic camp, occupy the athletes' quarters, and extort Israel for the release of some 200 political prisoners. (Amazingly, the German team itself helped the terrorists over the fence to scope out the site, and it was American athletes who, oblivious to what was going on, assisted them on the day of the attack). In response, Israel's hard-line premier lays down the line: no hostages for prisoners. Soon, the terrorists issue an ultimatum more chilling than any fiction—if Israel doesn't comply within twenty-four hours, one hostage will be killed every hour on the hour. Two men were already dead.

Making a sensitive situation worse, Olympic organizers decided to continue the games as if nothing had happened. Finally, after unanimous international criticism, the Games were suspended until the crisis was somehow resolved. But even this backfired; now, hundred of athletes, news cameras, and tourists with flash cameras filled the streets around the camp, ready to watch the whole sick saga first-hand. As a contingent of the German army made their way to storm the compound, the terrorists were watching them on the athletes' TVs.

Much of the information here comes first-hand from the last person you'd expect: Jamal Al Cahar, the last surviving co-conspirator. (The remaining men, cheered as heroes in their homeland, were murdered by Israel's secret ops.) Aided by period video and interview footage, the events unravel much as they did on TV.

It wasn't the first time the Olympics were used as a political weapon, nor the last. (Just four years later, Jimmy Carter banned US participation in the Moscow Olympiad). But the incompetence and underhandedness of the West Germans set new standards; worried they might be eventual targets of terrorism, West Germany invented the scenario of a sky-jacking, then flew the remaining terrorists out the country without legal action. Then, what for many people was the equivalent of sweeping the nasty business under the carpet, the authorities continued the athletic events as scheduled.

One only wishes the film had taken greater pains to show the Palestinian point of view in context. There's not too much nuance in **One Day in September**, but the basic events are credible and pretty much speak for themselves.

The new Italian feature **Malena** does almost exactly the opposite, using grim historical events as a backdrop for the most treacly of all possible genres: the coming-of-age yarn. The movie's tag line goes, "A world at war. A young man coming of age. And the woman who changed his life forever." Yes, it does sound familiar; you're in the hands of director Guiseppe Tornatore (*Cinema Paradiso*), who's set up a cottage industry with this kind of genre film year after year.

It's 1940 in the sun-baked backwater town of Castelcuto, Sicily; and on the same day El Duce declares war on France and England, 13 year-old Renato (Guiseppe Sulfaro) gets a bike from his father and de facto entry into the local gang of kids. Their obsession becomes his: the beautiful Malena Scordia (Monica Bellucci). When she walks down the street, matrons mumble gossip (most all of it made up), soldiers fall out of formation, sundry male townsfolk pant like dogs in heat, and boys scramble from one vantage point to another, running or taking side-streets for another look at the beauty.

Of course, she's completely unattainable for a pipsqueak like Renato who still wears short pants, but that doesn't mean he can't try. Lacking the good sense of his older pals, he steals into her estate, where he finds (conveniently enough) a perfectly round peephole that lets him see Malena in various states of undress. When a few townsfolk pursue a trumped-up morals charge, Renato is in the courthouse to watch the trial—and later, looking through that peephole as her lawyer forces sex as payment.

Malena's husband is fighting in the war, and possibly dead. With no way to pay for food, she again uses the currency of sex. In the meantime, poor overheated Renato has stolen a pair of Malena's underwear from her clothesline and fallen asleep with it on his face. His father, who already has a short fuse, explodes, and his mother goes so far as to request an exorcism. None of this stops Renato from jerking off so often he'll probably develop cataracts. He apparently spends way too much time at the local cinema, because his fantasies always involve Malena and him in cowboy serials, crime dramas, and turgid screen romances.

For what it's worth, Tornatore has a real gift for atmosphere, showing off Italian streets full of crumbling stucco buildings and rustic townsfolk whose attitudes are set in stone. There's also something agreeable about the way he links Fascism with the close-mindedness of its simple people. The politics, though, are an olive oil and vinegar mix. On one hand, we have the disturbing insurgence of the Nazis, and on the other, the story of a sex-obsessed imp who can't keep his hands off his weener. The combined effect leaves you weary of the pretense.

The soon-to-be released **Gemini** is the most interesting in this batch of films, but there's no telling how audiences are going to react to it. Shinji Tsukamoto (*Tetsuo: Iron Man, Tokyo Fist*) has finally broken away from his endless series of human-to-machine transformation movies to make a period drama set in Meiji era Japan (1868-1912).

It's a stylized Japan, with its most extravagant characteristics magnified. The costumes are flamboyant, surreal reflections of those worn in some lost past. Women wear the hair in wavy, elaborate designs as hard as lacquer; as in older times, their eyebrows have been shaved off. Sometimes it seems that the air is putting up resistance to the characters' every movement. Unfortunates from the nearby ghetto are desperate creatures infected by running sores and, at times, inflamed by madness.

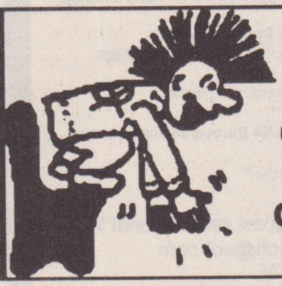
Based very loosely on the story by Edogawa Rampo, this doppelganger thriller tells this story of humanitarian doctor Yukio Daitokuji (Masahiro Motoki), one of the few wealthy men in a town ravaged by filth and disease. Old Japanese houses sometimes seem to be made out of tissue paper and wood; the doctor's family compound is closer to a bunker. The idea is to keep the unwashed, infected populace at a distance, and the thick, burnished wood and glass does exactly that.

Yukio's parents aren't exactly sold on Yukio's beautiful new wife Rin (Ryo), who's sketchy about her past and therefore bad marriage material. But those concerns drift into the background when death and disease pull them both down in short order. Only then does the impossible reveal itself to Yukio—a sinister creature (or is it a delusion) has appeared at his doorstep—a mirror image of himself save for a grisly scar and a nature that's evil for every measure of Yukio's apparent goodness.

The fun of **Gemini** is figuring out how this impossible plot can resolve itself logically—and it does. Director Tsukamoto yields to the same overheated tendencies we've seen in the past, but **Gemini** succeeds as an intense, clearly focused chamber piece. The film isn't all that frightening per se, but every scene has something strange, surprising...and creepy.

—Steve Spinali

Reactions? E-mail me at spinali@postmark.net



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

I am very biased against any film that gathers any amount of praise from people who I don't like. Conversely, I will listen to people whose opinion I trust even if the movie looks dumb. In that case I probably won't see it until it comes on video, but I will always have the idea in the back of mind. Every once in a while, I will see a film before the hype machine kicks in. Then I have to endure the constant barrage of people telling me how great it is (when it isn't). **Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon** (Wo hu zang long) is such a movie. The other night in a Burmese restaurant, the yuppies at the table next to me started to discuss what an amazing movie it is. If I was more of an aggressive and forward person, I would have butted right in and told them they are wrong. Instead, I told my boyfriend to talk louder to drown them out. I just don't get it.

I saw **Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon** during my annual Christmas vacation to Boston. I dragged my sister and brother to see it with a couple of my friends. All I knew was that it was an Ang Lee kung fu film. I was interested because I saw a preview with the women fighting and thought that was cool. That's how I sold it to my siblings.

Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon is a very formal, serious film. Then every once in a while something unbelievably impossible happens. I don't mind impossible as long as it goes with the feel of the film. I have never thought twice about that common scene in Kung Fu movies when the two fighters keep kicking each other up in the air and they just hang there, suspended in air, for an abnormal amount of time. Or when one man fights off twenty others at one time. I thought *A Chinese Ghost Story* was great. Yet, I giggled throughout **Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon**. I was trying to hold in the outright laughter that finally got away from me during the scene where Li Mu Bai and Jen are fighting on the tops of the trees. That one killed me.

Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon is a love story, a warrior story, and a story of revenge. Li Mu Bai is an infamous warrior. He has returned from his training when his master has been killed. He has decided to give up that life and spend time with the woman he loves, Yu. He cannot marry her because she was engaged to his brother who was killed before he and Yu were married. It was because of his death that Yu and Li Mu Bai become close and fall in love. Yu is also a great fighter. Since Li Mu Bai is retiring he won't need his famous jade sword, so he presents it as a gift to Sir Te. Of course, it is stolen and the hunt to recover it begins.

Then we are introduced to a young, female fighter, Jen, who is talented, but has not been trained properly. She has her own story of love. She has fallen for a man who had robbed her in the desert, even though she is engaged to another and, on top of that, she would rather train to become a warrior.

The story is intriguing, but not that unique. There's unrequited love, good versus evil, the search and the recovery. The whole thing comes across as one of those English period films. Not surprising since Ang Lee is responsible for *Sense And Sensibility*. Everyone acts proper and knows their place. The landscapes and scenery look nice. The fight scenes are serious, but fun until someone leaps over a building in a single bound and you are quickly reminded that you are watching a film and the director is simply using the technology because he can.

An equally silly, yet more enjoyable is **Oh Brother Where Art Thou?** Three men, Everett, Pete and Delmar, escape from prison and hit the road. The men are dumb, hillbilly types who have a few run-ins with the law and other characters such as a guitar player who sold his soul to the devil, a bible salesman, the two candidates from the governors race, a blind radio station owner, a bank robber, and the clan. Although, it seems like the whole film is just an excuse to have a bluegrass soundtrack, I don't mind. I like bluegrass.

My favorite scene is when the convicts crash a campaign fundraiser for Homer Stokes so Everett can try to convince his wife not to remarry. Posing as the Soggy Bottom Boys, they sing a song they recorded to make some money earlier in their travels. Unbeknownst to them, the song has become a hit and the crowd goes crazy. When Homer Stokes discovers they have crashed the party, he tries to have them arrested. He's unaware of their popularity and as a result loses the election he was about to win. The other candidate, Pappy O'Daniel, quickly associates himself with the Soggy Bottom Boys and saves his campaign. A funny scene with a little bit of commentary on the easily-influenced-by-celebrity American public.

There's a great deal of slapstick comedy and subtle commentary on the South, but nothing too overpowering. The convicts are stereotypes, but their stupidity and innocence seems to excuse them from the mistakes they make. When they do something wrong, such as leaving Pete behind because they thought he has been turned into a toad, they make up for it by breaking him out of prison again. In fact, for some bumbling crooks these guys have no problem escaping from jail. It's part of their character to be lucky.

The holidays always seem like a good time for me to watch movies I haven't seen in a while. So I watched **River's Edge** and was shocked that my roommate had never seen it. **River's Edge** is a great teen movie. It is the story of a group of friends. One member of the group, Samson, kills another, Jamie. When he tells everyone what he did, no one believes him so they all go to see Jamie's dead body. Then each goes through his or her personal dilemma about what to do. No one acts sad or really shocked, but instead they use it as a way to break free from the group leader, Layne.

It always bothered me that Layne, who is played by Crispin Glover, is portrayed as crazy because he wants to help his friend and Matt, played by Keanu Reeves, is the sensitive one, when he is the one that turns in his friend. I know that killing is wrong and there is a moral issue here, but I just always figured that if I knew my friend was the Unabomber or something, I wouldn't turn him in. Even still, it's an interesting movie and based on actual events. So next time you're at the video store, pick it up.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, I'd like to see it. Send a copy to me c/o MRR.

—Carolyn Keddy

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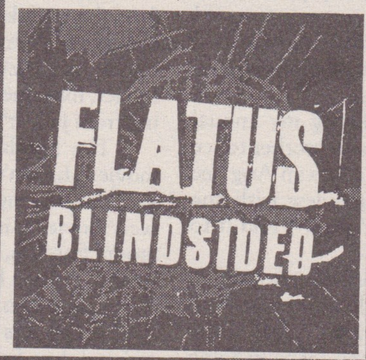

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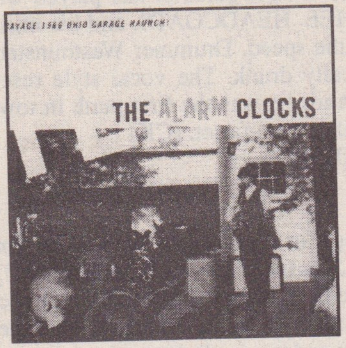
THE ACTION TIME - "Rock and Roll" EP

This might be rock and roll in England, it sounds Top of the Pops to me, yes Lite rock maybe, it lacks the perverted streak of true American rock and roll, sorry but the liner notes are way wrong, Valerie Solanis, the STOOGES and Kathleen Hanna, no, I don't think so. (EC)
(Southern records, PO Box 59, London, ENGLAND N22 1AR)

THE ALARM CLOCKS - "Yeah!" CD

Holy Hannah! The ALARM CLOCKS, of "Yeah" and "No Reason to Complain" fame (both featured on that earth-axis altering first *Back From the Grave* comp, in case you've forgotten) deliciously mangling Sixties teen dance standards live in the studio (with the inclusion of their monumental single). I didn't think I'd ever need to hear another version of "Money" or "Louie Louie," but for the ALARM CLOCKS all bets are off. And their mojo workouts on "I'm Alright" and "She's About a Mover"—whew! Were they calling "Money" a BEATLES song and "Route 66" a STONES song out of young, blissful ignorance or to let potential employers know that they did songs by the big acts? Proof, perhaps, that you don't need a historical perspective to be brilliantly creative (sometimes it even gets in the way). Enclosed booklet includes a reproduction of a hate note addressed to "Mopphead Sissy." (DD)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

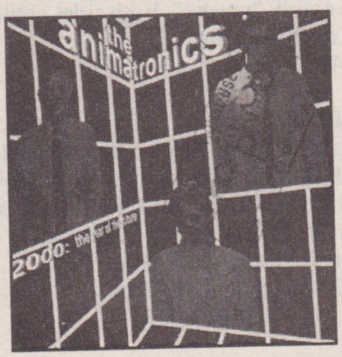


THE ANIMATRONICS - "2000: the Year of the Future" CD

This is so DEVO, down to the names of the people in the group—GAR-1660, JAR-5000, and MAR-0208. The lyrics are as you would expect, about fear of government, jobs, radioactive tubes coming out of a face...It is pretty good, loud shouty new wave pop. (JT)
(Morphius, PO Box 13474 Baltimore, MD 21203)

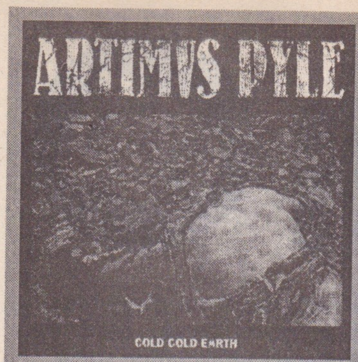
ANTHEM BOY - "Demonstration" CDEP

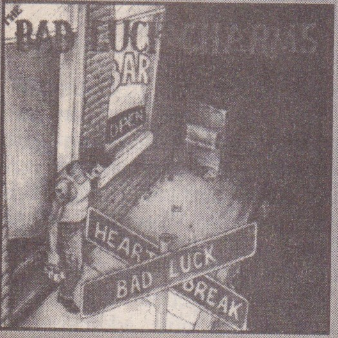
Short and sweet. Three songs of moody hardcore powered by angst and disillusionment. Just living in Indiana would make me this pissed—hum, no, I would be more pissed. Even though their name isn't so catchy that you would want it to adorn your new hooded sweatshirt, from this little taste, I think this band has tons o' potential. (TJ)
($4 ppd: Anthem Boy, PO Box 1911, Noblesville, IN 46061-1911, anthemboy.net)



ANTI-PASTI - "Caution in the Wind" LP

This is a completely unnecessary reissue of the second ANTI-PASTI LP on Get Back Records. ANTI-PASTI was formed in 1979 by vocalist Martin Roper and guitarist Dugi Bell in their native Derby, England after two strong EPs and fortuitous opening slots with the UK SUBS, the EXPLOITED and DISCHARGE. ANTI-PASTI released their excellent debut LP *The Last Call* which stayed on the national charts for six weeks, climbing all the way to number thirty one. After the *Six Guns* EP, the band faltered and never regained their early punk urgency. This *Caution in the Wind* LP is thoroughly lackluster and need not have been reissued. Stick with the earlier material. (BR)
(Via Arentina, 50069 Sieci, Firenzi, ITALY, abraexp@tin.it)





ARTIMUS PYLE - "Cold Cold Earth" EP

This rocked me, socked me, picked me up and dropped me—total NEUROSIS/ASBESTOS DEATH style madness with pummeling DEAD AND GONE break-downs and LOGICAL NONSENSE trade-offs. Atmospheric and eerie, as always, *Prank* delivers the goods. Like nothing coming out of... anywhere, really. The lyrics are a total Infest and NEGATIVE APPROACH hate-fest. You need this. Really. Buy now or pose later. And no, it isn't a crusty take-off on HANK WILLIAMS' "Cold Cold Heart." (RD)
(PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

BAD FORM - "Lights Out" EP

The BAD FORM's debut starts out making me envision Darby Crash singing for a pumped up 45 GRAVE or just a crazy-ass GERMS song. Plenty of dark, discouraging lyrics in these five tunes to leave a bleak dull feeling in my stomach. Truly a spirited, nearly chaotic energy emitting from this Jersey freakshow. (HM)
(Mad At The World, PO Box 5216, New Brunswick, NJ 08901)

BAD LUCK CHARMS - "Bad Luck and Heartbreak" CD

Very cool rockabilly rockin'. Lyrics influenced by this scene of tattoos, rock 'n' roll, girls, gambling, and sin. Doesn't stick out too much from all the same sorts of albums with their real clean guitars and STRAY CATS style vocals, but they're really good at it. Of course with this type of album comes a few cheesy love lyrics but the rest makes up for it. (SR)
(Zodiac, 6611 Somerset St, Hbg, PA 17111, badluckcharms@aol.com)

BEDFORD/SUPER 18/SOMETIMES SEVEN/ FLOTATION WALLS - split CD

Fuck this. It's taken me ten minutes just to figure out that there are four bands on this. The packaging (or lack thereof) sucks. So confusing. I'm really agitated here. I don't think I can calm down at this point... They didn't even send a track listing. The first band (BEDFORD, I'm guessing) does five DOC HOPPER-ish songs. Nothing worth writing home about. The next band (guessing SUPER 18) is kinda emoish in the way they drone on and one and lag for four minute intervals. Every one annoying and whiny. SOMETIMES SEVEN (still guessing) is poppier; "Adam's Song" is BLINK 182-type stuff (read: more droney, sissy, generic bullshit). Thumbs down to this. FOUNDATION WALLS should be shot. Sampling, opera, and total crap all mixed together. Fuck this, my whole day is ruined now because of this pathetic waste of time. (BM)
(Miscrocosm, PO Box 14332, Portland, OR 97293)

BEEF WELLINGTON - "That's Me/Never Go There Again"

Slow, very slow, prodding attempt at garage rock. Singer/guitarist has played with the ARMITAGE SHANKS, is friends with Bruce from THEE HEADCOATS, and his music has some of the style of Bily Childish, but at a quarter of the speed. Drummer Westminster says, "Keep life slow," and they do. Sounds like they're really drunk. The vocal style resembles Mikey Wild, this old punker from Philadelphia who claims he was the first punk in town and sang about it 25 years later. I'd probably like this a lot if it were faster. (CK)
(dB's, PO Box 2550, 3500 GN, Utrecht, NETHERLANDS)

BENUMB/BAD ACID TRIP - split EP

I've been seeing ads for this release in various mags for a while and was looking forward to hear the latest BENUMB offering after the *Withering Strands of Hope* LP (which rules!). The first song fully lives up to the aforementioned album and even brings some additional vocals to the mix (bringing back memories of when there was someone else in the band doing the low-end growls). Hearing songs like this really makes me wonder why Relapse doesn't put more emphasis on these guys, they're a hell of a lot better than SOILENT GREEN, that's for damn sure. BAD ACID TRIP rips it up with a couple tracks of straight up blast-grind-mayhem with a few tempo changes, although their songs do get a little overly "mushy". Both sides could have benefited from a better recording...but hey, is that what really matters? (SP)
(Agitate 96, 11479 Amboy Ave, San Fernando, CA 91340)

BLOODSUCKERS/ANONIMNI ALKOHOIKI - split EP

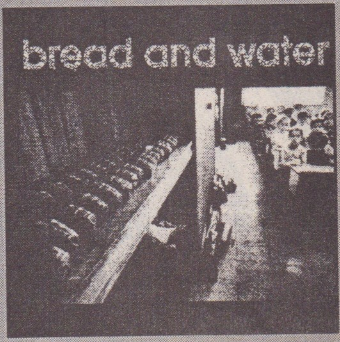
Well, the ANONIMNI ALKOHOIKI come at you with some very noisy and rawly produced grindcore. The songs are short, fast and gruff with the occasional synthesizer thrown in! I think some, if not all of it, was recorded live. On the flipside, BLOODSUCKERS go for a bit more of a hardcore style, but it's still really fast and raw. Both bands are from Slovenia, which should count for something. But overall I wasn't to impressed with the release. (RC)
(Civilisation, c/o Oliver Schwartz, Parkstrasse 39, 89312, Gunzburg, GERMANY)

BLUTSÄGE - "Satan's Rock 'n' Roll" EP

These guys are about as Satanic as one of my weaker farts. Musically, they play fairly beefy metallic thrash, with a decent up-front guitar sound. Unfortunately they choose to match this up with pathetic lyrics about rape. Okay, obviously they have this Satanic rapist schtick going and it's supposed to be a big joke. Ha ha ha, right? Well I'm not without a sense of humor, but this isn't funny. Tip of the hat for the quality of the super thick vinyl picture disc though. (AM)
(Suppenkazper, Postfach 411154, 55068 Mainz, GERMANY, suppenkazper.de)

BREAD AND WATER/REASON OF INSANITY - split EP

REASON OF INSANITY play pretty heavy and fast hardcore punk. Good execution; pretty pummeling. A little AUS ROTTEN with some crossover elements. BREAD AND WATER play in the same vein...fast, heavy hardcore/punk, but with good female vocals. Both hail from Dallas. It's cool to see a scene that has been looked over getting some exposure! (MW)
(Burrito, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509)



BRIDE JUST DIED - "All Hallow's Eve" CD

Here are eleven songs produced by Rat Scabies (don't know how they swung that) dedicated to the celebration of Halloween. 1-2-3-4 punk...you know that sped up RAMONESy thing. Every song sinks into the next. This is unbelievabley generic. Pure caca. (DL)
(NDN, PO Box 131471, The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471)

THE BRIEFS - "Hit After Hit" LP

I went to see these guys play on a recommendation from a friend from Seattle. When they hit the stage, I immediately thought, "Pete didn't mention they were a POLICE cover band." That was only based on looks, since all four members were bleached blonde and wearing ties. Yes, I amuse myself sometimes. The music is a snotty kind of poppy punk that could be categorized into that early '80s new wave revival, if I wanted to be mean, but escapes the trappings by not having a keyboard. Good choice. The songs are so catchy and fun. The live show is great too. In fact, I listened to this record when I got home from the show. How often does that happen? (CK)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

BURNING PIPE HARMONY - "Revolution Napalm" CD

More competent, well produced, sleazy dirt-head car rock from Europe's North end, Finland in this case. Hard to call punk, not fast enough. Has no STOOGES or stoner-rock slow burn either. Since I'm pressed for comparison, maybe we'll go with a little CULT, and of course, the obligatory, HELLACOPTERS (sans new keyboard addition). It really doesn't sound exactly like anything, and yet is still somehow generic. Not bad. (RY)
(Hiljaiset Levyt, PO Box 211, 33201 Tampere, FINLAND)

BURNMAN - "Notes For a Catalogue for an Exhibition" CD

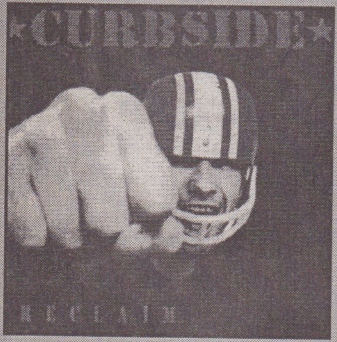
There seems to be a very consistent sound coming from the folks over at No Idea these days, this cd is no different. BURNMAN is very similar in power to the driving energy of TWELVE HOUR TURN (and SPIRIT ASSEMBLY before them), but with a decent dose of that CIRCUS LUPUS quirky dissonance and vocal style that more and more bands seem to be integrating into their sound. I later found, through an extensive investigation, that BURNMAN contains two members of I HATE MYSELF, go figure. All in all, the CD is a bit repetitive, but still worth the purchase. Great production, great artwork, tons of soul. (SP)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636 Gainesville, FL 32604, noidearecords.com)

CAD/AHUMADO GRANUJO - split EP

Crazy neon sleeve—looks screened, but think that it's actually printed. Two blazing grindcore bands—from the Slovakia and the Czech Republic respectively. They generally stick to the formula—it's a total blur, with the stop/start sporadic structures that prove that they can actually play. The CAD side has thinner production, but the vocals are frantic—two, three, six—there's a lot of vocals going on. Seems that they're all talking about different things—it's not a "chorus" in the traditional sense, that's for sure! It's good—nothing new, but it's tight, fast and stops and starts quicker than you'd believe possible. AHUMADO GRANUJO get props for the production—it's enormous. Great guitar—full on assault. Makes a difference...if you're not doing something entirely new, at least do it well! Good stuff, despite being nothing new. (TM)
(Napal-Med, Radek Kopel, Lipova 1123, 434 01 Most, CZECH REPUBLIC)

CHICKENCHEST & THE BIRDBOYS - LP

Photos of apparently content beasts adorn the front cover; the gruesome corpses of their fellows decorate the back. Though much of this mid- to fast-tempo hardcore record is dedicated



to the details of animal suffering, other targets of criticism include religious indoctrination, sexism, and callousness toward the homeless. Decent, though sometimes muddy, hc from former and current members of DISRUPT, REDRUM, GRIEF, STATE OF FEAR, and more. (AC)
(Toe-Knee, PO Box 358, Danvers, MA 01923, jazzyt666@webtv.com)

CITIZEN FISH/THE TOSSERS – split EP

Love them or hate them they won't go away. Dick, formally of SUBHUMANS and CULTURE SHOCK is still *still* writing songs. This is not the horrible ska attack I was fearing, instead it kinda (repeat "kinda") rocks inna poppy dare-I-say-it *streetpunk* sort of way. As usual Dick's lyrics are top shelf. the TOSSERS on the other hand live up to their name. This is the umpteenth (...okay, third) POGUES rip-off I've heard this month. Let's clear this up right now, ready America? The POGUES were the ONLY band who could pull that shit off. It had a place and a time and it was great. You don't know how utterly lame it is to hear American bands trying to be Irish, as someone who comes from the Emerald Isle I'm almost embarrassed for you. Okay SWINGIN' UTTERS? Got that St. BUSHMILLS CHOIR? And what the fuck were GREEN DAY thinking with that last single??? It is all so *so* bad. Sorry. (AD)
(Thick, 409 N. Wolcott Ave, Chicago, IL 60622)

CHANTS R&B - "Live '66" LP

.....I guess these dudes are from New Zealand.....a live album recorded on a tape recorder....the sound is shit, the performance is wild and over the top, and the songs are the usual staple '60s chartbuster standards......for fans of the period only.....for the rest of us, it will only collect dust.... (SW)
(Corduroy, Factory 4/20 Advantage Rd, Highett Vic, AUSTRALIA 3190)

CHARGE 69 - "Vos Lois Ne Sont Pas Nos Regles" CD

From what I understand, this is this French band's sophomore release, and I wish I could understand the lyrics. It's a little ADVERTS, a tad COCKNEY REJECTS, and a dash ANGELIC UPSTARTS during their more tuneful period—but by no means does this lean to the oi side of the spectrum—the production lends heavily to their sound, which is even a little of the late, great Canadian NILS. Catchy and easily digestible; I'll bet they absolutely set off all the little French punks. (RD)
(7, Rue de Paquis, 57950 Montigny-les-Metz, FRANCE)

CHEIFS - "Hollywest Crisis" LP

This is a vinyl version of the CD comp that came out on FlipSide a few years back. The Hate label out of Italy scores again with their massive reissue missive, with all new artwork on this'un. Compiling all of the CHEIFS vinyl output (the *Blues* 7" EP, tracks from the *Who Cares* and *Chunks* comp LPs as well as unreleased shit, all from '80/'81 era. You gotta wonder why the title track never made it to vinyl 'til now: it ranks up there with the 45 tracks. There's no doubt that the CHEIFS were one of LA's most powerful gritty punk bands, deserving of their place in killer punkdom. (HY)
(Hate, Circ.ne Gianicolense 112-00152, Roma, ITALY, haters@tiscalinet.it)

COCKSPARRER - "Runnin Riot Across the USA" 2xLP

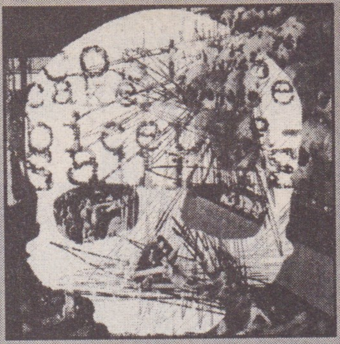
I missed these dudes when they played in SF a while back. Pretty much everyone I talked to said the show was great. Oh well. As for this record, I don't really see the point. The sound quality is decent but nothing special. It has that generic live recording sound where you can hear everything, but it sounds as if you're listening to it coming from the room next to you. Besides, all of this band's older material (including a live album) has been reissued and is easy enough to find. Same goes for their newer stuff. For those who were there and want to relive the moment, and for COCKSPARRER fanatics, I suppose. (RM)
(TKO, 41045 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

COSMIC PSYCHOS - "15 Years, a Million Beers" 2xLP

A real classy package brought to you by Dropkick Records (the kick-ass new label headed by Rich Stanley of the ONYAS). Don't ya just fucking love the COSMIC PSYCHOS?! I just realized how long it's been since I've even heard "Dead Roo" or any of the classics. The first LP here is packed with 'em. From there you get some demos, live shit, and a few covers—including a stellar version of HALO OF FLIES' "Garbage Rock." They seem to have always been old and ugly but never ever tired, one of the most potent live bands I've ever seen. A sound as muscular as any three-piece could dream to deliver. A perfect introduction to the band, but just as necessary for the good ol' rest of us diehards. (RY)
(Dropkick, PO Box 192, East Melbourne 3002, AUSTRALIA)

COSTAS CAKEHOUSE/BICEPTASAURUS - split CD

Nice silkscreened CD case—there's actually a design silkscreened on the plastic jewel case. Some time's been spent on the layout here—even with skulls being the primary artistic influence, it looks nice. Two rough and tumble hardcore bands from Germany and Australia—gruff, hoarse, and harsh. Similar to any number of US dreadlocked crustcore bands, not that they're in bad company or anything. Lyrics range from the personal to scene politics (points for a song about returning stamps!). COSTAS CAKEHOUSE get the nod on the lyric tip—they manage to ask questions without answering them, and make observations without being trite or obvious. (TM)
(InLeaguewitsatano@yahoo.co.uk)



CRAVING - "Comparable? Traces!" EP

Scratchy, angular, rhythmic post punk. If emo didn't mean something else entirely now I might use that term here. This type of thing can get self indulgent and wanky, but CRAVING aren't fucking about and keep the pace and energy at full throttle all the way. If you're disappointed that AT THE DRIVE IN sold out, or that (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY aren't as good as REFUSED, you might want to look into this. (AM)
(Scene Police, c/o DPM, Humboldtstr. 15, 53115 Bonn, GERMANY, scenepolice.de)

CREEPING JESUS – CD

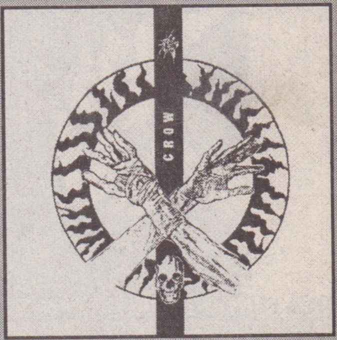
Wow, this is not what I expected. This sounds like a turbo-charged BAD RELIGION crossed with ZEKE, no shit—this rocks dude. They're a new band from Australia with a ten-year age bracket, they refer to themselves as a kind of "punk rock Partridge Family", ahh...great culture crosses many far frontiers. As the disc goes on the BAD RELIGION influence is less evident and what's left is a real real tough catchy fast hardcore punk, played so well it's difficult to be believe they've only been around for less than a year. Good semi-political lyrics seal the deal—this is a keeper, and won't be among the huge pile of mediocrity I'll be bringing to the used record store next week. This is hair-on-the-forearm-raising-good. They have a song about turning thirty (called "Thirty" funnily enough), which I will be tomorrow, that is so great it sends chills up the spine. Finding shit like this is why I come here and do this. Beauty! (AD)
($10 ppd world from Killer Kicks, PO Box 642, Charlestown 2290, NSW, AUSTRALIA)

CREEPS - "Enjoy the..." LP

The CREEPS are a Swedish garage band that wear beatle boots, white belts, and ruffles. And hairdos that ranges from 'TIL TUESDAT-era Aimee Mann to Bobby Brady. And music marred by pristine production, jazzy interludes, uninspired guitar breaks, crooning, '50s-isms, '60s-isms, harmonica bullshit and farfisa torture. Wasted music lessons. Gimme the CHESTERFIELD KINGS or MIRACLE WORKERS or LYRES or CUSTOMS any day. (HY)
(Star, 148 Simcoe St S., Oshawa, Ontario L1H 4G7 CANADA)

CROW - "Children Lost...The Bright Future" EP

Ahhhh!!! Such sweet sounds to my ears! CROW arises once again to pummel us all with their classic AMEBIX/DISCHARGE/ANTISECT mixture. Dark, gloomy and so wonderful. Listen to this while readying your steed for tomorrow's ride into battle or whilst you prepare the sacrifice for the winter solstice. Anthemic, powerful and while I could do without the blazing guitar solos (sorry a little *too* metal for this punker—though they are nothing new), it's all just so wonderful. Good stuff to listen to while thinking about the horrors of nuclear war from these veterans and hey, the AMEBIX cover is top notch. (MT)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)



CURBSIDE - "Reclaim" CD

I remember seeing these guys play a show at the Nightbreak maybe five years ago here in SF. So they've been around awhile. This CD is pretty good actually. If you heard this you'd swear these guys were from SoCal. They kind of remind me a bit of PENNYWISE with some HÜSKER DÜ thrown in. Fourteen songs. Not bad. (RM)
(Half Pint, no address)

DARKER DAY TOMORROW - "No Sleep in Forty Days" CD

Maybe if I weren't sitting here trying to think of a good reason you should spend your hard earn money on this I wouldn't be so critical. With at least one ex-member of ANOTHER VICTIM, I was hoping for more of an early SEPULTURA-ish tribal, metalcore sound, but nope, DDT practices hardcore by the numbers, Syracuse, NY style. I like generic hardcore and this is even a bit too obvious for me. Not that there is anything wrong with that familiar sound. This is fine. It's heavy and slow, all the mosh parts any tough could want. As this is their second release, I doubt things are going to get any better, but DARKER DAY TOMORROW may prove me wrong later this year. (TJ)
($10 ppd: Redstar, 762 Upper James St. Ste. 335, Hamilton, ONT, CANADA L9C 3A0, sohc.org/redstar)

DIE KREUZEN - "Cows & Beer" EP

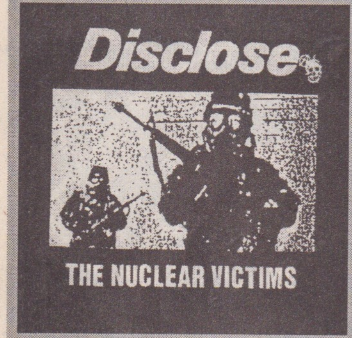
This is a bootleg of the legendary Xenia, Ohio Version Sound EP from September 1982 by old school punk rockers DIE KREUZEN. The sound is fucked up and you should studiously avoid this shitty product. Go find an original EP or a legitimate reissue of this great EP. Listen to classic punk hits like "Think For Me," "Hate Me," "Don't Say Please," and "Enemies." DIE KREUZEN was a great band! (BR)
(no address)

DISARM/SUBCUT - split EP

DISARM is precisely what I expected before I put the record on: solid, but generic, D-Beat madness that suffers from a poor recording. Musically, this stands well above most discore, and after the second song I hardly minded the drum machine at all. Lyrics are all in Spanish, but one song mentions fighting, another has "animals" in the title, and one is about innocent victims (I think), so we have standard "dis" fare there as well. SUBCUT, also from Brazil, are more in the straight HC/grind vein. The grind parts bore me a bit, but the hardcore parts are fucking awesome. Again, this suffers from a boom box recording (literally) and I'm sure I could have done without the INTESTINAL DISEASE cover. (WN)
(RUA HORTENCIA, 27, vl.maristela, 19020-080, Pres. Prudente, SP BRAZIL, disarm-crust@ig.com.br)

DISCIPLINE - "Nice Boys Finish Last" CD

This band's sound is as generic as it gets. Loud, heavy production, crunchy guitars, slightly melodic song structures, gang backing vocals and a singer who sounds like he's grunting out a big shit. All in all they manage to turn out a couple of decent hardcore tunes, but in the end this release is entirely forgettable. (RM)
(Discipline, PO Box, 2296, 5500 BG Veldhoven, NETHERLANDS)

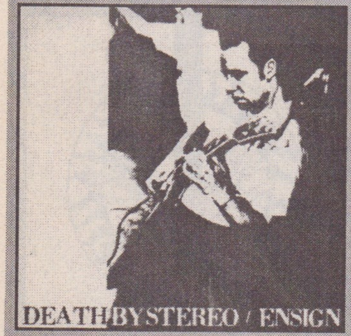


DISCLOSE - "The Nuclear Victims" EP

Such a cleansing sound to my ears after suffering the ravages of the new PENI EP. The cover says *Raw D-Beat Punk* and really what more of a description do you need for these kings of the DIS-clone kingdom?! Wonderful, powerful, and yes it does sound exactly like DISCHARGE, but you know what? I could give a fuck, cause I'd rather listen to a thousand bands sing about the horrors of nuclear war, chemical war, or any other kinda war any day of the week than listen to one more fucking band whine about their sweater or the cute girls at the mall. Music to beat yourself in the face with a hammer to. Oh yeah, this is just a collection trax from comps, but hey you never can have enough of this band. (MT)
(Whispers In Darkness, PO Box 40113, Portland, OR 97240-0113)

DOMINATRIX - "Girl Gathering" CD

All pro-girl songs sung in English by these Brazilian riot grrlz. Good mid-tempo melodic hardcore with precise guitars and great background vocals. What I really like about them is that they don't straight bash all guys (something I can't deal with). Included is info on collectives and groups in Brazil. (SR)
(Teenager in a Box, Caixa Postal 205, São Paulo, SP, CEP 01059970, BRAZIL)



2 MINUTOS DE ODIO/ MILKHOUSE - split EP

DIY Spanish hardcore. 2 MINUTOS DE ODIO is real fast hardcore with a vocalist yelling about the importance of self-government. "No Mas Division" is their best track, with a great bass filled breakdown. MILKHOUSE is great old school hardcore with strong female vocals. These guys and gal are on the ball with awesome pauses, hooks, and shouts. Definitely the stronger side of the EP. (SR)
(Building, Apdo. 6317, 41080 Sevilla, SPAIN, building@alehop.com)

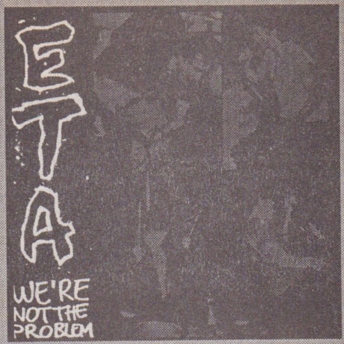
EASY LIVIN' - "Good Time Head-On Collision!" LP

Rootsy, punky stuff here. Equal touches rockabilly, R&B and old school punkrawk. Does have that certain shambling quality that the purist loves. Can't really say that any of the tunes made me wake up and notice, but its not too bad. These guys even know when to throw in some garage-isms in for good measure. Obviously a bunch of guys who are more enthusiastic than competent. Which in our books is a good thing, right? (JY)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

ENSIGN/DEATH BY STEREO - split EP

Oh ENSIGN, my favorite little treat of all the Jersey shore hardcore bands. As usual, Tim's lyrics are top notch (especially for the genre) and while it's not as fast as the first LP, the playing is still top notch and avoids going down the pathway of generic mature poop. Good stuff as usual. Wish I could say the same for DEATH BY STEREO—what the fuck is up with those

vocals?!! Yeah you wanna be John Joseph—but I got some news for ya fellow—and I'll give you one guess as to what it is... fools compared them to the CRO–MAGS, but stupid is as stupid does... (MT)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

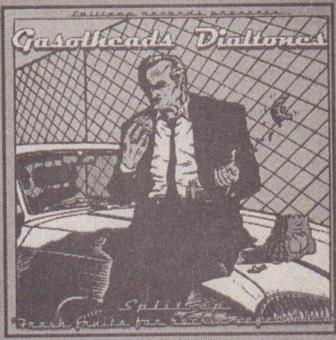


ETA - "We're Not the Problem" LP
Great fast thrash from Sweden that sounds like its fucking Boston '82 all over again. While their earlier stuff was more in the Scandinavian vein, this sounds like Sweden's answer to TEAR IT UP. Great shit, get this *now*. (MW)
(Putrid Filth Conspiracy c/o Rodrigo Alfaro, Sodraparkgatan 35, S-214 22, Mälmo, SWEDEN)

EXHIBIT A - "Sensory Integration Training" CD
This is some fucked up shit...this is all over the place, super technical grindcore, but so eclectic that it's...it's just fucking weird. There are multiple vocal styles, crazy time changes. Only thing is the CD suffers from a slightly low recording. I'd like to compare this to something, but I'm at a loss. EXIT-13 meets SOCKEYE? I think I like it. (MW)
(Mad as a Meat Axe, PO Box 320, South Homebush, Sydney 2140, AUSTRALIA)

EYEBALL - "More Days to Come" LP
Maybe you just pulled out your old JUDGE T-shirt to sell on eBay and during a brief nostalgic moment you wondered what's new with the Youth Crew scene you used to love and hold so true before you started sucking down brews. If not, you are already know and respect EYEBALL; sporty, German, sXe gems that they are; and Crucial Response's consistently solid ass-kicking hardcore sound. Beware, this was recorded two years ago to date, so it is possible you have filed this way in the "E" section of record collection and have forgotten all about it. Listen to it, now. OK, "old school," get off the fucking computer put that shirt on and remember the way it was. (TJ)
(Crucial Response, Kaisersfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY, skiz_1@hotmail.com)

FACING DOWN - "A Road Less Traveled" CD
I just can't explain how much I hate the term, melodic hardcore. But, oh well. FACING DOWN play something similar to TEN FOOT POLE but with a little harder edge. For the most part the songs are fast and there are a few chugga-chuggas. The vocals and the recording are both clean, but the band doesn't seem to bring anything that is fresh to the style of music. Although the record is played well and I always fall for the drawn out ending to the final song of a record, this style of music needs a new slant for a band to do anything amazing. (PA)
(Funt Me, Dutselhoek 12, 3220 Holsbeek, BELGIUM, mide@dds.nl)



THE FALSIES - "Theory in Motion" CD
I saw this band a while back last time they came out here to SF and liked they energy they had, and how dedicated they seemed to be. Later, I read their interview in *Maximum* and was impressed by the fact that they have gone on the road so much, despite being relatively young and not having records out on larger labels. Despite all this, I'm a little ambivalent about this release. The songs are really well produced, the packaging is great, but something about it just seems artificial. They incorporate fast skate-rock parts a la LAGWAGON with slightly-cliched emo parts similar to YOU AND I. Not to mention the name of the label...(sigh). I could see a lot of people being into this, but I tend to like things a little less watered-down. (SP)
(Emogeddon, 4 Howard Ave, Baltimore, MD 21228)

FINAL MASSAKRE - "The Bells of Hell Toll the Final Chime" EP
Well executed DIS-style thrash. Good tunes, good lyrics, and a great insert on the plight of the Buffalo in the US. The back title says it all: "full metal jacket d-beat raw punk." (MW)
(Tribal War, PO Box 40113, Portland, OR 97240-0113)

GASOLHEADS/THE DIALTONES - split EP
I've come across both of these French bands before. They're both fucking good. GASOLHEADS do it Japanese garage of yesteryear style with more tidy production. The DIALTONES pack some slicker attitude goin' for an EF-type toughy sound on their first cut and surfy on the second. Frenchies I can stand! (RY)
(Lollipop, 6 tr. Montseggur 13016 Marseille, FRANCE)

GENE DEFCON - "Baby, Hallelujah" EP
The third 7" from this Olympia band. Side A is pretty good dance new wave rock. It is up-beat with catchy keyboards. Side B is more poppy and a bit too saccharine for my taste. The fourth song, "Only a Man-Girl" is like their disco soul hit. (JT)
(Modern Radio, PO Box 8886, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE GIZMOS - "1976 / 1977" LP

This is one hundred percent fuzz-drenched teen proto-punk from Indiana in the late seventies. This raw and snotty pack of miscreants carved out a nether world that would later be inhabited by the likes of the AFRIKA KORPS and the MIRACLE WORKERS. Mr.'s Ken Highland and Rich Coffee created a trashy rock and roll sound that young bands would continue to emulate for twenty years. Now you can listen to Vulcher Records Classics like "Muff Divin" and "Pumpin' to Playboy" without the difficulty of tracking down the rare original seven inches. This is a must-have collection for all you adolescent retro rockers and gararge rock geeks. (BR)
(Hate, Circ.Ne Gianicolense 112, 00152, Roma, ITALY)

GRANNIES - CD

The music on this disc is good, not unlike the LAZY COWGIRLS or SUPERSUCKERS with a little NUGENT or SKYNRD tossed in, but I just can't get past the grandma schtick to review this objectively. I mean, come on, a bunch of guys dressed up like old ladies with songs like "Granny City Riot" and "Grannies Gonna Get You"? I'm not that desperate for entertainment. (DP)
(Dead Teenager, PO Box 470153, San Francisco, CA 94147-0153)

HATED YOUTH - "Hardcore Rules" EP

Just talking to Max about how this is truly the shit as I'm concerned—totally authentic early '80s generic hardcore. It's like every one of these bands had the same drummer—you can play along on your leg, it's catchy as hell, the songs are short and obnoxious. No huge anthemic guitar sweeps, no mellow intros, no wasted time. Gotta love the sheer spite of the lyrics as well—I remember the days of being constantly amazed at bands who pushed the envelope—there was nothing sacred, and it showed. The three songs from the *We Can't Help It if We're From Florida* EP (1983) and nine songs previously unreleased. This is what I'd call the "classic" sound—raw, unpolished, unapologetic and totally obnoxious. Awesome stuff. (TM)
($3 ppd: Burrito, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

HEARTSIDE – "The Triumph of the Will" EP

Four tracks of Italian heavy screamy (old fashioned) emo-esque hardcore. Non-chipper introspective lyrics and relentless noisy pounding make for a sure-fire dud. Sounds like STRUGGLE. Somebody else should have been given this— this is my idea of hell. (AD)
(I Think, Matteo Di Giulio, C.P. 14136, 20140 Milano, ITALY)

RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS - "Destiny Street" LP

At the risk of causing offense, I've never been much of a Richard Hell fan, worthy and seminal figure that he was. Although he wrote some fine songs and I liked Robert Quine's guitar work, there was a certain quality to his voice that left me cold as last night's pizza (hell, being a New Yorker, he always had access to better pizza but I didn't hold that against him). This LP of Red Star material is about as good as the *Blank Generation* LP (no standout "anthems" such as that title track, however) which is generally considered a classic, so the ready availability of this stuff is certainly a Good Thing. Even I got a kick out of the cover of the KINKS "I Gotta Move;" R. Hell threatening to comb his hair, *indeed.* (DD)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317, gethip.com)

THE HERBERTS - "Carbonaria" CD

Actually, this has four bands on it. The HERBERTS, CARBONARIO, PATRIOTAS and the SKULLS. All of the fourteen songs here are CONDEMNED 84 mid-tempo oi that gets boring after one or two cuts. (RM)
(Rotten, Caixa Postal 781, CEP 09380, Maua, SP, BRAZIL)

HIRNSAULE - "Ich Weiss Wo Dein Haus Wohnt" EP

This is high-energy punk with a rock edge. They manage to sound quite a bit like the CANDY SNATCHERS at times, and more like some COS bands at other times. Not bad at all. (NF)
(Umsturz, Voxtruper Str. 12, Osnabruck 49082 GERMANY)

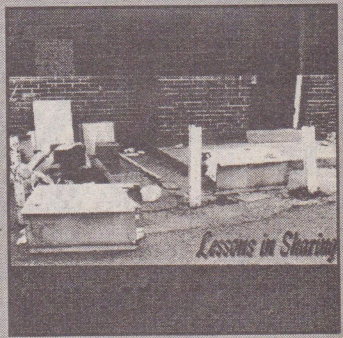
HHH - "Complete Discography 1985-1993" 2 x CD

Oh man, you kids are in for a treat. HHH are the real deal, and once again you should all be sending Max 625 flowers and boxes of candy as a thank you for putting this puppy out. For those of you not in "the know," HHH were *the* hardcore band from Spain in the late '80s. Fast as fuck, melodic, anthemic– all the elements that get the kids on their collective feet and stomping in a circle. For those of you who still aren't convinced think a catchier NEOS or LÄRM– or for you younger folks think WHAT HAPPENS NEXT– but really, HHH stands out on their

own. Bonus points for the amazing packaging (gatefold cardboard CD case, booklet with all the lyrics and their story). 105 songs spanning two CD's– an it has everything: the demo, the split LP, the LP, the EP, plus a slew of unreleased and live tracks. Amazing and totally essential. (625 Thrashcore, P.O. Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

HHH - "Making Changes" CD

First of all, this is NOT the legendary Spanish thrash band HHH (whose 2xCD discography is amazing, by the way), rather, this is the somewhat retro '88 styled English HHH. Ten songs here, heavy on the melody, light on the chugga chugga breakdowns (thankfully), and with well written positive lyrics about empty words, assholes at shows, and being yourself. This stands out amongst a genre that is pathetically overrun with generic twerps who have jumped on the bandwagon. (WN)
(Positive Outlook, 14 Huntly Grove, Peterborough, PE1 4DJ, UK,
hhh@poitiveoutlook.freeserve.co.uk)



HOLLYWOOD MIKE MIRANDA/TEEN CTHULHU - split EP

Gotta love the cover of this EP: pitch black envelope with nothing but an upside down cross on the front. Very nice. HMM offer two songs mixing slight melody with tons of chaos. Lots of screams and blasts, but counterbalanced with plenty of head-boppin goodness. The TEEN CTHULHU side is way chunkier, a little more mid-tempoed, slightly less chaotic, but just as good.This is how a split EP should be done. (SP)
(Crash Rawk, 1122 E. Pike St. #1037, Seattle, WA 98122)

HOT DOGS - "The Powerhouse" LP

The HOT DOGS are some sorta Spanish version of a '70s arena rock sensation who learned a lesson or two from MC5 and early BOWIE. Like their first LP, they sing in English, but provide both English and Spanish versions on their lyric sheet. Solid tunes, well executed with plenty of energy. Fans of GLUCIFER might take note. (HM)
(Safety Pin, PO Box 51241, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, www.arrakis.es/~safetypin)

HYBRID MUTANTS/FLAMIN' ANUS - "Unreconstructed" split CD

FLAMIN' ANUS rips into it right away with tight, quick, heavy metalish tunes that remind me of MOTLEY CRUE's "Live Wire" then into NERF HERDER's "Buffy Theme". Then the ANUSes settle into some more punk-like tunes which aren't quite as awesome as the first few anthems on this CD, but pack a good punch. The MUTANTS' stuff's from 1999 when they must have recorded a butt load of tunes at once and have been milking it for a few releases. The MUTANTS offer some pretty heavy, macho metal-tinged punk. A few tunes seem to be duplicates off their debut cd. They leave us with a heavy, high-octane version of "I Wanna Be Your Dog". A pretty macho CD with a few awesome cuts. (HM)
($8 ppd: Transparent, 6759 Transparent Dr, Clarkston, MI 48346, angelfire.com/sc/flaminanus/)

HYSTERICS/NO PLACE FOR A HERO - split EP

A so-so split. The HYSTERICS sound like a band really into HOT WATER MUSIC but with monotone vocals that neither sing well or scream. It's tough to seperate this from the rest of the herd. I liked the JAWBREAKER-isms of NO PLACE, but there is no forgiving the cover of JOURNEY's "Don't Stop Believing". Make that not even so-so.(RL)
(Flammable, PO Box 7714, Chicago, IL 60680)

IT'S TIME TO ROCK - CD

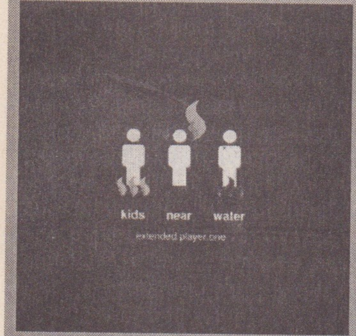
If only this band could actually live up to its title. Unfortunately what we have hear is a band that sounds like a cross between new SUPERSUCKERS stuff and later-era IRON MAIDEN. This is not a good combo folks, and IT'S TIME TO ROCK didn't put out a good CD. (JF)
(Prime Directive Records, PO box 571, Balboa, CA 92661)

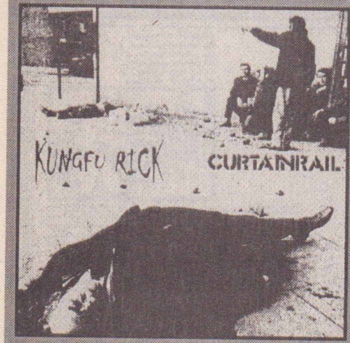
JABARA/@PATHIA NO - split 7"

JABARA envelop that beloved Swedish driving straightforward hardcore sound of, say, UNCURBED, and perform it with an uniquely Japanese fervor of, say, GAUZE. A two-song appetizer that leaves you longing for more. Venezuela's @PATHIA NO bust out simple raw mid-tempo, early '80s, South American punk, no frills like it was way back when. (TJ)
(HG Fact, 401 Hongo_M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013 JAPAN,
hgfact@japan.interq.or.jp)

JACKIE & THE CEDRICS - "Presenting..." 10"

This seven-song instrumental EP is a strange hybrid of surf/lounge/garage. I really dug it at first, but by the end, it got to be a bit samey. The guitar is clear, bright, and occasionally fast as hell. The organ is nice, but is dialed to the Lawrence Welk setting a little too much. The over-





all effect is cool background music, but can be sleep inducing in large doses. This isn't quite up to the usual Norton standards. I'm still on the fence. (BG)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS - "Intense and Mild" EP
Straight forward hardcore assualt as one would expect from 625 Thrashcore. This EP is relentless start to finish, 11 songs on a 45 rpm 7" should tip you off on what's in store once this record hits your turntable. Imagine if LOS CRUDOS were from Japan and sang about drinkin' and smokin'—and that's exactly what you'd have here. "Drive out all bullshit." (AS)
(625 Thrashcore, P.O. Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142)

THE JONESES – "Gravity Blues" CD
Not to be confused with the ol' LA glam punk band, this is good brit punk '90s style. Featuring the guitar and songwriting talents of Dickie Hammond of LEATHERFACE fame, this sounds like a mixture of LEATHERFACE with a vocalist who sounds like the guy in SNUFF. A good release although I wish Dickie were still in the great LEATHERFACE. Great guitar and good songs make this a solid release. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK, www.bosst.freeserve.co.uk)

JUSTICE SHALL PREVAIL/BONDED WITH BLOOD - split EP
Former play some ferocious hardcore, totally solid with an impressive amount of impact. They manage to be quick without using speed as a crutch—it's hard hitting and upbeat, without relying on cliched song structures or wimping out in any way. Some awesome stuff—even the lyrics are both introspective and intelligent, without being preachy or cliched. Some great stuff. The flip is also burly hardcore—two vocalists in addition to two guitarists, so they've got an advantage in personnel. BONDED WITH BLOOD fail a bit on the lyrics, sticking to the SxEx themes in a way that's predictable and somewhat disappointing themes of "the edge," "staying true," etc., etc. They've both got the music down for sure, seems that the latter has a decent power of example lyrically in the former. (TM)
(Kidney, Merenlahdentie 21, 53850 LPR, FINLAND)

THE JYNX - "Greatest Hits" 10"
These Memphis kids were, as M. Linna succinctly states in the liners, "junior high school Anglophiles whose noggins had been instantly french fried by the BEATLES and the ROLLING STONES and whose sole notion was to make a racket." Endearingly loose performances of THEM's "Little Girl," the RAIDERS' "Just Like Me," the MOODY BLUES' "And My Baby's Gone" (which benefits tremendously from the heartfelt garage treatment) and JAMES BROWN's "I'll Go Crazy" (the arrangement from the MOODYs first LP). BIG STAR fans: note that the young Chris Bell is playing guitar. (DD)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, NewYork, NY 10276, nortonrecords.com)

KAAOS/SVART AGGRESSION - split EP
Had a sense of what to expect—this label is well known (and deservedly so!) for putting out some ferocious Finnish thrash, both then and now. This is more of the same, not that I'm complaining. Haven't heard SVART AGGRESSION before, and they certainly have a good showing—the wall of noise guitar works for me! Unrelenting stuff with barely any relief—think chainsaws and screaming for a couple of minutes—you're about there. KAAOS do a track originally recorded in 1984, not that you could really tell, since it's aged well. Bit more structured than the flip, but it goes along well. More melody, less noise. Nice that you get a bit of both! Another keeper from... (TM)
(Fight, Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, FINLAND)

KELOPECS - "So Far No Good" EP
This is decent. Fun energetic pop punk in the SCREECHING WEASEL/ Mutant Pop vien. Not much else to say about it. It's an old record from '97 recorded at Sonic Iguana. (BM)
($4 ppd; Spastic, 6655 Kitimat Rd, Unit 13, Missisauga, Ontario, CANADA L5N 6J4)

KIDS NEAR WATER - "Extended Player One" CDEP
Yeah, the KIDS are alright. Sorry, couldn't resist that one. This EP consists of five longish songs, picking up the torch where bands like QUICKSAND, SEAWEED, and TEXAS IS THE REASON so abruptly dropped it. These songs tend to be in drop D tuning, and feature a thick metal guitar chug dynamic, mixed with heavy, anthemic choruses. Once you get accustomed to the sound, it really draws you in. The songwriting is mostly excellent. The only potential problem I could see is if they followed their influence's lead, and moved to bigger labels and blander (FM friendly) sounds. Anyhow, I dig where they are now. If you jones for that mid '90s sophisticated metal emo sound, then this is what you need. (BG)

(Firefly, PO Box 30179, London, UK E17 5FE)

KILL YOUR IDOLS - "No Gimmicks Needed" LP

Fresh off their split with VOORHEES, KILL YOUR IDOLS deliver a full 12" of raging upbeat hardcore. Yes, "No Gimmicks Needed" is a wonderful record to try to learn all those crazy hardcore dance moves to. Hell, I even had to try a couple of them out in the MRR kitchen. Two finger points in the air for this winner. (JF)
(Blackout!, P.O. Box 1575, NYC, NY 10009)

KUNG FU RICK/CURTAINRAIL – split EP

Both of these bands are really fast and noisy, as one would expect from 625. KUNG FU RICK get the prize for best song title—"Don't Piss Down My Leg and Tell Me It's Raining"—after that it is impossible for me to not like them. They belt out out four extreme thrashers with good lyrics. Intelligent hardcore with sense of humor = good. CURTAINRAIL (all the way from Tokyo, ladies and gentlemen) are equally as spastic with a slight metal tinge. This is really good, even if it *is* not really my cup of tea, all that racket gives me a sore head... (AD)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

LAST SECURITY - "I'm Right You're Wrong" LP

Fast aggressive hardcore that is full of passion and angst. It all has a pretty raw barebones feel to it. Chaotic and hectic are words that cross my mind listening to this. Snarling vocals bark out political and social rants. This comes from the label that brought you EPILEPTIC TERROR ATTACK and INTENSITY, so you should know that you are onto something good. (RC)
(Putrid Filth Conspiracy, c/o Rodrigo Alfaro, Sodraparkgatan 35, S-21422 Malmo SWEDEN, putridfilth@bigfoot.com)

LYCOSA - "Lycobra Command" EP

These lads from Richmond, VA surely know how to dole out the punishment. Seven songs that dart between tech-grind and head bobbing heavy mid-tempo hardcore, with more than a little sludge thrown in. This falls in the realm of KILARA or EYEHATEGOD without sounding redundant. Absolutely punishing, this is one of the best records I've heard in a while, although I didn't care much for their CD. I hope they are dirty...it would be a shame for this kind of fury to come from a bunch of clean kids, you know? (WN)
(Putrid Filth Conspiracy, Sodraparkgatan 35, 214 22 Mälmo, SWEDEN)

LYLE SHERATON & THE DAYLIGHT LOVERS - LP

Lyle Sheraton? Never heard of 'im , though I figure he's had an uphill battle living as a down-and-out greaseball rock-and-roller in the wilds of Montreal (as opposed to Tupelo, Memphis or Bakersfield). At any rate these DAYLIGHT LOVERS are a real potent blend of blues, '50s rock 'n' roll (note the cover of Mr. Eddie Cochrane's "Nervous Breakdown"), '77-style punk rock (the PACK's classic "Nobody Can Tell Us" gets the royal treatment) and heady, DEVIL DOGS-styled romp and stomp. Gots all the right elements that make rock and roll sound right rather than wrong, and a devil-may-care sense of fun that I always admire. The studio presence of Jack OBLIVIAN and Mick Collins probably don't hurt none, but I can still see "star potential" written all over these kids. Onward and upward, yes? I'll be paying rapt attention from my seat in the oxygen tent. (JH)
(Sympathy for the Record Industry)

THE MARBLES - "Seduction" CD

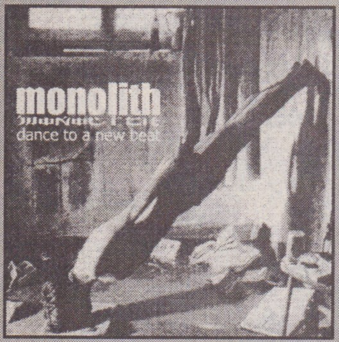
This three peice is good minimalist melodic power pop. The It totally reminds me of the BANGLES and a bit like the GO GO's. Good rock song structures; it would sound more pop-punk which I'm really not into, but I like her voice, which reminds me of the BANGLES song "The Glitter Years."I would like to hear more keyboards!! (JT)
(Break-up!, PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215-0372)

MASTER MECHANIC - "Oo-tay/I Wanna Kiss You"

I have strong feelings in favor of band photos. It pisses me off when one's not included—doesn't have to be the front cover, the back will do...just gimme a fucking photo! How many of the best punk rock records had a simple band photo on the cover? Rants aside, I like this record. Girl vox that rock. She's got a sexy whine. Musically heavy rock—could pump it up faster and punker, but it still works. (RY)
(Republic Of Chesterfield, PO Box 4247, Pittsburgh, PA 15203)

MCCRACKINS - "Too Tough to Die" LP

I never really got into this band. I know they've got some decent material... you just have to weed through the countless crappy and half assed records that they've put out...all two hun-



dred of them (this may be a slight exaggeration on my behalf). As big of a RAMONES fan as I am, I never got into this album. So let's do the math here—one band that I really don't care about, covering an album that I really don't care for. I just don't see the point of this record even existing. JON COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP already covered this album (and did a much better job, I might add). I guess the MCCRACKINS just needed to put out another record. The MCCRACKINS: the king of generic pop punk bands...wear your crowns proudly, boys.... (BM)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

MILLIONS OF DEAD COPS – "Now More Than Ever" CD
This is a anthology/greatest hits disc spanning their twenty (Jesus!) years. What can you say about MDC? At one point I would say they were the finest band around (right after the DEAD KENNEDYS called it quits) and were once like *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*'s house band. Thirty tracks, the first fifteen are classic, the last fifteen...well, you can take or leave, it's not that their later stuff sucked that bad, it's just—compared to their earlier stuff...em, some of it *does*. I will go so far as to commit punk heresy and say that the first MDC record is better than MINOR THREAT. That's right I said it, give me a pencil and a piece of paper and I'll prove it to you. I was lucky enough when I was sixteen to get to travel to Liverpool, England and see the original line-up, I don't think anything will ever top that. Saying that, this should have been a double CD and contained the first two albums in their entirety, the *More Dead Cops* compilation, and a few of the best tracks off the third and fourth albums, and left it at that. There's some glaring omissions, "I Remember" and "Pay to Come Along" aren't on here, neither is "Missile Destroyed Civilization", three of their best songs that should have been included at the expense of say the SUBMISSIVES material that did make it on. Also I would (as a fan) liked to have got more of a history of the band than the single paragraph here, some photographs, and more of the great artwork that the earlier releases always had. If you have never heard them (ie; you are under twenty-eight, which most of you probably are...) they played great political hardcore punk with a ton of intelligence and wit, and a sound in the early days that was hair-raising. Maybe with a Republican retard (no offense to the mentally handicapped) in the Whitehouse the standard of punk music will rise to something approaching the quality of MDC and all those great old bands, I hope so, something good's gotta come out of it. Back to the disc—if you don't have their records go pick this up a help raise the bail money one of them obviously needs. (AD)
(MDC, PO Box 142, Glen Cove, NY 11542 email:mdcops@hotmail.com)

MEDICATION TIME - "One Free Miracle Ticket" LP
This LP has all that one would expect from high quality "Road Warrior" punk. Post-Apocalyptic artwork (complete with a two headed half-pig half-human baby!) that provides appropriate imagery to lyrics of post-modern alienation and the approaching nuclear winter of guitar distortion. MEDICATION TIME manages a balance of GISM insanity, the AMEBIX wasteland, and POISON IDEA burliness. This LP deserves its place in the Life Is Abuse catalog amongst ABC DIABOLO and DYSTOPIA. One last thing: Mike Matusio, the singer, remains one of my favorite people to see at an East Bay house party. (TH)
(Life Is Abuse, PO Box 20524, Oakland, CA 94620, lifeisabuse.com)

MICHAEL KNIGHT - "You Got Opinions, I Got Solutions" EP
This is essentially hardcore, but it's what hardcore *should* sound like by this time—all twisted up and mangled and filtered through other influences. There's bits of everything in here, from skatecore to KISS metal melody to surf rock to DEVO. If that description sounds weird to you, that's because MICHAEL KNIGHT *are* weird, but I think you'll like them. (AM)
(4TG, 36764 Harper Ave. Apt. 203, Clinton Twp, MI 48035, tha4tg@hotmail.com)

MIGRA VIOLENTA/CUCSIFAE - split EP
Two very different bands from Buenos Aires here. MIGRA VIOLENTA play extremely fast, impenetrable crustcore with screamed vocals. Unfortunately, the sound on their side was a bit muddy, so they lacked some of the necessary power that might add to their impact. CUCSIFAE play more accessible hardcore, but not in a poppy way. It's still fast and thrashy, but delivered with a healthy dose of melody and catchiness. Really good actually. (AM)
(La Resistencia Discos, CC 329 c.p:1744, Moreno, Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA, laresistenciadistro@amc.com.ar)

MAHOGANY/DISREANTYOUTHHELLCHRISTBASTARDASSMAX - split ep
This is one crazy release, with both bands playing a frantic hardcore mixed with a touch of grind. Brazil's MAHOGANY is the more intense and serious of the two bands on this split. While the band with the name too long to type sounds like they have every Slap-A-Ham release and like to play all of them live. DISREANT etc. also have a great sense of humor to boot, with songs about Crusty, gothic-obsessed kids and more. A winning release from...(JF)

(Agiate 96 c/o Richard Ramos, 11479 Amboy Ave., San Fernando, CA 91340)

MONOLITH/DEVIANT VIRAL SOURCE - split 7"

Recording is a complicated and expensive thing, where sometimes not giving a shit makes the abrasiveness of the music leap out carnivorously to draw blood. Other times, poor recordings don't work quite so well. Here we have two European grind bands that the vocals sound best, all wicked and crazy, on 45rpm and the music sounds right on 33rpm. Is this a way to test the intelligence of the international grind/hardcore community? I'm stumped. Guess I fail (as .FUCKINGCOM can attest, it's not the first time). Now it's your turn. Plenty of passion, but a bit confusing. (TJ)
(Peter Loffler, Révová 29, 811 02 Bratislava, SLOVAKIA, monolithvienna@yahoo.com)

MONUMENTS TO RUINS - "Ecocide" EP

Rough and crusty Florida peace-punk ad NAUSEA. A hint of incense and crystals floats through gritty songs about society's demise. They pack a protest story, info on wheatpasting and brewing, and similar stuff into a bountiful package. Male and female vocals are a plus. (AC)
(Tribal War, 1951 W. Burnside #1936, Portland, OR 97209)

MY SO-CALLED BAND - "The Punk Girl Next Door" CD

Not special, not bad, tuneful and rhythmic hard-edged pop-punk (but not too hard-edged). Think DIGGER or JON COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP. (RD)
(PO Box 31725, Charlotte, NC 28231-1725)

NATIONAL ACROBAT - "Can't Stop Casper Adams" CD

Noisy mid-tempo emocore that lurches all over the place with explosive time changes and loud passionate vocals. The production is clean and solid. And the songs are all relatively short, which keeps the attention span in tune with everything going on. Surprisingly good! (RC)
(Status, PO Box 1300, Thousand Oaks, CA 91358)

NATIONAL RAZOR - "Finally Death Is Coming" LP

Yes! This LP from 1999 is quite good! NATIONAL RAZOR, a talented bunch of punks from the Baltimore area are writing melodic punk anthems that belie their years. The LP fairly leaps off the turntable when "Dead Heroes" initiates the punk rock ride. "Commercial Insurrection" has an excellent guitar chug-punk blitz to it, kind of reminiscent of vintage NAKED RAYGUN music. "Borrowed Time" comes out swinging with fast guitars and good back up vocals. "Young Lions" continues the loud proud punk approach. Side two surges right through hit after hit with the strong tunes "Belly Up Fall Down," "78 RPM," and "War Fanatics." This is one of those rare punk LPs that holds your rapt attention all the way through. Great! Fucking A! Get ahold of these punks to play your town. (BR)
(Morphius, PO Box 13474, Baltimore, MD 21203, morphius@erols.com)

NEW YORK DOLLS - "Endless Party" LP

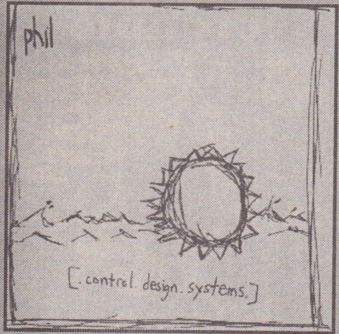
A DOLLS reissue here. All the songs you've probably already heard are on this slab of vinyl if you're familiar with the DOLLS work. It's also got some cool interaction between Johansen and Thunders in between songs, which I like. This isn't really an essential record, unless you're a DOLLS fanatic-I know there's a lot of you out there. I don't know if I'm necessarily a fanatic, but I dig the DOLLS plenty and would happily have this LP in my collection. Now, I don't want to be one of those reviewers who assumes the reader knows everything about a band. So, for you kids out there, don't miss out on the NEW YORK DOLLS. They were innovators in the first wave of punk rock (1970) in New York City. They dress in drag, play raw rock 'n' roll, did a lot of drugs and frightened the SEX PISTOLS before they were even formed... Never mind, I can't explain. Just go get yourself a copy of *Please Kill Me, An Oral History of Punk Rock* by Legs McNeil, then it will all make sense. (AS)
(Get Hip, Columbus and Preble Aves., Pittsburgh, Pa.,15233)

NONCONFORMIST - "Touch Reality" 10"

This band from Slovakia sounds kind of like PROPAGANDHI with the dudes from EXTREME NOISE TERROR singing. In other words, the music is fast, has lots of breaks, is melodic at times and features dueling sore throat vocals. (RM)
(Nonconformist, Poste Resante, Kosice 1, 040 01, SLOVAKIA)

ORGANIC - "7 Mile Engine" CD

ORGANIC have an excellent full mix with roving bass lines, tasty guitar work, and anguished, English-type vocals. They have plenty of variation in their songs and throughout the CD which is interesting and innovative, but I only like about half the tunes. I mean I really like that half of the CD. This is a band that should change its name, and I could see them becoming



the next big thing. (HM)
(Microcosm, 7741 Ohio St, Mentor OH 44060-44850, microcosm5@hotmail.com)

ORGANIC - "Flags" EP
This stuff is quite good in the DILLINGER FOUR and THUMBS vein crossed with maybe a CRIMPSHRINE influence. Though not as solid as any of the three aforementioned bands this is still worth a shot, and stands out more today than it would have four or five years ago. (JF)
($3.ppd Microcosm, 7741 Ohio St, Mentor, OH 44060-4850)

PAGE 99 - "Document #5" LP
Following the intense and remarkable *Document #4* EP in '99, #5 is once again an awesome piece of work. With art on screened 11" squares of paper pasted onto plain white sleeves—and in contrast, what looks like the glossy insert from a CD version thrown in as liner notes—the packaging is as utilitarian and striking as the record. Brooding, layered "slow parts" build to frightening suspense and then explode. The rigor doesn't let up—the whole record remains kinetic and complex throughout. Looking forward to the next document. (AC)
(Reptilian, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231)

PANGS OF REMORSE/RAVELIN 7 - "New Age Split Record" 10"
A study in post-hardcore. PANGS OF REMORSE, Czech's own special version of the LOCUST, crush RAVELIN 7. PANGS OF REMORSE know that the new path should be paved with chaos and speed. RAVELIN 7, on the other hand, have progressed to a point no band should go. Kids that "grew up" (that's what the kids say when they lose the ability to rock) and got a hold of some NEW ORDER records ("vintage" music to emulate). I know a lot of this ambient new wave stuff is coming into style and, as far as I'm concerned, the "grown up" 25 year-olds can have it. (TJ)
(View Beyond, PO Box 26, 349 01 Stribro, CZECH REPUBLIC, vbeyond@atlas.cz)

PAX AMERICANA - "Paskat Talteen" EP
I was extremely (and pleasantly) surprised at how this Finnish punk band makes such interesting use of the saxophone on all their songs. The thought is at first strange but it sounds really excellent! Awesome cover of SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS' "Cranked Up Really High." Politically minded lyrics about self-government, corporations, and a pro-native moose song. Two thumbs up! (SR)
(Brew, PO Box 344, 00151, Helsinki, FINLAND, saunalahti.fi/brewer/brew)

THE PHANTOM LIMBS - "Hot Knives and Hornets" EP
This is the first release from this awesome East bay band. They sound a lot like the SCREAMERS, I think mostly due to being heavily keyboard driven and with similar vocals, although they are darker and more melodic. "Hot Knives and Hornets" starts out with heavy keyboards and drums—it sounds like a man getting chased down a hole by a swarm of wasps. It reminds me of a new wave RUNDIMENTARY PENI. "Shake-a-baby" starts out with dizzy piano solo that sounds like glasses falling down stairs, like the singer's left wandering drunkenly after getting thrown from the ferris wheel. The chorus epically repeats "You were supposed to land gracefully, but you fell on your face." My favorite song, "Murder Us Windpipes," is the dance infection hit. It is so heavy and tragic. "Murder us windpipes, we don't belong, strung about, prying in... knocking me down.." (JT)
(Atakra, PO Box 7582, Oakland, CA 94601)

PHIL - "Control, Design, Systems" CD
Like a scrappy, likable Peanuts character, these guys charm with a dirt-under-the-nails kind of quirkiness. They are not the best musicians or singers, but they communicate their thoughts and feelings beautifully nonetheless. Their music is a mix of modern emo and melodic East Bay punk, a la FIFTEEN. The energy is good, and the lyrics above average (well thought-out, positive meditations on life). For all those who wished Charlie Brown would've been able to kick that football just once. (BG)
(Bob Mallory, 8 Cornstalk Rd, Dracut, MA 01826)

PIGDESTROYER/GNOB - split CD
PIGDESTROYER are great brutal grindcore...I'll leave the "ex-members of" out of the review and just say that these guys are fucking damn quick and brutal. Only drums, guitars and vocals. Although their songs are awesome, I think the songs from their debut CD had a better recording. GNOB are crazy Virginia thrashcore that is all over the place and eccentric. GNOB may not be for everyone, but I like their originality and quirkiness. At times they remind me of NO LESS. Awesome split just because both bands offer something very different from the

other. (MW)
(Robodog, 12001 Aintree Ln., Reston, VA 20191)

POCKET GENIUS - "Reband" CD

Well...the pop is all here. This really sounds very much like a lot of bands coming out right now. Much of it sounds similar to the GET UP KIDS, but I really don't think we need another band exactly like them. All the music is predictable, but the vocals keep it interesting. I wish I could read their lyrics to see if they have something interesting to say. All I can hear are words like "heart...goodbye...thinking." This band definitely has something good going on; they are by no means crappy. I guess if you want something that won't amaze you, but will get stuck in your head, check this band out. (WT)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK, www.bosst.freeserve.co.uk)

ELVIS PRESLEY - "Elvis Presley '55: Recorded Live at the Lousiana Hayride" LP

Elvis?! Punk?! PLEASE!!! Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Dick Dale, Bo Diddley, Jerry Lee Lewis—these people were hell raisers…but fucking Elvis?! I'd rather jack myself in the face with a cinder block than listen to this momma's boy. "Punk Elvis" hahaha… that's rich… (MT)
(Get Back/Abraxas, via Arentina 25, 50069 Sieci (Firenze) ITALY)

ELVIS PRESLEY - "Elvis Presley '55: Recorded Live at the Lousiana Hayride" LP

First, open the lavish gatefold sleeve and run your fingers over its matte surface. Admire the twin photos inside, that show Elvis as both a confident showman and obnoxious post-teen punk. Marvel at the exhaustive booklet that lists virtually every step he made in 1955, the year*Live at the Lousiana Hayride* was recorded. This is pre-Vegas, pre-*Blue Hawaii,* pre-Army, pre-dye job Elvis, and captures him at what could have been the very peak of his powers before he was catapulted to national stardom. I like. The audience shriek madly, the backing band pound and shudder, and Presley effortlessly attacks standards like "Baby Let's Play House", "Blue Moon of Kentucky", "I Got a Woman" and "Good Rockin' Tonight". Sounds good but not *too* clean, rough and raw the same way the best punk rock is raw and *desperate.* Some real thrills here that the last forty-five years of bad bands and worse music can't dim...so you'd better catch on while you can, see? (JH)
(Get Back/Abraxas, via Arentina 25, 50069 Sieci (Firenze) ITALY)

THE PRETTY THINGS - LP

Yeah, okay, I'm game. This is like reviewing *Between The Buttons* or *Kinda Kinks,* you just kinda pile on. It's one of the strongest pre-psych "garage" records outta the '60s UK scene and you have to buy it unless you plopped down for the CD already or there's a new Hydrahead stamped-foil 5" out this week. Bee-utiful gatefold jacket job by Norton Records, who do not puss out on their vinyl issues; class all the way baby! (RW)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, nortonrecords.com)

THE PRETTY THINGS - "Midnight to Six" LP

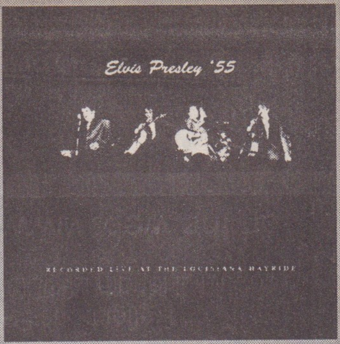
A singles collection from the early years of this British garage rock group. A great place to start for anyone who's not familiar with the PRETTY THINGS. This is more straightforward garage stuff before the heavy psychedelia kicked in, packaged nicely on heavy vinyl and in a gatefold sleeve that spouts the greatness of the PRETTY THINGS. I particularly enjoy the comparisons with the ROLLING STONES, especially having seen the great PRETTY THINGS San Francisco performance last year and witnessing some televised ROLLING STONES performances from the same year. There is no comparison. (CK)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

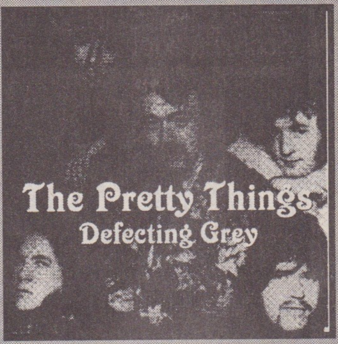
THE PRETTY THINGS - "Defecting Grey" 10"

I always though tthe PRETTY THINGS were an Australian punk band from the late '70s. Or is that the FUN THINGS? Uh, my bad. These are four English cats, I believe, that played psychedelic rock 'n' roll in the mid to late '60s. I gather they must have been relatively well known, given that they recorded in Abbey Road. Did somebody pull this fucking thing out of a time capsule? Anyway, four cuts of psychedelic rock that is not unlike the BEATLES "I am the Walrus" type stuff. Sitars and fuzz boxes and lots of Mary J, dude. All kidding aside, this is actually good stuff. (KK)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

PROPAGANDHI – "Tomorrow's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes" CD

The latest from this popular Canadian outfit. Pretty much like the last LP and the one before that. Great! I'm starting to take this not so prolific band for granted. The same way I took FUGAZI for granted back in their hey day. Political, powerful, passionate and everything else that makes punk seem important. Don't call them "another Fat band" because there isn't much





else on this level. (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119, www.g7welcomingcommittee.com/propagandhi)

PUNISHMENT PARK - "The Return of the Shovel Police" 10"
This record sounds like they dubbed a female singing political lyrics on top of the soundtrack to *Valley Girl* or *Pretty in Pink*. It just sounds wrong. (DP)
(October Party, punishment_park@hotmail.com)

PURGATORIA/GROT - split EP
PURGATORIA, from Southern California, grind out five song of punishing stenchcore. Super heavy and fast with narly deep growling vocals. Sick! GROT from England follow the same road as PURGATORIA with more blazing fast grindcore. Pungent and ugly, just the way this type of music should be. (RC)
(Agitate 96, c/o Richard Ramos, 11479 Amboy Ave, San Fernando, CA 91340)

RAGGITY ANNE – "Only Square People Think It's Cool to Be Cool" CD
Boppy poppy nerdy punk a la RAMONES meets TOY DOLLS. I quite like it, my friend back home says that I go too easy on British bands because I'm homesick but it's not true, I just enjoy hearing the accents. So I'll let the bad band name, artwork and dopey song titles (actually, saying that, the title track and "The Girl With the Black Eye Just Found Jesus" are pretty funny) slide and say its good. It's not as good as EASTFIELD who I reviewed a while back, but this also has a nice REZILLOS influence. Like I said—good. (AD)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SW 11 1FG, UK)

RAIN ON THE PARADE - "Fired Up" EP
According to the liner notes this was recorded after RAIN ON THE PARADE originally broke up. Two of the guys started a new band called FIRED UP and recorded five songs. Those five songs eventually got incorporated back into RAIN ON THE PARADE when they reformed. But these are the songs as they were originally recorded as FIRED UP. This definitely has a RAIN ON THE PARADE feel to it, though it is not quite as aggressive. There is more melody and the vocals aren't as harsh as the songs on the *Body Bag* EP. Nevertheless, this is a solid hardcore release. (RC)
(Youngblood, 217 West Main St, Ephrata, PA 17522)

RANCID HELL SPAWN - "Scalpel Party" CD
Finally! Drum machine, processed scream-squeaky vocals, roaring or blazing or tinny-ass guitar, yer choice. "Sex in a Butcher's Shop", "Android Pup", "Notting Hill Carnivore", "My Pet Corpse", "Stomach Pump Rock", "Homunculous Stumps", "Frenzy Frenzy Frenzy" plus others! The best CD I'll overhear while gagging in the 'loo this month. (RW)
(Wrench Records, BCM Box 409, London, WC1N 3XX, UK, wrench.mistral.co.uk)

THE RASCALS – "Wir Bleiben Wie Wir Sind" CD
This German band sings in (strangely enough) German. (The only German I know is "What is your name?", "My name is Andy", "A beer please", and "Shit". All you need really.) They play sing-a-long punk, not exactly oi, not exactly not oi... It's that beer-house kind of punk you hear a lot from Germany. German pub-rock maybe. This is pretty good, I have a soft spot for this kind of stuff, it's the perfect music for putting one arm around your buddy, wave a (spilling) beer around in the other hand, then stumble around until one of you trips over and the other one falls on top. I'm sure you all (except for all you Christian hardcore kids and straight edgers) know what I mean. Anyway I think that sums it up. (AD)
(Rascals c/o Scumfuck, Postfach 100709, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

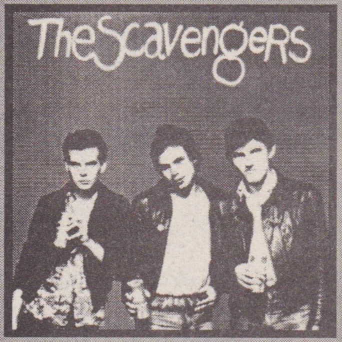
RESIST AND EXIST - "Kwangju" LP
This is the fucking awesome first full length album from this anarcho-punk band. Both female and male vocalists angrily oppose the inhumanity in the world and plea for change in their lyrics. Includes re-recordings of "The Korean Protest Song" and "Needs" from past 7"s (with much better sound quality!) This is excellent! Please check it out! (SR)
(Tribal War, 1951 W. Burnside #1936, Portland, OR 97209, subvertuk@aol.com)

RIISTETYT - "Tervetuloa Kuolema" EP
Fuck does this record smoke!! Blazing fast Scandinavian thrash at its best— nice and slick with silly guitar solos to boot—I'm in heaven. I cannot tell if this band is the same as the 1980s version of RIISTETYT, their sound is certainly more modern, and they share at most one member from what I can tell, but that is irrelevant, because this record easily stands on its own. Lyrics in Finnish (with translations) about death, eternal fire, and the US treatment of Native

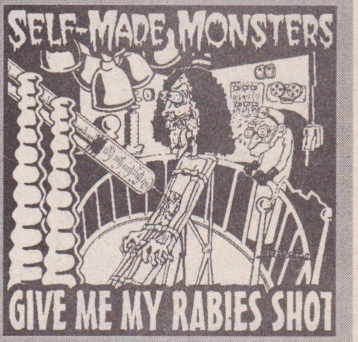
Americans (see how far reaching our "legacy" is?). Track this record down if you can; there's dead dudes on the cover, and the white blood splattered vinyl is as thick as your mom's fine china. (WN)
(Fight, Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, FINLAND)

RIOT/CLONE - Do You Want Fries With That? LP
London's RIOT/CLONE started in 1979 and put out a handful of EPs—this is the band's third full-length in more recent years. These archetypal anarcho-punks dedicated this entire album to the subject of animal rights, splicing news clips and other recordings on the topic generously onto the wax, along with fifteen songs with titles like "Cannibals of the Western World" and "Skippy Goes to Salisbury." The recording is pretty flat at spots, but generally, this is consistent with all their shit you've love before: unrelenting. (AC)
(Tribal War, 1951 W. Burnside #1936, Portland, OR 97209)

RUDIMENTARY PENI - "The Underclass" EP
Dear bands that broke up years ago, please don't get back together if you're going to suck. Nick Blinko and the boys just aren't the same force to be reckoned with as they were on such classics as those early Crass records singles or on the *Death Church* LP. Man this is just plain bad—slow, grungy, and vocals totally void of any snot. Kids, take a hint from your ol' pal Mike and just get the CD of the early EPs thingy. And break these whenever you get a chance...nice artwork though (gotta find one bright spot, they were one of my favorite bands after all). (MT)
(Outer Himalayan, PO Box 59, London, N22 1AR, UK)



SAID & DONE - "Der Sinn" EP
Let it be known that I love this record before I have listened to it. The booklet that accompanies it, and the eight pages of information that comes with the booklet (complete with bibliography) blew my mind—a mind which unfortunately does not read German, so this wealth of information is lost on me, I'm afraid. The time that was put into this release makes it worthy of admiration, but, as I said, I have yet to listen to the record. (pause, as I cautiously set the needle down) Ten songs of powerfully violent fury, like CROSSED OUT with modern European influences. Intense as holy hell...a great record all the way around. (WN)
(Desperado Sydikat c/o Rehme/Kramer, Augustenpassage 5, 20357 Hamburg, GERMANY)

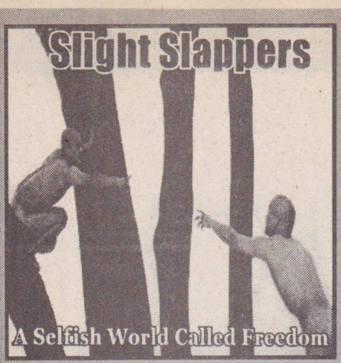


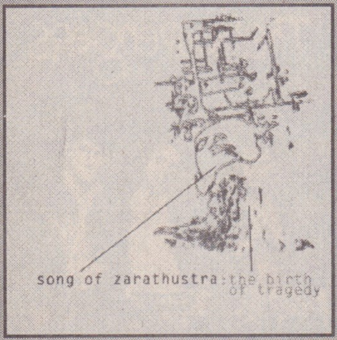
SCARED OF CHAKA/THE FATAL FLYING GUILLOTEENS - split EP
I was never much of a fan of SCARED OF's brand of snotty, revisionist punk, and these songs do little to change my opinion (although, the wild, STOOGES like "Shake It" does have a irresistible drive to it). The FFGs, on the other hand, are everything SOC would love to be. Raw, propulsive, angular post punk of the highest quality. Three names kept swirling around my head as I listened to their two songs: RICHARD HELL, PATTI SMITH, and CIRCUS LUPUS. Get those three in a pot and set to stew. Spasmodic, unpredictable, and most importantly, unpretentious, they make the style feel natural and unforced. Worth it for their side alone. (BG)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

THE SCAVENGERS - LP
Once upon a time down in Auckland, New Zealand in 1977 lived some dissatisfied art students turned kiwi punk greats who called themselves the SCAVENGERS. Here, collected for your perverse enjoyment, lie the remains. Soaked in HEARTBREAKERS-esqe teenage rock 'n' roll, The SCAVENGERS rattle with an air of dissent that hits you in that warm little spot that feels oh so good. Check out "Mysterex," "Brick In the Wall," and "True Love" for some genuine punk teenage swoon. Between each song is a voice over of punk tabloid headlines of the times...I suppose to remind you that being punk rock meant something a ling time ago. (DL)
(Action!, PO Box 8282 Symonds St, Auckland, NEW ZEALAND)

SCUTTLE - "Testing the Strength of the Surface" CD
Five songs—the first two contain some decent screamy, emo/hardcore parts. The next song turns toward a sort of dark pop punk style with mid-tempo songs, pretty basic four chords, and its fair share of muting. The final two songs sort of mix the previous two styles. The vocals seem to be somewhat problematic. When screaming they sound fine, but when he tries to sing (most of the time) the vocals are often misplaced and off key. While the songs are sometimes well played, the music can hardly stand on its own. (PA)
(Firefly, PO Box 30179, London, E17 5FE, UK, mattscut@hotmail.com)

SELF-MADE MONSTERS - "Give Me My Rabies Shot" EP
Right off I dig this ANTISEEN fuzz guitar, and frothy throat-cals. Here you got some simple-hearted ghouls with issues. The songs are about losing your mind, how people make you





sick, and your dog turning on you. Yeah, life sucks and the SELF-MADE MONSTERS like to sing about it. (DL)
(Brain Drain, PO Box 1122, China Grove, NC 28023)

SERPICO – "Everyone Vs Everyone" CD
Not to be confused with the emo-ish band of a few years ago, this release marks the return of Wiz of MEGA CITY FOUR fame. Given Wiz's trademark vocals and guitar sound this sounds just like MC4. This seems to be a continuation of MC4's last two LP's, less tempo and more intricate. One of the forefathers with the SENSELESS THINGS and SNUFF of the early 90's UK punk pop movement. A welcome return! (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK, www.serpico.co.uk)

SEWN SHUT - "Masquerading the Guilty in a Garb of Innocence" EP
Low tuned brutal grindcore hailing for Sweden. While it still retains some elements of death metal here and there, it's the kind of bare-boned grindcore that I enjoy. Good shit, grindcore and fastcore fans should check this out. Another fine release from... (MW)
(Putrid Filth Conspiracy, SWEDEN)

SLIGHT SLAPPERS - "A Selfish World Called Freedom" CD
20 songs that batter you like Felix Trinidad. Yes this is one knockout release all the way around. Hard, fast, and crazy hardcore, "A Selfish World Called Freedom" is the first SLIGHT SLAPPERS recording that I feel comes close to capturing the power and passion of their live shows, where they just go off. (JF)
(HiG Fact, 105 Nakano Shinbashi-M, 2-7-15 Yayoi-cho, Nakano, Tokyo 164-0013, JAPAN)

SONG OF ZARATHUSTRA - "The Birth of Tragedy" CD
Oh...keyboards are so tired. They are also bound to bring some comparisons to the VSS. The songs are heavy, noisy, and would probably get the generic tag of emo-hardcore. The guitar and bass bring to mind the work of JEHU or the one of the later Tony Joy projects. The heavy hitting drums stay within the boundaries normally set by this style of hardcore. The screaming done by the vocalist compliments the songs well as they run through a full length CD in just over twenty minutes. Despite the unnecessary over use of keyboards, all the songs work well with each other and make for a great record. (PA)
(Troubleman, 16 Willow St, Bayonne, NJ 07002, songofzarathustra@yahoo.com)

SORORITY HOUSE - "Choice of a New Generation" EP
Two pop songs. While both are generic, the a-side is a rather catchy, late JAWBREAKER/J CHURCH influenced song. The song on the b-side is in a similar vein, but a bit more complicated. It starts as a basic pop punk song, then moves in and out of softer and slightly heavy (pop heavy) parts. The vocals are clean and the sound as a whole forces me to make an obscure comparison to BUFORD. (PA)
($4 ppd, Crash Rawk, 1122 E Pike St, pbm 1037, Seattle, WA 98122)

SPITBALL - "The World Around Me" CD
I hate this. I am seriously depressed now. This is what happens when suburbia gets a taste of the Warped Tour. SUGAR RAY, MXPX, LESS THAN JAKE bullshit here folks. They have horns, and a guy named "C Bragz" doing something called "skratching" and sounding like total shit but somehow, judging by the photos, drawing audiences. That's depressing. People actually like this bullshit and will pay for it and cheer it on. The world is going to hell, my friends... (BM)
(PO Box 1401, Provo, UT 84603)

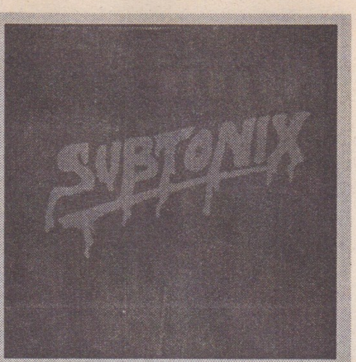
SPITS/BRIEFS - Split EP
The Spits present us with a raw sort of BUZZCOCKS sound in "Pissed Off Baby" and a wierd keyboard/drum machine tune "Fire," which adds a new wave feeling to the record. Not to mention a sound that would of creeped me out as a little kid—all in all decent stuff here. On the flipside lies two musical gems by those snotty jerks The BRIEFS. "I Think My Baby is a Communist" and the Bob Seger tribute tune "Silver Bullet" both rock 'em and sock 'em in that DAMNED sorta late-'70s manner. Buy this record and wear skinny ties. (AS)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

STRAP-ONS – "Geeking Dream" CD
Someone last month compared them to SLOPPY SECONDS, maybe, I thought the singer sounded a lot like Duane Peters from the U.S. BOMBS and the band sounded very much like the SMUT PEDDLERS. They have that Long Beach/L.A. (for want of a better term) sound. More snot than a bucket of phlegm, they go out of their way to offend, which may be a good thing or not, depending on what side of the punk rock fence you're on. Not bad. (AD)

(CNF, PO Box 9152, Va Beach, VA 23450)

STRIKES & GUTTERS - "The Leading Cause of Statistic" CD

Oh, such masterful wordplay. Oh, what artistic exploration. This really isn't bad—if you need new songs to do jumpkicks and floorpunches to, and your BLOUNT, STRUNG OUT and HI-STANDARD LPs are worn thin, pick it up. Well produced, though... (RD)
(PO Box 2104, Vista, CA 92085-2105, strikesngutters@lycos.com)



SWALLOWING SHIT - CD

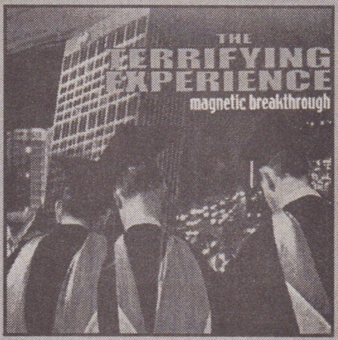
I was lucky enough to see SWALLOWING SHIT in 1996 in a fucking freezing basement in Winnipeg, and I was as floored as I still am today listening to this disc. This contains everything from the two phenomenal records, and some unreleased stuff from this band that broke up over three years ago. So much grindcore is boring and redundant, even fans will admit that, but this band is so fucking good that after the sixteenth song is over, I just want to hit repeat. Song title genius includes "Burn Winnipeg to the Fucking Ground," "You're Not Old School, You're Just Old," and "I May be PC (whatever the fuck that means), But you're a Goddamn Poseur," and fourteen others. It's great that this awesome band is now available on a little piece of digitized plastic for mass consumption. (WN)
(G7 Welcoming Committee, PO Box 27006, 360 Main Street Concourse, Winnipeg, MB, R3C 4T3 CANADA)

SWISHER - "Over Nothing" CD

Hey, this is pretty nifty girlpop with an edge and still enough sweets and hooks to attract your wimpier BELLE & SEBASTIAN-loving younger sibling. The vocals have an almost old KRISTIN HERSH-like quality with music that's more UK fuzzpop than Boston art-shamble. Hell, its even got that twangy guitar thing to get your older college-rock sister jumping. Hell, this is fun for the entire hipster family! Find myself digging this despite myself. Wimpy and squeaky-clean, but the most fun I've had in a while. (JY)
(Swisher, 412 Monroe St. #2, Philadelphia, PA 19147, sara@goswisher.com)

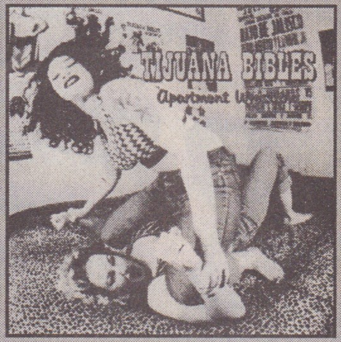
SUBTONIX - "Trophy/Today's Modern Woman"

I never though a saxophone would work in punk rock but it does!! This is a great all-girl band, I think they are from here because I recognize the BART wall behind their picture, very AVENGERS 1979. Very cool different punk rock with great vocals, early BLONDIE(?) (EC)
(No Love, no address)



324 - "Boutokunotaiyo" CD

Three words! In-Fucking-Credible! From the very first time I heard this band (on the now out of print 625 Productions EP), I was stunned. This continues the chaos with fourteen more songs of pummeling fast hardcore. They have obviously grown as a band, periodically bringing their full on blast attack down a notch in some parts. Plus the production is much more bass heavy and dense than I ever remember them sounding. But don't kid yourself, because when they jam the metal to the pedal this thing fucking destroys everything in its path. Awesome! (RC)
(HG Fact, 105 Nakanoshinbashi-M 2-7-15 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano-Ku, Tokyo 164-0013, JAPAN)



TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE - "Magnetic Breakthrough" CD

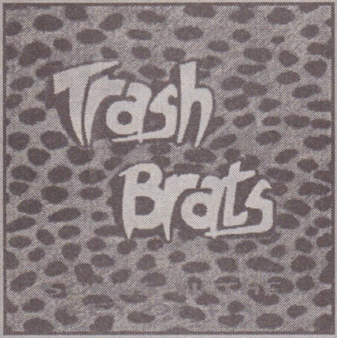
Very cool, satisfying anthemic, intelligent punk rock stuff that reminds me of all the old fart shit like NAKED RAYGUN, RUIN, WIPERS and even ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN. They've got the guitar firepower but also some interesting song structures, melodies and even some excursions into psychedelicisms (all the crap that old codgers like). Makes for an interesting stew for me as far as I'm concerned. Does some of this stuff even sound like RUSH? Maybe. Check it out. (JY)
(Mental Telemetry, PO Box 46643, Kansas City, MO 64188,)

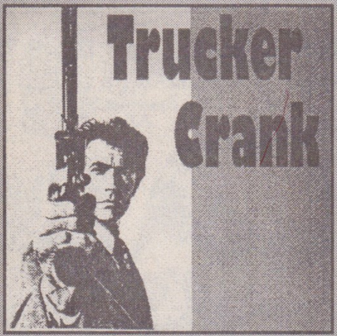
THUG MURDER – "The 13th Round" CD

Great street punk here! This all gal trio from Japan kicks it out with the intensity of the first RANCID LP with the sing-a-long tendencies of the TOY DOLLS or let's say the GYMSLIPS to give you more of a perspective. Power, speed, and good basic punk songs to raise your fist to. Also one of the better versions of "I Fought The Law" too. A TKO release that really stands out. (RL)
(TKO Records, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114, www.tkorecords.com)

TIJUANA BIBLES - "Apartment Wrestling" CD

Yes, masked (Mexican masks, at that) wrestling rock is alive and well. Latest entries into the steel cage are Canada's TIJUANA BIBLES, who do both vocal (sometimes sorta like a souped-up, streamlined CRAMPS, sometimes like other stuff) and instrumental (sorta like a nas-





tier LOS STRAITJACKETS [and I'm not using that as the most obvious point of reference because of the wrestling connection], even the CRAMPS cover, go figure). Their credo, expressed in "Rock & Roll Fighting" (a cover of a FACE FISTERS—who?—number); "You say rock and roll will never die, I day rock and roll's a punch in the eye." Extra points for the clever gag of writing a GARY USHER/UNTAMED YOUTH sounding song about the mummies of Guanajuato (abbreviated GTO), which I suppose will go over many folks' heads. (DD)
(Tijuana Bibles, PO Box 466 Station C, Toronto, Ontario, M6J 3P5 CANADA, tijuanabibles.com)

TOGETHER ALONE - "The Linus Sessions" CD
God awful generic metalcore with lyrics about ex-girlfriends (he is, naturally, better off without her), working every day, and getting stabbed in the back. I bet these fellows live in or near a college town, and I bet they get written up as the next big thing in the campus newspaper. It's that kind of man rock we are dealing with here. It rocks every now and then, but always drifts right back into third-rate crap. (WN)
(Creep, PMB 220, 252 E Market St, West Chester, PA 19382, jclark97@erols.com)

TOTAAL VERLEPT - "Totaal Verlept=Totally Wasted" CD
TOTALL VERLEPT returns with sixteen more of their rollicking, slightly (*very* slightly) funky hard-drinking and hard-partying punk. A bit goofy and retardo, but rough and fuzzed out enough that it takes some effort to hear that aspect of the band. There are a few songs recorded live and recorded really well. Overall, this CD is so boring I can barely muster up anything else to say. (TH)
(Tocado, PO Box 3092, 3003 AB Rotterdam, NEHTHERLANDS)

TOTALITÄR/DISCLOSE - split LP
Like a fucking wrecking ball to your face, TOTALITÄR rips out of your fucking stereo and beats you senselessly, all the while teaching you some much needed lessons in the evils of neo-liberalism, the cold harsh uncaring sterility of this world and the severe brutality of the recent importation of American style criminal "justice" systems into Sweden. On the flipside we find the mighty DISCLOSE, amazing and powerful—and yes, they sound like DISCHARGE and yes, two of these songs are on the EP that I reviewed this month, but you know what? When the thrash comes pouring out of your speakers like a cinder block through your chest you know that you need this. It was said by one reviewer 'round these parts that if you don't like TOTALITÄR, then you don't have a punk bone in your body, and I have to say that the same might hold true for DISCLOSE. The kings of the DIS-clones!!! I just eat this shit up!!! ME-OW!!! (MT)
(Your Own Jailer, Marmouv. 14B, 752 44 Uppsala, SWEDEN)

TRASH BRATS - "Songs in the Key of F-U" CD
Rock 'n' roll straight out of Detroit including ugly hair, running eyeliner, and lingerie. I'm kind of mixed, because they deliver some catchy tunes, but also some pretty dull ones. Their sound is in the vein of the RICHMOND SLUTS, but they're not close to being as good. (SR)
(PO Box 05387, Detroit MI, 48205, trashbrats.com)

TRENCHCOAT ARMY - EP
Why me? In the blurb that came with this, the band likened themselves to such great forces as JERRY'S KIDS and KRAUT, but it seems more like spoiled white twentysomethings trying their best to sound like YDI and VOID, when those bands were trying to mix hardcore with VENOM-style metal. Weak, pathetic lyrics. I've heard more melody coming from my arsehole. (RD)
(PO Box 5216, New Brunswick, NJ 08901)

TRUCKER CRANK/NO ROOM FOR FUZZY - split EP
NO ROOM FOR FUZZY may just be that band I have been looking for. They are fucking great. They start with this really nice fast and screamy, but still somewhat melodic punk rock that reminds me of the CRIMINALS with some sort of youth crew influence. The eerie guitar parts are all there, and then very naturally, they will break into a part that sounds more like CRIMPSHRINE. They have breakdowns at just the right times and a rad vocal style. There are obviously a lot of different influences here. The lyrics are posi, but not in a "find a way to make a change" way. This is a good punk rock band, and I would be excited to see them play. TRUCKER CRANK is good, but not as good. They are more of a thrash band, that reminds me of a lot of '80s hardcore bands. Their vocals are more spoken than screamed. They do a DESCENDENTS cover that is at least half bad. I would check this out. (WT)
($4 ppd: Villain, PO Box 82172, Las Vegas, NV 89180)

TRUE NORTH - "We Speak In Code" CD
I have seen the future of hardcore, and it is TRUE NORTH. Now that I got that preten-

tious and portentious grandiose statement out of the way, let me try to explain it. Along with, perhaps, the BLOOD BROTHERS, this is one of the regrettably few bands who are taking hardcore anywhere new in the new millennium. This is punk that nods respectfully to the past, but locks crosshairs on to the future. Theirs is a music that is unpredictable in all the best ways, and sounds completely of the moment (ie present). There are hints of old school HC, post punk, and emo here, but they are all stitched together with pinprick accuracy and utmost necessity. Their lyrics deal, almost exclusively, with people in nerve shredding transitional moments, at the breaking point, who must move or die (this is achieved on both a personal and political level). This is music of motion vs entropy. How appropriate then, that the graphics feature old rusted cars and decrepit houses. With the very first line: "Let's snap the backs of these heartless habits" you just know that you're in for an intense ride. If this angry, young music spoke to an old jaded bastard like me, think of what it can do for you. (BG)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

U.F.C. - "All That I Despise" EP

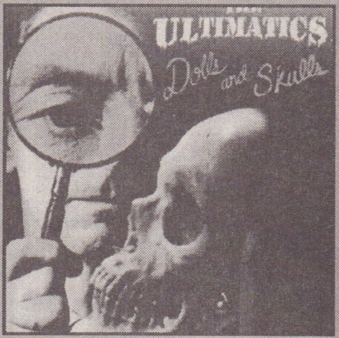
I'm not really sure what the point is. This is the second 7" from this Florida band, who plays pretty fast, simple, old school punk rock. But if I was writing really boring, generic punk rock songs in the first place, I would at least try to make the lyrics interesting, or do something new or exciting. Instead, this band just has stupid lyrics. They write that they don't want to hear "close-minded politics" but then they go and write their own. This band's philosophy seems to be "get really fucked up, get a mohawk and don't take anything seriously." I guess you might like this if you really like fucking shit up and puking and all that jazz. They seem like nice guys, though, so if you like BLANKS 77, the UNSEEN or the CASUALTIES, check this out. (WT)
(PO Box 813, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316, www.ufcdrunx.homestead.com)

UK SUBS - "The Revolution's Here" CD

I must admit that I really don't know too much about this band. Everything that I've heard from them in the past didn't really do anything for me, hence the lack of interest. Anyhow, there's seven songs on this disc that are pretty rockin'. Worth your attention. (NF)
(Combat Rock, 7 rue du Paquis, 57950 Montigny les Metz, FRANCE)

THE ULTIMATICS - "Dolls and Skulls" CD

Punk 'n' roll songs about punk rock girls, love, death, and riots. Pretty catchy sound with lots of guitar but it really fails to keep my attention throughout the whole album.The only really great thing about this one is the great cover of the SPECIALS' "Rudy, a Message to You." (SR)
(2637 South 18th St. #2, Pittsburgh, PA 15210)



URBAN WASTE - Bootleg EP

The classic EP, originally released on Mob City Records in 1982. This is one of the best hardcore/punk records of all time, and I'm never let down by hearing these same eight songs again. Blown out guitars, a fucking mad-man on vocals, geez. Words don't describe URBAN WASTE. No one has since matched the ferocity of their one record. Glossy cover, pretty decent sound quality. (MW)
(no address)

URKO - "Fast3chordhardcoremotherfuckingthrashcrustpunkshit" EP

Well, from the title you get the gist. Really fucking awesome, no bullshit crust thrash. Not too fast, not too slow...relies on some awesome riffage, especially on the song "Blood Eagle." This band never gets the attention they deserve, so hopefully kids will catch on with this release. (MW)
(Disintegration, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut St, Berkeley, CA 94709)

VILENTLY ILL - "Rising from the Underground" EP

This is kind of a novelty. Take one chubby, slightly balding guy, give him a guitar, bass and drum machine, and what do you get? A fourteen-song seven inch that sounds like early FINAL CONFLICT meets NINE INCH NAILS recorded on a hand held tape recorder. I wouldn't say this sucks though. (RM)
($3 ppd: Pentagram, 1616 Nordhoff St. #465, North Hills, CA 91343)

THE VULTURES - "Alcoholic Lady/Soda Pressing"

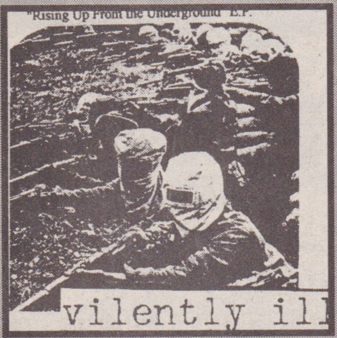
Good quality, catchy/melodic punk rock. Nothing fancy, just straightforward guitar, bass, drums and vocals—very nice, indeed. One original and an excellent cover of a tune the BOYS used to do. Rockin' stuff. (KK)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

WILDEBEESTS - "Rudolph's Ruin/Plum-Duff"

Thank lil' Baby Jesus that X-Mas is over and done with for another year, and here's wish-

ing that my new least-favorite holiday (and that's saying something) never rolls around again. 'Til that (unlikely) day arrives, I'll have to kindle the embers of my hatred with the new WILDEBEESTS single, a warm and cloying seasonal offering guaranteed to warm the listener's heart and set his toes tapping gently. Real nimble and churning BO DIDDLEY stomps here, cuddly and unthreatening like most holiday fare. Both sides brim with yuletide glee and goodwill toward men, women, children and live-in domestics. Fun. "You keep X-Mas in your way and I'll keep it in mine," say I. (JH)
(Norton, PO Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 01276, www.nortonrecords.com)

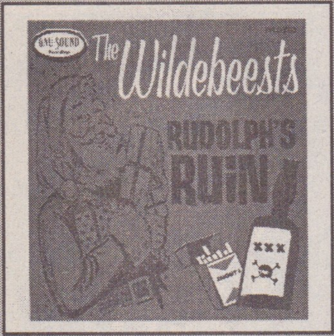
THE WOGGLES - "Fractured" LP
Here's one that WOGGLES fans have been waiting for, as it comes closest of any WOGGLES full length to capturing the well controlled good ole rock and roll Oomph of their live shows. Among the highlights are "V.I.P." (redolent of the CRAMPS version of "Goo Goo Muck"), "The Kingdom of Nye" (best use of theremin in a rock context since LOTHAR & THE HAND PEOPLE), "Feelin' The Humidity" (could be the long-delayed answer song to the BALLOON FARM's "A Question of Temperature"—it's not the temperature, you see, it's the..) and the instrumental "Takamatsu Twist." (DD)
(Telstar, PO Box 1123, Hoboken, NJ 07030, TelstarRec@aol.com)



V/A - "Around The World In 80 Minutes" CD
This CD features some of the best oi bands today. The ANTI-HEROS, the BUSINESS, NABAT, the OPPRESSED, OXYMORON, and the WEST SIDE BOYS lead the way on this excellent disc that's worthy of your dough. Buy! (NF)
(Rotten)

V/A - "Bud Mathis' Sunset Trip" LP
So this guy, Bud Mathis, was a prize fighter turned songwriter back in the '60s and these are his songs. BRIAN TRAIN, JOINT EFFORT, FAIRVEIWS, and WOLFGANG play them. It's mostly hippy stuff, folkie sorta psych. In the liner notes, Bud brags and boasts about how hip he was in the '60s and how easy it was to get laid...fucking '60s. (BM)
(Bacchus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

V/A - "Can you Spare a Dime?" CD
Well, I have mixed feelings about this. What we have here is a seventeen-track tribute to two great bands, CRIMPSHRINE and FIFTEEN. Some people would be disgusted with this right off the bat. I'm just not sure that this is totally necessary. Many people love these bands, and many bands have been influenced by them, but mediocre covers of their songs doesn't seem like a good way to say "thanks." There are quite a few acoustic versions and a few weird interpretations of the songs. The only reason I would put this on would be to listen to OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN doing "Intentions" by FIFTEEN. I think a better way to pay tribute to these bands would be to make a 'zine or book about the impact they have had, because it is definantly there. This might be fun for big fans, but if you are looking to get into to CRIMPSHRINE or FIFTEEN, I would just listen to the original versions. (WT)
($7 ppd: Microcosm, 7741 Ohio St, Mentor, OH 44060, microcosmrecords@beer.com)



V/A - "Eye of the Thrash Guerrilla" LP
Not to mention being one of the greatest LP titles ever, this is an essential reissue of a classic Japanese compilation. Some of the biggest and best hardcore bands to come from Japan are represented, from back when (1988) that scene was simply incomparable. You get 23 tracks from the likes of S.O.B., DEATH SIDE, NIGHTMARE (!!!!), CROW, RAISE CAIN and TETSUAREI. Essential for the fan or student of the incredible ferocity and variety of Japanese hardcore that's been exported over the years. The cover of the boot is orange (unlike the original), but otherwise, the boot is pretty faithful to the original version. Worth tracking down for sure. Now I just need someone to start reissuing some of this era on CDs!! (TM)
(no address)

V/A - "Heel Erg Punk 3" CD
This is the third (hence the "3") of a set of comps outta the Rotterdam area of Holland. This an all live comp with pretty decent sound quality throughout. The sixteen bands provide a wide variety and quality of musical styles. OIL, BEYOND LICKIN', ATOMIC FOOT, RAGIN' HORMONES, and BRAINS NO MORE provide the tunes I like best. A decent collection of bands from Holland in general. Check it out. (HM)
(Tocado, PO Box 3092, 3003 AB Rotterdam, HOLLAND, www.tocado.com)

V/A - "Hillsborough County Noise Ordinance" CD
Fourteen bands from Tampa Bay cram 36 songs on one free CD with a sixteen-page booklet/zine. In the liner notes, the mastermind behind the project nostalgically describes legendary

comps like *Flex Your Head* and *Not So Quiet on the Western Front*, noting the latter's ability to "capture a moment in time, the essence of an era." While this comp may do just that, the "era's" "essence" fails miserably in comparison. Most of the bands are completely derivative, generic punk, with incredably bad recordings at that. While there are some good tracks like Murder Suicide Pact's (the only band worth mentioning) cover of "Police Story," this CD is something I will try my hardest to forget. Local comps may be a useful tool for kindling a scene, but most times they lose their power when taken out of city limits. (SP)
(Burn Brandon Zine, no address)

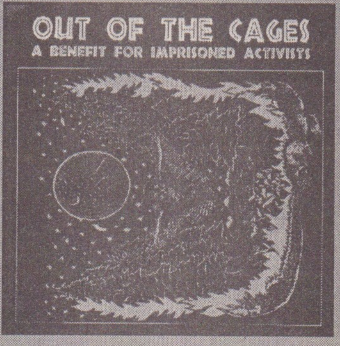
V/A - "Let's Dig 'Em Out #2—The Count Game '60s Punk Contest" LP
Yet another (expensive) import comp of '60s. The "US Side" is fine but far from "killer" (and generally pretty far from punk, with the clear exception of the OSCAR & THE MAJESTICS mid-tempo fuzz take of "House of the Rising Sun '69"). The "Transworld Side" is more interesting, especially the CHARMS' "The Count Game" (then again, I've got a weakness for the subdued but wacky style of garage that the Greeks did so well). (DD)
(Notyme, notymerecords.com)

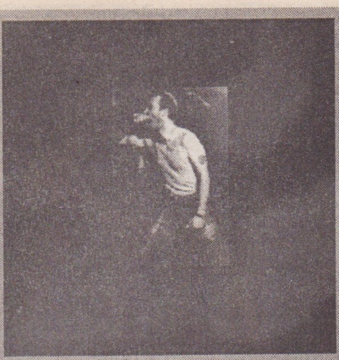
V/A - "More Than The X On Our Hands" EP Box Set
Holy fucking shit! I hope my review does justice to how truly amazing this set of records is. To quote straight from the letter that accompanied this release, "This compilation features 41 straight edge bands from 41 different countries— all styles of hardcore are featured from melodic punk rock to new school metal, but the large majority of the bands play traditional old school hardcore." I am simply blown away at the amount of time and energy that went into everything. The thick glossy-covered booklet gives a brief history of straightedge hardcore and also dedicates a full page to each band, allowing space for lyrics, statements, photos, and contact names and addresses. All six EPs come in a excellent looking pre-printed sleeve. And the whole package comes in a sharp looking box with "More Than The X On Our Hands" printed in multiple languages along the border of the box. As you can imagine, the whole world is represented here, including many places I have never seen represented in straight edge. Bands like SELF DEFENCE from West Malaysia, B'67 from Russia, and CON VISION from Columbia just left me shaking me head in disbelief. Not only that, but there are a few bands on here that are quite popular, including GOOD CLEAN FUN, H STREET, ONE X MORE, and VITAMIN X. The only drawback to this release is the fact that it is limited to a 1000 copies worldwide. This will not only cause it to immediately skyrocket in price, but it will become a bartering chip on hardcore trade sheets around the world. I truly wish that more were printed just so people could hear all of these phenomenal bands from around the world. Hopefully this may make it to CD form someday, though you would completely lose all of the beautiful packaging. Nevertheless this is a completely inspirational release! (RC)
(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, NETHERLANDS, www.poisonfree.com/commitment)

V/A - "Neighbor Annoyer" LP
I like "arty crap". I am the enemy this mag had in mind when it was founded 'lo these many decades ago, dedicated to the proposition of shortfastloud. I like that stuff too...in doses...but gimmie 48 CHAIRS, PINK SECTION, PUNCTURE and EDDIE FICTION any day over DRI or COC, who (don't get me wrong!) were very talented *atheletes*. If you heard the UK SCABS' stuff on previous volumes of *Killed by Death*, well, there's another track off their great EP on this thing. For fans of the shaky-shambling-catchy late-'70s DIY experiment...only. (RW)
(Booty Bootleg's Booty Farm)

V/A – "Old Skars and Upstarts 2001" CD
An above average comp of punk, street, and everything in between. Featuring the likes of the STITCHES, the CROWD, DISTILLERS, UNION 13 and the RICHMOND SLUTS on these 31 tracks. Good line-up as far as comps go. (RL)
(Disaster 9004, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510, www.alive-totalenergy.com/disaster.html)

V/A - "Out of the Cages" EP
This is boss. First of all, I should mention that the theme of this record is speaking out against cruelty to animals. All the bands here present strong, but intelligent opinions against the killing and torture of animals, and this record is "a benefit for imprisioned activists." Now on to the rock. The four bands on this comp all play slightly varied styles of metal/hardcore. They are all very good, although if it was my choice they would all play faster. But they are all interesting in their own way. INSURRECTION, a German band, plays screamy, gloomy metal/hardcore with lots of great rhythym changes. VENGEANCE OF GAIA, a British band, plays slightly faster hardcore. RANCOR, a band from the Netherlands, plays grindy metal with a drum machine. PURIFICATION, an Italian band, is my favorite band here, sounding similar but slight-





ly more melodic. If this sounds at all interesting, I would recommend checking it out. (WT)
(Surrounded, Via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69-00146, Rome, ITALY)

V/A - "Ponkid Er Dautt" CD

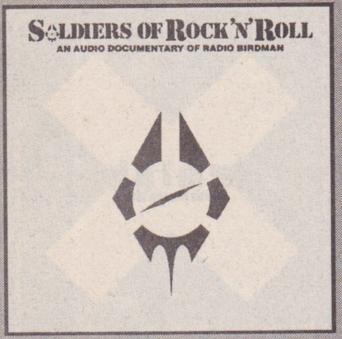
From what I can gather this is a compilation from Iceland. The bands are all over the place, from new wave to rap metal. I liked the bass heavy grindcore of FORGARDUR HELVITIS the best. The production is scattered as well, from really good to really poor. While I wasn't necessarily impressed with the bands on this release, it is nonetheless refreshing to hear various forms of punk from far reaching places around the earth. I hope I got all the information and the record label correct, since nothing on this was in English! (RC)
(Allur Rettur Askilinn, no address)

V/A - "Real Egoism" CD

A Japanese hardcore sampler, with some lesser known (to me at least!) bands who have a mixed showing. There's some of the quality hardcore you expect from Japan—bands like EXPLOSION SACK and BANGLING BAY kinda pull through—but there's some totally forgettable stuff as well (SEXPOT UGLY FACE for one). Having heard so many amazing samplers of Japanese hardcore, this certainly isn't the first one I'd pull out. They're from all over the place, so it's not one of the regional samplers (which tend to be spotty), so I'm not sure what's up here. Nothing special. (TM)
(Gai, A201 Mezon Hanamizuki 78-2 Hasu, Ogaki-CIty, Gifu 503-0811, JAPAN)

V/A - "Short, Fast & Loud Vol. 1" CD

All you have to do is look at the cover of this record (which are live action photos of LIFE'S HALT and WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?) and you know this is going to be a fucking killer compilation. This compilation contains 40 different thrash bands from around the world. Just like the title says..."Short, Fast & Loud." Some of your favorites are here and some of the bands you have never even heard of. All of them ripping! When Mr. Dodge squeezes bands like DEAD NATION, RUINATION, the ULTIMATE WARRIORS, SHANK, WILBUR COBB, DAYBREAK, INSULT and DUMBSTRUCK onto one CD, you know it is time to cut the shit and start the pit! I am already anticipating Volume #2! (RC)
(Slap A Ham, PO Box 420843, San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)



V/A - "Soldiers of Rock 'n' Roll, An Audio Documentary of Radio Birdman" LP

Hummm.... one of the more interesting slabs to come down the pike in a while. Not really a straight comp, more like a radio show with interviews, musical snippets all involving that STOOGES/MC5/RADIO BIRDMAN but mostly BIRDMAN axis. Interviews, songs from the LPs. Sorta a hodge-podge for the true motor city maniac. Really, really short interview snipes with Ron Asheton, Dennis Thompson, members of BIRDMAN and sundry other characters. You also get tunes from the aforementioned bands, mostly the known LP tracks. And an ongoing narrative by a too-serious, academic-sounding, aussie-sounding host. Can't really tell if it's a boot, I would bet so. The non-participation of Dennis Tek on this is noticeable. Chances are its probably from a real radio show that happened, the whole thing does have a certain legitimate air to it. Mostly pretentious commentary, lots of Aussie fans, recollecting about their youth. Kooky record this. Sort of a vinylized NPR-like "roots of RADIO BIRDMAN." (JY)
(no address)

V/A - "Wowsville!" LP

.....old-tyme rock and roll comp....actually it's pretty alright!!!!...lots of novelty stuff here, a little crack and pop, but good time fun fer sure for the whole family....this record will surely make you go off your rocker and suck your dad's cock, but that's okay......it's a twisted record and rock 'n' roll makes people do those kinds of things......don't hold back!!!!!.....go with it baby, go with it!!!!!!!!!! (SW)
(Monsieur, no address)

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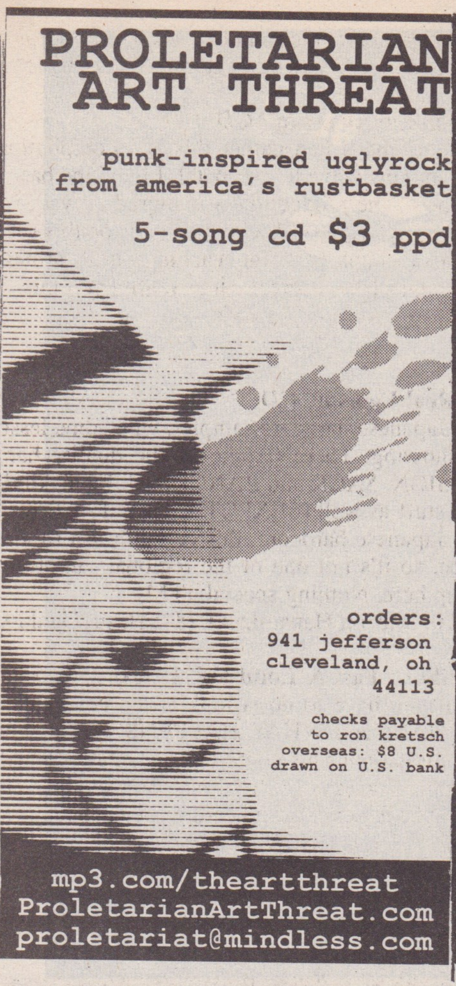
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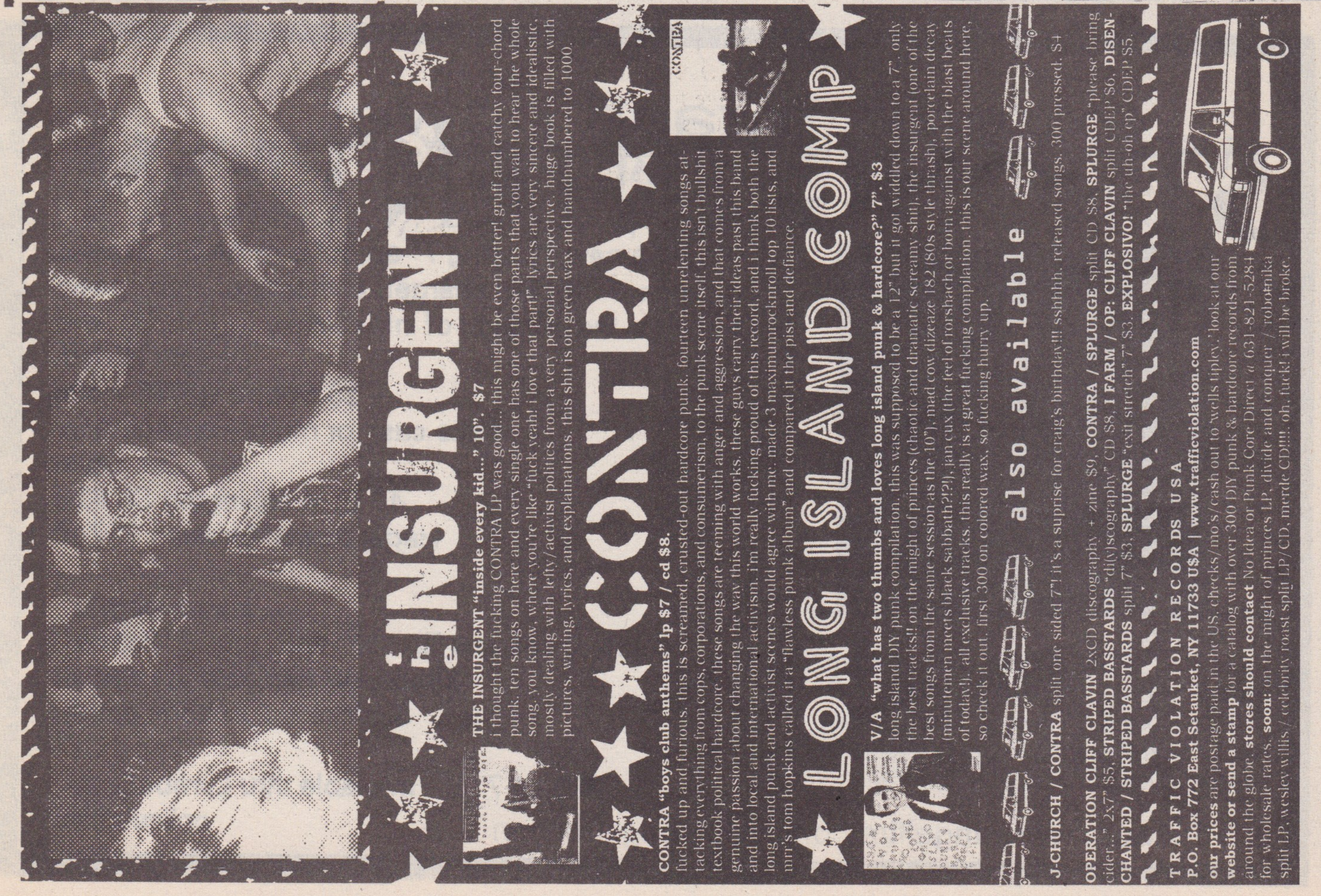
the INSURGENT
THE INSURGENT "inside every kid..." 10". $7
i thought the fucking CONTRA LP was good... this might be even better! gruff and catchy four-chord punk. ten songs on here and every single one has one of those parts that you wait to hear the whole song. you know, where you're like "fuck yeah! i love that part!" lyrics are very sincere and idealistic, mostly dealing with lefty/activist politics from a very personal perspective. huge book is filled with pictures, writing, lyrics, and explainations. this shit is on green wax and handnumbered to 1000.
CONTRA
CONTRA "boys club anthems" lp $7 / cd $8.
fucked up and furious. this is screamed, crusted-out hardcore punk. fourteen unrelenting songs attacking everything from cops, corporations, and consumerism, to the punk scene itself. this isn't bullshit textbook political hardcore. these songs are teeming with anger and aggression, and that comes from a genuine passion about changing the way this world works. these guys carry their ideas past this band and into local and international activism. i'm really fucking proud of this record, and i think both the long island punk and activist scenes would agree with me. made 3 maximumrocknroll top 10 lists, and mrr's tom hopkins called it a "flawless punk album" and compared it the pist and defiance.
LONG ISLAND COMP
V/A "what has two thumbs and loves long island punk & hardcore?" 7". $3
long island DIY punk compilation. this was supposed to be a 12" but it got widdled down to a 7". only the best tracks!! on the might of princes (chaotic and dramatic screamy shit), the insurgent (one of the best songs from the same session as the 10"), mad cow dizeaze 182 (80s style thrash), porcelain decay (minutemen meets black sabbath?!?!), jan cux (the feel of rorshach or born against with the blast beats of today!). all exclusive tracks. this really is a great fucking compilation. this is our scene around here, so check it out. first 300 on colored wax, so fucking hurry up.
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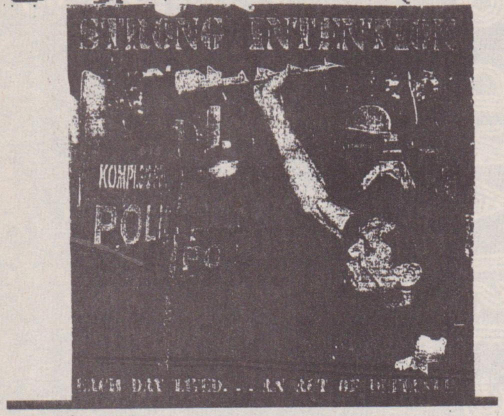

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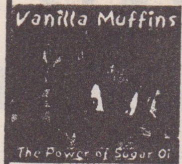

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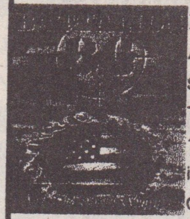
THE POWER OF SUGAR Oi!

Superb Swiss Oi! Similar to a Toy Dolls/Dickies/Cockney Rejects mix. 16 tracks with an introduction from Frankie "Flame". MRR, Hit List and others have been giving this band great reviews in recent months. Other releases on Knockout, Walzwerk, Helen of Oi! And Cyclone.



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ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MK) Mark Kessler, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo.

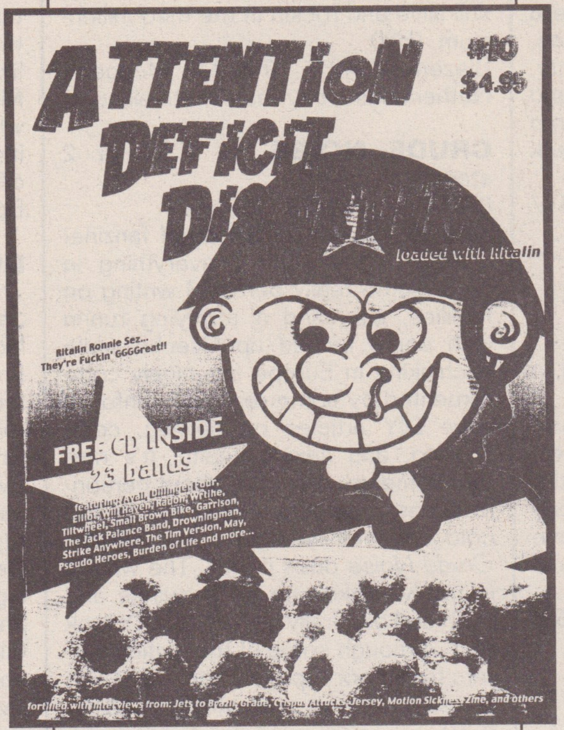
Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ATTENTION DEFICIT DISORDER #10 / $4.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 80 pgs
Very nice looking music zine. Does have a little personality that comes across in the interviews, (Jets To Brazil, Grade, Jersey, Crispus Attucks) but still a pretty typical music mag. Has a free CD, reviewed elsewhere here I suppose. (GF)
PO Box 8240 / Tampa FL 33674

ANTIMIDIA #4 / postage
11 1/4 x 12 1/2 - offset - 20 pgs - Portuguese
I'm amazed that this zine can come out so frequently, yet still have marathon-length interviews - the transcriptions must give them carpal tunnel syndrome. The feature one this issue is Colera; the band Presto? is also interviewed. Columns, news, reviews. The ad for spiked collars cracked my shit up. If you understand the language, you should send for this. (NN)
Caixa Postal 205 / Sao Paulo - SP / Cep01059970 / Brasil / antimidia@hotmail.com

AS THE WORLD BURNS #17 / $2 ppd or a mix tape (no emo)
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
This issue mostly made up of trashy stories about the editor and his friends - as I would expect from a zine out of Milwaukee. Some of them are pretty amusing and some of them are on the mundane side. There's a decent interview with Yesterday's Kids and the *Tight Pants* kids have a few pieces as well (the one about Hinduism and Christianity was dumb though.) There are a handful of reviews and zero advertisements. Not ruling, but worth a mix tape. (JM)
2617 B N Pierce St / Milwaukee, WI 53212

BARRICADA $2
11 x 8 - offset - 16 pgs
This zine is devoted solely to political issues from an anarchist point of view. There are articles on such topics as Yugoslavia, the School of Americas (read school of assassins), Cuba and demonstrations against the TABD in Cincinnati. This is a totally rad zine and well worth reading for anyone who isn't a narrow minded bigot. Cool! (HH)
PO Box 73 / Boston, MA 02133 / barricadacollective@hotmail.com



BARRICADA varied / 50¢
11 x 8 1/2- copied - varied
These "revolutionary leftist publications of the Barricada collective" average about sixteen pages of news (and some standard analysis) about the usual suspects – the IMF/World Bank, the State (being all states), the military-industrial complex, The Gap, the bankrupt U.S. political system, and those damn liberal reformists. There are "scene reports" from other class-conscious anarchist collectives around the United States, and a few focused on recent international actions. There's an odd moment when an anarchist reviews radical historian Howard Zinn's one-act play *Marx in Soho*; I think he disagreed with the play's denunciation of Josef Stalin, writing, "But wasn't the iron fist necessary to overthrow the fascist infestation in the world?!" Um, what? I'm pretty sure Stalin's purges targeted not only the usual capitalist running dogs, but also other (leftist) dissidents. (And never mind all his other betrayals of an "internationale.") And well, what the hell is an anarchist doing excusing Stalin's statist totalitarianism? The party line is total revolution—throw in an old Conflict line ("We are ungovernable!") and you have the collective's anarchist agenda. I'm not sure what the cost is – the cover says 50 cents but the slip of paper these came with says $2 per. (MN)
PO Box 73 / Boston, MA 02133

BAZOOKA! #5 / $3 or 3 IRCs
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 48 pgs
This is an interesting zine from Belgium that doesn't just focus on punk rock. The editor also likes American folk music and the blues. The zine is filled with obscure musicians and music reviews for a wide range of music. For example, he spotlights Fat Possum, a blues record label and has an interesting article about Rathole Sheikh, a garage rock veteran. A good zine if you want to explore something different. (DS)
Tom / Patrijzenlaan 20 / 8900 Ieper, Belgium

THE BLACK CLAD MESSENGER #14 / stamps, trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs
BCM has some better writing this time around than I remember. Completely, enthusiastically anarchist, direct action inspired writing. (just to be clear, random vandalism is encouraged, serious, land you in jail vandalism) There is a mix of update type pieces and editorials. Some of it is a little too cheerleader type for me, but there is a lot of theory and self introspection here. There's a piece on recent developments in Bolivia which was really cool, and a great (much needed) editorial about how sexism exists in most 'movements' and how we need to face and address it. Judging from this issue, there is some great work going on at the *Messenger*. (GF)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene OR 97440

BRAINSCAN #13 / $2?
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 84 pgs
Wow! I'm into the hand-made/screen printed/otherwise decorated zine trend. The cover for this is beautiful - looks like on homemade paper, with a sewn on cloth cover and sparkly binding. Off to a good start. Inside are a bunch of stories, traveling, crushes, friends, moving to a new city, parents, punk rock love (a la *Cometbus*), and lots more. Yeah, it's personal, emo stuff. If you're into those zines, check this out. (MD)
PO Box 14332 / Portland, OR / 97293
brainscanzine@ureach.com

BURNT #3 / $1 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs
Reprints and some political writing, a bit of goofy stuff, four pages of reviews and no ads. My favorite part was the editor's piece on his not-entirely-shitty temp job. Several of the other pieces were somewhat poorly written. These people claim to have graduated college? I think you could do better with your dollar. (JM)
400 Park Rd / Parsippany, NJ 07054-1737

CITY TRASH #8 / trade
8 x 6 - copied - 40 pgs
This is a raw zine for teens who dig primitive rock and roll. The zine mostly covers the local trash from Meppel and Holland, but also has stuff on the international scene too, including the Knoxville Girls, the Wipers and an informative history of film director Roman Polanski, more of which will be in issue 9. Yeah, most kids today are aspiring dot-commers and into computer music, but this zine proves that

the Dutch scene, which has a long neglected history here in the USA, is still alive and rockin in the third millennium. (HH)
Biezenveld 48 / 7943 ML Meppel / Netherlands / citytrash@hotmail.com

CRUDE NOISE #1 / $1 or 2 stamps
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 40 pgs
Finally a really well balanced fanzine! There's a little bit of everything in here, some really personal writing on families, sex, and a terrifying run-in with some fucked up Czechs while hitchhiking in Europe are nicely complimented by some really cool informative DIY articles on sewing, composting, and sexual health. It's rare that someone can write about personal issues without sounding cut off and cold, or self-indulgent and bratty. *Crude Noise* does it well. The writing is nicely broken up by drawings and such and generally has a cool DIY look to it. Although some of the writing suffers from poor reproduction, most of it is readable and well worth reading. (CR)
223 Jane Pl / New Orleans, LA 70119

THE DAY I CAME HOME A PUNK #1 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 56 pgs
A lot of zines I get to review are pretty juvenile and sophomoric, but this one takes it to a new level. Within its pages is a collection of stories, drawings, and notes from the two authors' childhood. Maybe it's because I don't have anything left from when I was a wee one, but reading this was like a little trip down memory lane, especially the commentary by the teachers. Cute and lighthearted. (CR)
3584 John St / Vineland Stn, Ontario LOR 2EO / Canada

DISORDERLY CONDUCT #2 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs
I get so sick of reading lefty and anarchist zines that take an almost apologetic stand, reluctantly defend using extreme actions, and spend more of their time dissecting irrelevant, antiquated tracts than actually discussing the issues involved in the world today and offering creative solutions to our problems. *Disorderly Conduct* is not mature, nor responsible, and for that reason it kicks ass. Crammed neatly into almost every available inch of this fanzine are updates, critiques, and anecdotes about anarchism, and more specifically the infamous anarchist scene in Eugene, OR. The whole thing is great, but my favorite part was the suggestion that voting for Nader is like ordering a veggie burger at McDonalds. I won't begin to list what's in here, but take my word for it, it's all pretty good. (CR)
c/o Anarchist Action Collective / PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 9740

DOLL #160 / $10
7 x 10 1/2 - offset - 162 pgs - Japanese
No newsprint will be decorating your fingers when you finish thumbing through this veritable book of punk rock goodies! This issue features Bad Brains, Napalm Death, Rocky and the Sweden, Registrators, Downset and Jurassic Jade...as well as some reprinted *MRR* interviews with Cattle Decapitation and Riot/Clone. This is a high quality magazine...great color photos, sharp layouts, reviews, ads (nicely tucked away in the back so as not to interfere with the interviews). I always enjoy reviewing this visually, even though I can't tell you if the written content is any good. I'd wager that this is a Japanese punk rock staple, much in the way of *MRR*. Be daring today and send away for a piece of someone else's scene! (KC)
#303 Aota Bldg / 3-1-9 Kita, Koenji Minami / Sujinami-Ku / Tokyo, Japan

EAT SHIT #15 / 3 stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
I liked the snotty, pissed off, anarcho-punk rants that a zine called *Eat Shit* should definitely have. The analyses are not sophisticated; I found them more fun than informational, except the detailed one on what guns you should get. There are decent, kind of simple interviews with Harum-Scarum and BBP Tapes (UK), some international scene reports and reviews, and some d.i.y. ads. It's free in person and I'd read every issue if I could just pick it up at a gig; I would send for it if I could steal the stamps from my job. (JM)
PO Box 4766 / South Lake Tahoe, CA 96157

ELPUUUNK #3 / $5
11 x 8 - printed - 64 pgs - French
This zine leans more towards ska and reggae although there is an interview with the Goons. Other bands covered are the Templars, Twinkle Brothers, Black Bottom Jazz Band and Dr ring Ding. There is lots of interesting stuff in this zine, including record reviews, and some cool graphics. probably worth checking out if your at all interested in the French speaking world. (HH)
Antoine Henry / 40 rue du Bocage / 33200 Bordeaux / France / elpuuunk@hotmail.com

FUCK THE SYSTEM #? / Donation
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs.
Fairly well written Anarcho zine from that Northwest stronghold of activists, Eugene, OR. Mostly written from a green anarchist perspective, which can be alienating at times, even when you basically agree with what is being said– sorry am just not ready, nor do I wanna live out someones feral fantasy. Also contained within is information about two activists, Jeffrey Luers and Craig Marshall, who were wrongly charged with arson, and it is believed that their being charged with said crime has more to do with their political associations rather than fact. Believable, and likely given government agencies joy in harassing activists. Worth getting if nothing more than to get info on the case. (MT)
Free and Critter Legal Defense Fund / P.O. Box 11922 / Eugene, OR 97400

FULL GALLOP #6 / $2
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 110 pgs
This zine can be best described as part of the "travel zine" genre, narrating the author's treks around the country. Each anecdote is marked by the state where the author found himself (?) in along with a one-liner at the top of the page that describes the experiences. I found this zine pretty interesting, with its very detailed depictions of events and observations about life in various places. *Full Gallop* was much better than many zines in this genre and actually seemed to consider whether or not the reader might find the writing engaging. (JL)
PO Box 582514 / Minneapolis, MN 55458

GET OFF MY LAWN #13 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 24 pgs
Well, I was happy to see that there were no off the cuff remarks about women and weight in this issue...although my last review did provoke the editor to include a question about it in his "semi-annual quiz." I can't really say much for this zine. Reading it gave me a headache. There's a page about Rage Against the Machine, an incoherent rant about feeling old listening to "alternative" music from the Nineties, a "riot dyke" interview done via instant messengering online, some writing about hate, an interview with The Burning Heads from France and a handful of zine and music reviews. Oh yeah, there were two terrible cartoons in here as well. Sloppy layouts, bland content. Don't bother. (KC)
2206 W Walnut / Springfield, MO 65806

GRUB #100 / 55¢ stamp or trade
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
What you get is a bunch of vegetarian recipes and some stories about food and maggots. The writing is clever and fun, the layout is simple and well-done, and I love recipes, so I liked this a lot. Certainly the price is fair. (JM)
PO Box 1471 / Iowa City, IA 52240

HAPPY GOAT #9 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
There should be a convention of recent college drop out, beer/ coffee swilling, personal zine editors; they could meet in some cheap, fucked up house and temp at shitty jobs over the weekend - maybe even bring some of their source material (the friends they write about). *Happy Goat* fits this motif exactly. It ain't terrible but also it ain't a new favorite of mine. (JM)
PO Box 9876 / Cedar Rapids, IA 52409

HOOFSIP #50 / $1.50 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 26 pgs
Last issue of this motor city area fanzine. Featured in this here issue are the bad-ass The Piranhas, Mick from Motley Crue??? (I would have like to have seen this be a little more smart ass, the editor admits it's a sell-out move though), Some dude Jonny

Polonski who is way to obsessed with the music biz (gross!), David Bowie, and the Detroit Auto Show. Of course, there's also the essential zine and record reviews. I enjoyed the humor of this zine, good light-hearted photo-copied entertainment. (AS)
PO Box 7636 / Bloomfield Hills, MI 48302

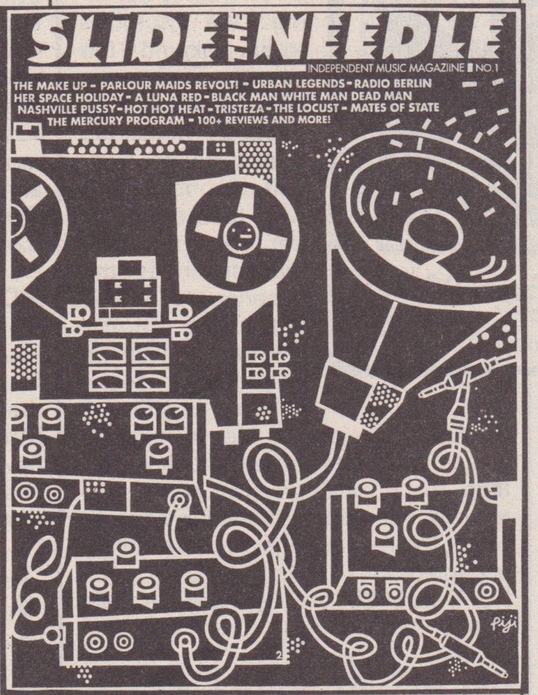
IMPACT PRESS #30 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
On one level Impact Press is a mainline liberal magazine; on another it is a youth orientated journal. Within are some decent articles on the evil of Ritalin, the lure and perils of bodybuilding, and American policy in Indonesia. There is a great article about the very real possibility that Jesus is only a mythological figure, and not a historical one. There is a pile of appropriate record reviews, lots of advertising from the radical marketing segment, and columns that, while well written, are uninspired. (AR)
PMB 361 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL / 32817

MOTORPSYCHO #15 / $2
4 x 5 1/2 - offset - 28 pgs
This is a cool little zine all about garage punk and motorcycles. It's got biker tales, scooter hate, and stick it to the man attitude. An interview with Davie Allan - "king of biker rawk." Cool shit. Someday, I'll have a motorcycle and when I do I'll also have a subscription to this zine. Yeah! Start motorcycle gangs and destroy! (AS)
PO Box 1564 / Pt Roberts, WA 32817

MY DYING SYMPATHY #11 / trades only
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 48 pgs
This is a personal zine from a man who just turned 30 and doesn't like to work. Hmm, sounds like everyone I know. He talks about his hippie roommates, traveling around, and work sabotage. Pretty enjoyable, but it just kinda ends. Hopefully he will do another issue. The author is always running out of coffee filters, so maybe you can send some in trade. (DS)
PO Box 1287 / Lawrence, KS 66044

NEUS SUBJECT #32 / SASE
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs
I am quite stoked on this zine. It makes me want to visit Cincinnati, and how many things can you say *that* about? It's a newsletter for said town's punk scene, focusing on drunken basement type bands, along with some reviews and short interviews, and it has that drunken basement style itself. Hell yeah, I say. (JM)
PO Box 18051 / Fairfield, OH 45018-0051

NEUTRAL GROUND #0 / $3
8 x 10 1/2 - offset - 32 pgs
Well, it fell apart almost immediately, so I had to try to put the pages back together in order to read this. Neutral Ground suffers from a bad case of all style, little substance. There are interviews with NomeansNo, Zeke, the Dillinger Escape Plan and Dystopia. It's glossy and has lots of arty layouts and photos. But, besides that, it's a big void. (MD)
836 Manning Ave / Los Angeles, CA 90024



THE NEW SCHEME #1 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
These straight-forward music zines are like a dime a dozen to me these days. It's not that they're bad, you've just seen it all before. And the bands within can make the difference as to how much you will enjoy it. This one has interviews with Cadillac Blindside, the Explosion, Pinhead Gunpowder and Skylab Commerce. The filler is lots of ads and reviews. I'll let you decide if it's your cup of tea. (MD)
PO Box 44003 / Denver, CO 80201
stuart@thenewscheme.com

NO PASARAN #5 / $1 Argentina, $3 world
8 x 11 - offset - 16 pgs - Spanish
Another fine, spirited issue of anti racist punk, oi!, and ska. Good discussions and articles on racism in Germany, xenophobia in Argentina, the Internet causing alienation, and the Angelic Upstarts. Interviews with Stiff Little Fingers and M.C.D; zine and music reviews. Definitely check this one out. (NN)
C.C. 28 / Suc Quilmes / 1878 - Quilmes / Buenos Aires / Argentina / www.nopasaron.com.

NOSEDIVE #10 / $2 or trade
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
This is awesome! I was hooked near the end of the intro when the editor talks about missing the old city (New Orleans) without ever having been part of it...finding the romance of it in old tiled floors with weeds growing up through them, vacant lots, old buildings slated for demolition/remodeling. Great cut and paste layouts and artwork galore in here. The writing is also top notch (my only complaint would be some of the handwriting...a bit illegible in places...but I do like the personality of it). Tales of shopping cart races, guns and greyhounds, bike club, learning to sing, a micro account of Big Mountain, squatting Down Under, new wave coke fiends, authors of *Tales of a Punk Rock Nothing* get interviewed by NPR, anarchy art attack...the list goes on and on. This made me happy on a cold, rainy, miserable day when the State of California declared a 'stage three' energy emergency (that means rolling blackouts are forthcoming)...it could do the same for you. C'mon, you know you've got some extra holiday cash laying around somewhere! Order this! (KC)
PO Box 72581 / New Orleans, LA 70172

PASTENSE #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 36 pgs
For a first issue this is pretty impressive. Contained within are interviews with Exit 86, Ken Ramsey, and Alkaline Trio, plus lots of show and record reviews. The focus is generally on hardcore and the scene in Athens. Interesting to me and probably more interesting to you if you're in the South. (CR)
c/o G. Brewer / Room 301 / Lipscomb Hall / University of Georgia / Atlanta, GA 30609

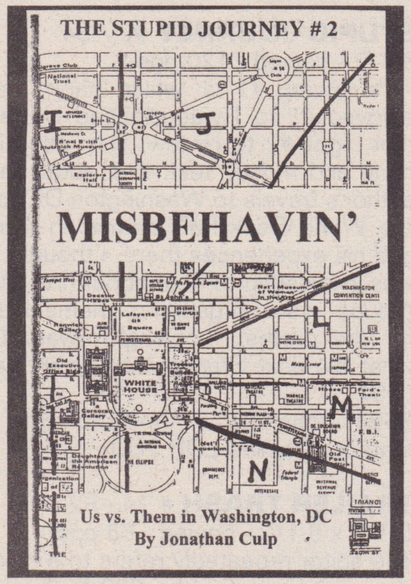
PUNKANUT #1 / $2
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 64 pgs
Oh my. This is a gem. Freight trains, Iron Maiden, bowel movements, jail, hitchhiking, Buddy Holly, Granny

apples, slow poopers, hospitality, Texas, New Jersey, doughnuts, tight belts...I could continue with the funny tidbits, but I think that everyone needs to get a copy of this for themselves! Extremely well written travel tales that had me reading aloud to anyone that would listen, and laughing to myself after being told to pipe down. Nice clean layout, hilarious content...you can't go wrong with this one! Highly recommended. Overseas orders add an extra dollar. (KC)
PO Box 540304 / Houston, TX 77254-0304 / punkanut@yahoo.com

RESIST #41 - $1.50 or stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 60 pgs
When I first saw copies of this zine at Gilman, I though Matte was biting off *STYZINE* – there was an all-postcard issue, for instance, and other stylistic similarities. This new issue, however, disabused me of the nagging coincidence, if only because *STYZINE*'s editor (our very own Mark Murrmann) isn't a Christian, a gardener, a parent, or an anarchist. Matte is heavy on the contemplative personal insights, his topics ranging from "simple living" and un-schooling (in which he advocates a kind of "family values") to Critical Mass and his propensity for attracting accidents. There are some odd moments in this zine – for instance, when Matte tosses out a sentence about "welfare mothers who take advantage of the system." There is also an bizarre letter exchange with the infamous Shannon Colebank (*Flashpoint* and *Whizzbanger*), in which Colebank argues (among other things) that the homeless are "losers" and "sacks of shit" responsible for their own misery and fuck 'em if they "choose" to choke on their own puke. Matte admits that Shannon's letter pissed him off, but then writes that yes, the homeless are "parasites" who "don't want to get better," but we should still help the less fortunate because "there but for the grace of God go I." Ugh.(MN)
PO Box 582345 / Minneapolis, MN 554458

REV. RICHARD J. MACKIN's BOOK OF LETTERS #14 / $3 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 46 pgs.
Man do I love this. Basically nothing more than some kid writing funny letters to big corporations and printing their responses. Sounds simplistic and dumb and not much fun to read, but trust me... I keep grabbing this everytime I head to the toilet, and that my friends is the sign of a truly good zine– one you keep in the bathroom for those special moments. You read it over and over and you love it. (MT)
P.O. Box 890 / Allston, MA 02134 / www.richmackin.org

ROCKTOBER #28 / $3
8 x 11 - offset - 16 pgs
Rocktober's back again this time with almost everything you ever wanted to know about Redd Foxx but didn't know who to ask: the life of Jon Elroy Sanford is pretty well covered, but *Roctober*'s "Foxxography" of records, books, videos, and movie appearances is borderline obsessive.



Raunchy black men seem to be the theme in No. 28, which also includes interviews with bluesmen Swamp Dogg ("Wife Sitter"), Andre Williams ("Jailbait"), and R & B obscurity T. Valentine ("Lucille, Are You a Lesbian?"), plus Dolemite—aka Rudy Ray Moore creator of "This Pussy Belongs to Me." To balance things out there's an earnest, in-depth analysis of Pat Boone's contribution to rock and roll; Boone is also interviewed. (AS)
1507 E 53rd St #617, Chicago, IL 60615

SDZ #10 / $4
8 x 6 - copied - 68 pgs - French
There is lots of punk rock in this zine, with interviews that include the bands Hot Rod Honeys, Alabama Thunder Pussy, Silver Tongued Devil, White Stripes and Thee STP. There are also lots of record and zine reviews, plus some interesting gig reviews. There are no ads, but some interesting photos. (HH)
Laurent Levy / Impasse Janine / 95220 Herblay / France / laurent.levy@frac.net

SLIDE THE NEEDLE #1 / $?
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 44 pgs
Indie rock alert! This publication started as a web site, and as it grew a print version became feasible. It's mostly band interviews and they mostly discuss music; I became very uninterested. I counted exactly zero bands I hope to ever hear, including the Locust, Tristeza, the Make Up, Radio Berlin, etc... As a music magazine it is not bad at all, and I did enjoy the few columns. I'd recommend checking their shit on the internet first. If you like indie rock the way I like fast hardcore, you may well think this is nifty. (JM)
PO Box 7445 / Olympia, WA 98507 / slidetheneedle.com

SLINGSHOT #70 / $1
9 x 17 - offset - 16 pgs
Slingshot is a necessary radical newspaper from Berkeley that would lead an outsider to believe that Berkeley is a larger city than SF. This issue has a few expected articles (veganism (pro), education (radical and pro), and genetically modified agriculture (con)) with a few unsuspected gems. There is an excellent article on the movement against dams in general (naming the recent mega projects in Thailand and China), another nice one on movement building (in the wake of heightened awareness of anarchist issues), and an interesting and specific report

debate NAAC regarding the question of rejecting the left. There is an odd "casting call" for radicals interested
in being "Porn Again Anarchists" that I find particularly daring given the lefts relationship with sexuality. Always recommended. (AR)
3124 Shattuck Ave/ Berkeley, CA / 94705

SPARROW #1 / free or stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
There's no real information about the editor or the zine, except that this issue consists entirely of contributions by women. These include a comic about wood ticks and a short story from Cindy (*Doris*), a tale of taxidermy, a thoughtful reflection inspired by an adult ballet class, and a gripping mini-essay about abuse and bodily displacement. Managing to be both serious and silly –and yet always smart— you can't go wrong for a couple of stamps.(MN)
243 14th St / San Francisco, CA 94103

STAR FROSTING #2 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Normally I'd have less tolerance for a zine with poetry, but I'm cutting this one some slack. There is A LOT of poetry. Now that you've been warned, I can tell you there's also lots of emo-ish personal writing, art, magazine clippings, politics, a listing of cool web sites, recipes, the first chapter of the editor's novel, and some stuff on "magick" which was a little out there for me - abortion and reincarnation? There's also some information about casting spells. This zine is at least interesting, and it's layout is not computerized, and thus more personal. The editor is 15, and what she's putting out there is impressive. Definitely stands out from the wave of cookie cutter zines out there, and has potential for the future. (MD)
PO Box 55 / Erwinna, PA / 18920
elsa5@email.com

STORM WARNING! #41 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 24 pgs
This is a forum for activist Vietnam vets, and a very worthwhile read. Most of the articles are about foreign policy, particularly on the sanctions against Iraq. The most interesting discussion was on "fragging," or, soldiers refusing to follow orders to enter

into combat. (Apparently this was not a singular occurrence, and often the superior officer tacitly allows it.) This zine also gives a sense of respect for radical Christian pacifists (unusual for me to appreciate the work of most Christians). The writing was a little dry, but not prohibitively so. There are also book, video, and music reviews (no punk stuff, tho.) Nonetheless, very recommended. (NN)
VVAW AI / PO Box 21604 / Seattle, WA 98111-3604 / vvawai@oz.net

STUPID JOURNEY #2 / $4
5 1/2 - copied - 120 pgs
I reviewed #1 a while back and enjoyed it, so I was pleased to see that I got #2 to review. This issue is huge and mostly text. It is about the author's travels to Washington DC for the World Bank/IMF protest in April and his experiences there. I thought it was interesting to hear about how the groups were organizing themselves for the protest. Looking forward to what the next *Stupid Journey* will be. (DS)
3584 John St / Vineland Stn / Ontario, Canada LOR 2EO

TRAILER TRASH # 14 - $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 63 pgs
The editor repeatedly refers to a next-door neighbor as "the 300 lb. bitch" and bemoans the laziness of "our Gen X." I think this is supposed to connote a "bad attitude." She reprints *eight* pages of written warnings she received while working at The Gap, *six* pages from a Japanese man's website rating subway toilets, and another *four* pages of loosely-arranged random "sex stats" (thickness of the average condom: .07 mm). She interviews an unidentified Northern Ireland resident about "the troubles" and reviews the "trials of thrift store shopping," which includes the lack of decent lamps. I think the editor is making an attempt to be "quirky," but standard tales of job woes and Goodwill shopping result in a mediocre zine with nothing particularly insightful or witty to say. (MN)
PO Box 15674 / Pensacola, FL 32514

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #49 / $1 & two stamps or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs
Keeping with *TTWN* tradition, you get a good interview with a female band (The Haggard), a decent one with American Steel, and some weak ones with Raw Power and The Eyeliners. Lest we forget, there are the Missouri show reviews, record reviews, some photos and some of the editor's comments on the recent presidential debates and election. After 49 issues I would hope for a less-crappy layout and fewer hella generic questions. I found this to be mostly really dull. (JM)
PO Box 329 / Colombia, MO 65205-0329

TRUST #85 / $4
11 x 8 - offset - 68 pgs - German
The usual fare from this most dependable German zine. There are interviews with the bands Calexico, Gaza Strippers, Soulmate, Drowning Man, Snapcase and DVD. There are also lots of record reviews, ads and cool photos. Finally as always there is that absolutely great gig date calender. (HH)
PO Box 110762 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

TWIN CITIES HARDCORE JOURNAL #4 / $?
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16pgs
Yet again another installment of the what hopefully will become a staple of the Twin Cities scene arises. Shit like this is what every city needs I think–

you know, to keep the local kids in touch with what's going on. Interviews with Mushmouth (yawn), Carebears (who?!), and a Kevin Seconds one where he talks about how the punk scene now is more business oriented than it was back in the day– with booking agents, lawyers etc. Hmm... it's only that way if you want it to be that way kids! I say motherfuck booking agents, managers and all that bullshit, and while I could go on for days about the Kevin Seconds interview and my disagreements with him, that you only take away from how positive an effort I think this is and how I think you should send away for it if you're interested at all in the Twin Cities scene. (MT)
803 Thomas Ave / St Paul, MN 55104

UNSCENE #2 / $1?
5 1/2 x 8 - offset - 20 pgs
The subtitle of this zine is "a magazine saluting chicks who rock." That was the first bad sign and things didn't get much better when I actually read the zine. The focus of the zine is to strengthen the Eugene music scene—a noble goal, but I don't see how this dull zine will help. Has useless interviews with Guttermouth, Groovie Ghoulies and others. I think his/her heart is in the right place, but maybe they should find other avenue to help the Eugene scene. (DS)
26 E 24th Ave #4 / Eugene, OR 97405

WHAT IF I JUST SHOWED UP TONIGHT? / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
What is the purpose of a travel zine? Is it to share experiences? Lessons learned? To inform the reader of cultures and places they might not know about otherwise? Or is it to painstakingly detail every moment of one's travel to a place not so different from where they live? Apparently, it's the latter if you read this zine. You can read about getting ready to leave for the airport, driving to the airport, getting seated on the plane, sleeping on the plane, eating on the plane...and that's just the first page! Then there's the bus ride, another bus ride, and another bus ride! (pages 2, 3 and 4) Okay, I hope you get my point. There's 32 pages of boring experiences in an apparently boring place with seemingly boring people. If you're going to do a travel zine, it should not be a play by play account unless there is something going on!!! This isn't offensive, it's just not interesting. (MD)
4956 Kester Ave Apt #6 / Sherman Oaks, CA / 91403

WIENER SOCIETY #1 / $1 + 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 58 pgs
To describe this zine as personal would be like describing George Bush as simpleminded. *Wiener Society*, despite its unfortunate name, is an intense view into the life of prisoner Neil Edgar. Most of the writing is of a political nature, but with a very clear connection to how these politics come in to play in his life. It's difficult reading this without coming away feeling profoundly connected to him. In this premier issue he has written about homophobia, sexual abuse, prison life, and its extended affects on a prisoner's life outside. Extremely powerful and worth reading. (CR)
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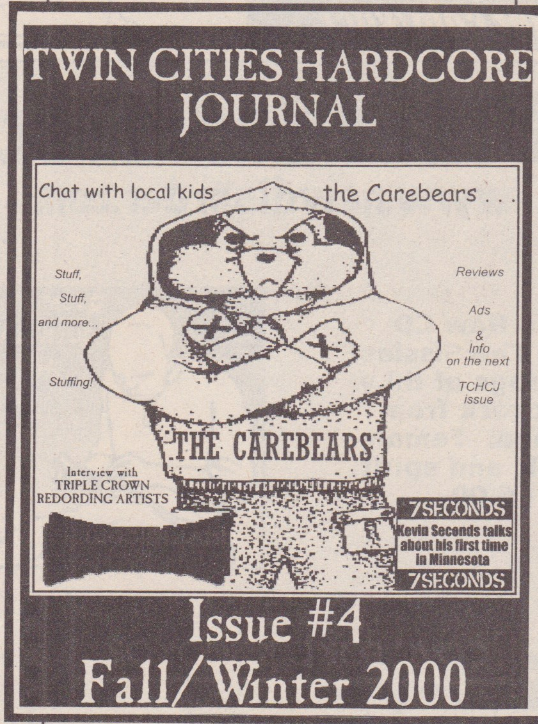

WORLD WAR 3 ILLUSTRATED / #29 / $4.50 US, $5.50 world
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 68 pgs
A note accompanying this acknowledged the high price but I think it is totally worth it. It's a thick magazine filled with a variety of great comics largely dealing with gentrification issues—I learned about NYC, Houston, and "the Humbolt yards at the bend of the Milwaukee River." It can be kind of grim reading, but uplifting too. Highest recommendation. (JM)
PO Box 20777 / Tompkins Sq Stn / New York City, NY 10009

ZONKED #5 / $3 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 68 pgs
There's a lot packed in here (damn that tiny print!), and a lot of enthusiasm to go with it. Interviews with Academy Morticians, Ex-Cathedra, The Hives, Terrorgruppe, and a really great one with Tim Kerr.(sometimes really cool people get what they deserve!) Plus tons of record reviews. This person knows a lot about music and it shows. (GF)
50 Hollingbury Rise / Brighton, BN1 7HJ / UK

more listings

BALDJE #10 / free
An interview with Airbomb, and a bunch of record reviews, great for free.
605 Portswood Rd / Portswood, Southampton, Hampshire / SO17 3SL UK

BREAK THE CHAINS #2 / $1 or some stamps?
A brief newsletter about/ in support of incarcerated Northwestern US anarchists.
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

ELEPHANT MESS #8 / stamps or trade
Emo alert! It's all about the pain of being misunderstood. This is personal writing about moments in life, falling, failing, dreaming. And a poem called "Planet Plant." Ouch.
PO Box 6626 / Boise, ID / 83707

LABIA LICKER # 1 / ?
This very brief zine dealt with female angst, describing degrading and fucked up situations that women deal with on an everyday basis. Some graphics and personal anecdotes—they are looking to expand the next issue.
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

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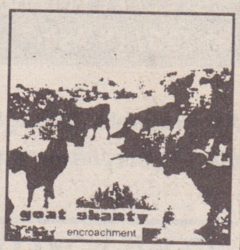

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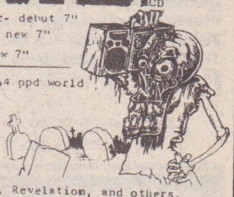

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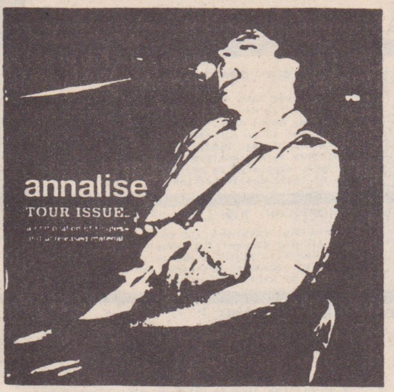

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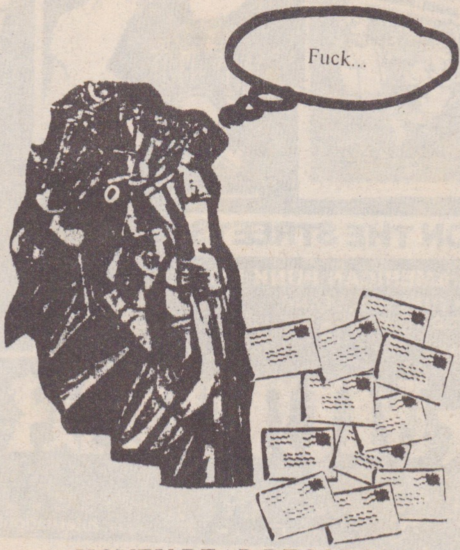

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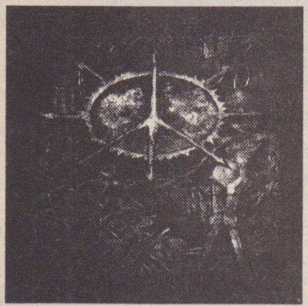

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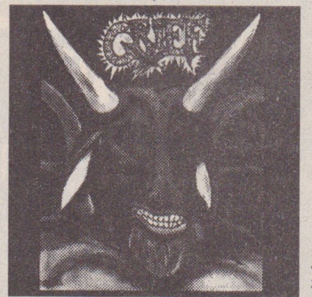

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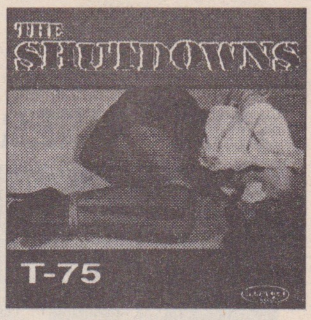

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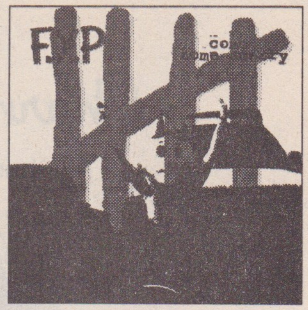

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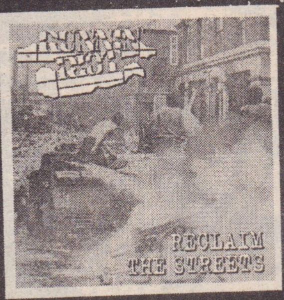

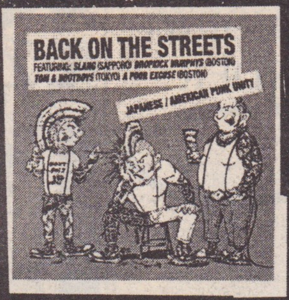

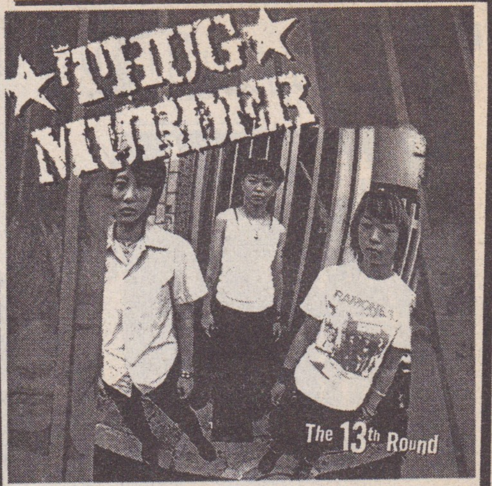

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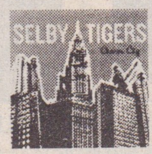

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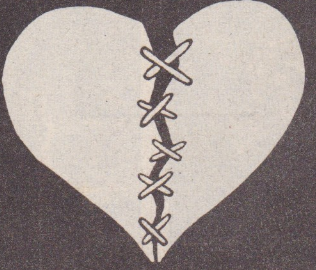

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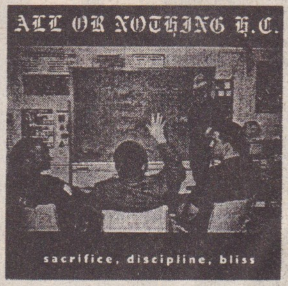

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maximum rock and roll is working on two upcoming theme issues. the first of these is one covering central and south american punk and the second is a queer punk issue. we need your help. we're looking for submissions covering these respective parts of punk– so if you feel you have something to contribute, please do. we need scene reports, interviews with bands, zinesters and regular folks who you think would help shed some light on your world. for the queer issue in particular we are looking for guest columns from people talking about their experiences being queer and punk. the deadline for the south/central american issue is april 15th. the deadline for the queer issue is july 1st. for the south american issue we ask that if possible you translate your contribution into english– although if you can't, we have people willing to translate. please send in your submissions, on a 3.5 disk (if possible– if not type it up neatly on a typewriter. hell, hand write it you don't have access to all that other shit), with photographs to:

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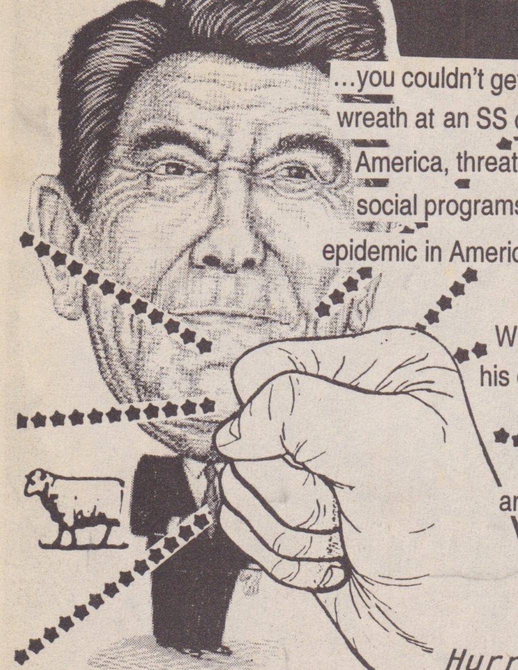

...you couldn't get away from Ronald Reagan. (You know, the President.) Whether it was laying a wreath at an SS officer's grave in Bitburg, selling arms to right-wing paramilitaries in Central America, threatening nuclear war with the "Evil Empire," dismantling an array of vital domestic social programs in the name of "trickle-down" economics, or refusing to acknowledge the AIDS epidemic in America, he was always making trouble.

And there's just no arguing – the man inspired *a million* punk songs. Well, now he's almost dead, and *Maximumrocknroll* would like to "commemorate" his death with a special issue, looking back at the man's deeds, public persona, and legacy. No doubt the mainstream media will forget his crimes – *we want you to remember*. We're asking for contributions of historical articles, political and social analyses, and personal essays about what Reagan did for punk rock and what the Gipper means to *you*.

The deadline is 1 April 2001 (no joke).

Hurry up – who knows how much longer he'll last!

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R, BUT I WANTED TO ASK
ENE, BOTH NOW AND IN

ld go to. Now, I don't

hardcore and then when
as the big band locally.
cessarily think straight-
we know a lot of bands
se bands but we don't
alties, Aus Rotten, stuff
e considered a straight-
hows, they would want
ow.

BE I'M NOT THE BEST
TICED IS THAT EAST
N'T QUITE THE SAME
-ED.]

, because we play like,
had never seen us and
here.

A LOT MORE LOVE IN
G IS SPREAD OUT AND

California where there
But I don't think that
reception would be on

AL TO OVERLAPS WITH

haven't noticed them.
hat's kind of like what
band, a hardcore band
ds of bands. Carry On,
place and just make the

east coast band. I think
, like Dead Nation that
hat they'd have shows
e people that would go
was with us. We have

e what Ernie said, they
know, they might come
nd intimate. And I like

TH DEMON SYSTEM 13]

ZING THEY WERE DOING
CROWD RESPONSE WAS
ATYPICAL FOR SOUTH-

were a little more recep-
e regular straightedge or
n is going on that week
w there were a few kids
e were a lot of crust kids
at they were a little more

OU MOST INVOLVED IN?

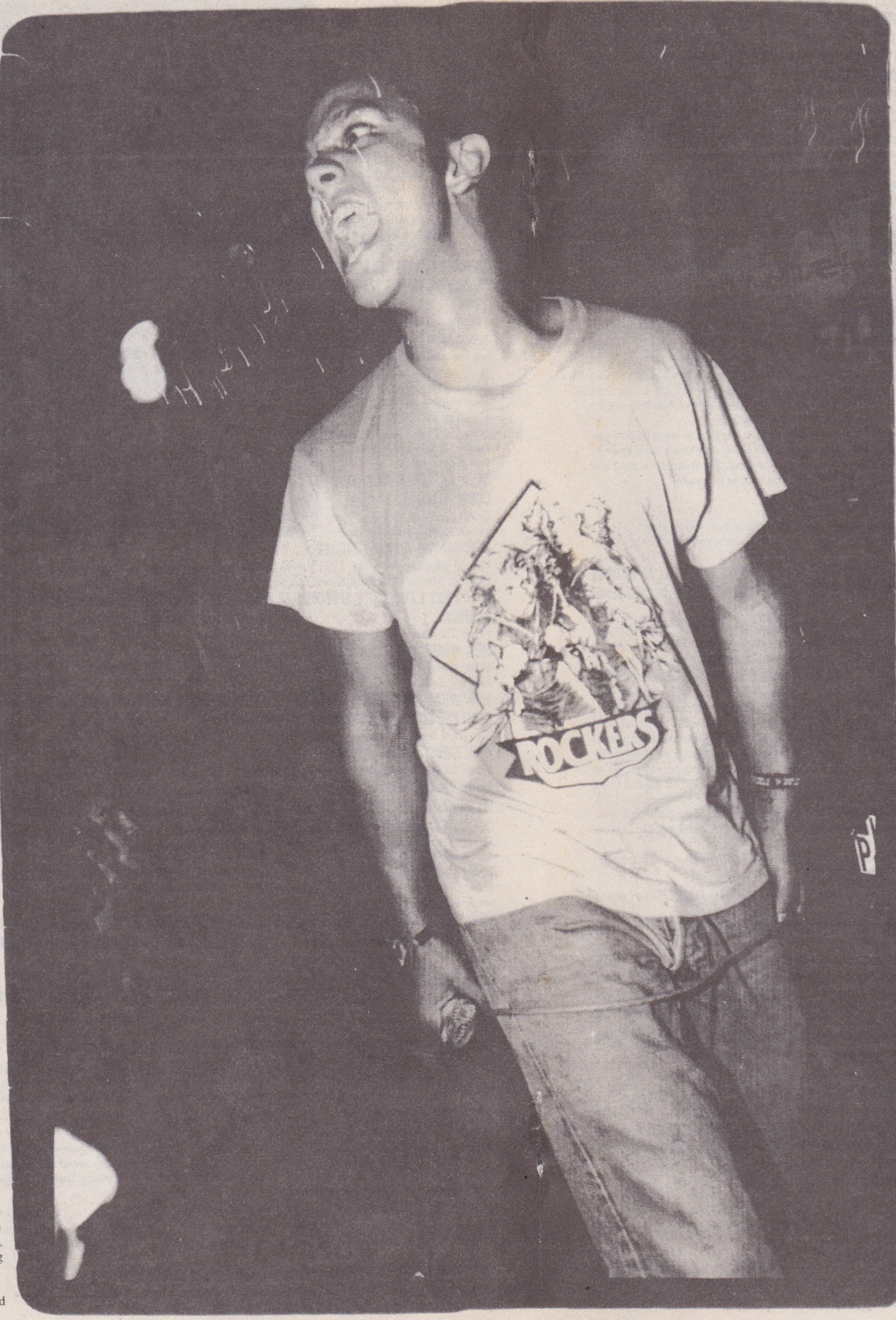
how they are treated and
ple don't realize is that a
ecause of US policy, and
digenous people.
es so much money to the

UMBIAN SOLDIERS OPEN-
BELS.

umber one arms dealer in

sidized by US tax dollars.
e US policy and why peo-
s are made of gold or some
and is fucked up and then
the border patrol and shit.
mom told me about moving
ting in to this country. .

out this country. That and



police brutality. Those are the tw

MRR: ARE YOU VOTING FOR

Felix: I'm voting Nader.
Ernesto: Well I'm not a citiz
Felix: The thing is Nader isn
for the next campaign.
*[A discussion of Nader's cha
the Democrats' pathetic atte*

MRR: WHAT WAS YOUR OVE

Felix: I didn't see any of the
Ernesto: Are you talking abo

MRR: I'M TALKING ABOUT I

Ernesto: For me, I was prett
good about the protests was
for a common cause, that's
that's what I got from the de
Felix: I would say that it w
were on your side, it was e
day, an anti-sweatshop marc
old people, young people, w
ing out the windows and ch
democrats getting the messa

MRR: DO YOU THINK THERE
HAVING SEEN THE SEATTLE
OF IT OTHER THAN "OH IT'S

Ernesto: I think for the mos
these unruly kids that are ta
message.
Felix: I think the message
people around, which is fuc
ilar attitudes towards the in
the violence.

MRR: ONE OF THE MAIN TH
GOOD JOB OF KEEPING THI
THE COPS WERE BUSTING
TIONS. DO YOU THINK PUN

Ernesto: In a way I do thin
can go up there and speak
do think it can make a diffe
Ernesto: It can make a huge
if it was actually executed,
to the outside world? I dor
ple that are political activis
sonal level, and that escalat
at every demonstration the

MRR: HOW MANY OF YOUR

Felix: I'd say a lot. A long
Ernesto: [surprised] You?
Felix: Yeah, it shouldn't be
conditioned with from birt
read lyrics looked into it a
bands like. .
Ernesto: Dead Kennedys. .
Felix: Yeah, but more curre
opens their minds. If there
what they're eating, what t

MRR: ARE YOUR PARENTS

Ernesto: My mom is not a
me about it.
Felix: You've got to realize
ing at some fucked up fact
ing money, I can buy a ho
of my family immigrated
uation; they are prospering
But my mom and my fami
competition, its like social

MRR: WAS PROPOSITION 2

Felix: 209 ended affirmati
tion services to illegal imm

MRR: I THOUGHT IT WAS
FOR MURDER. YOU MENTI
THERE YOURSELF

Ernesto: Right, that's wha
and high school here in th
an American; I'd try to sp
up with that, I was fed up
Spanish, I wanted to say t

MRR: SO WHY DID THAT

Ernesto: I think that goes
now. My sisters and brot
has to do what she's gotta

MRR: SO ARE YOU PLANN

Ernesto: I am. I wasn't f
propositions, and I want t